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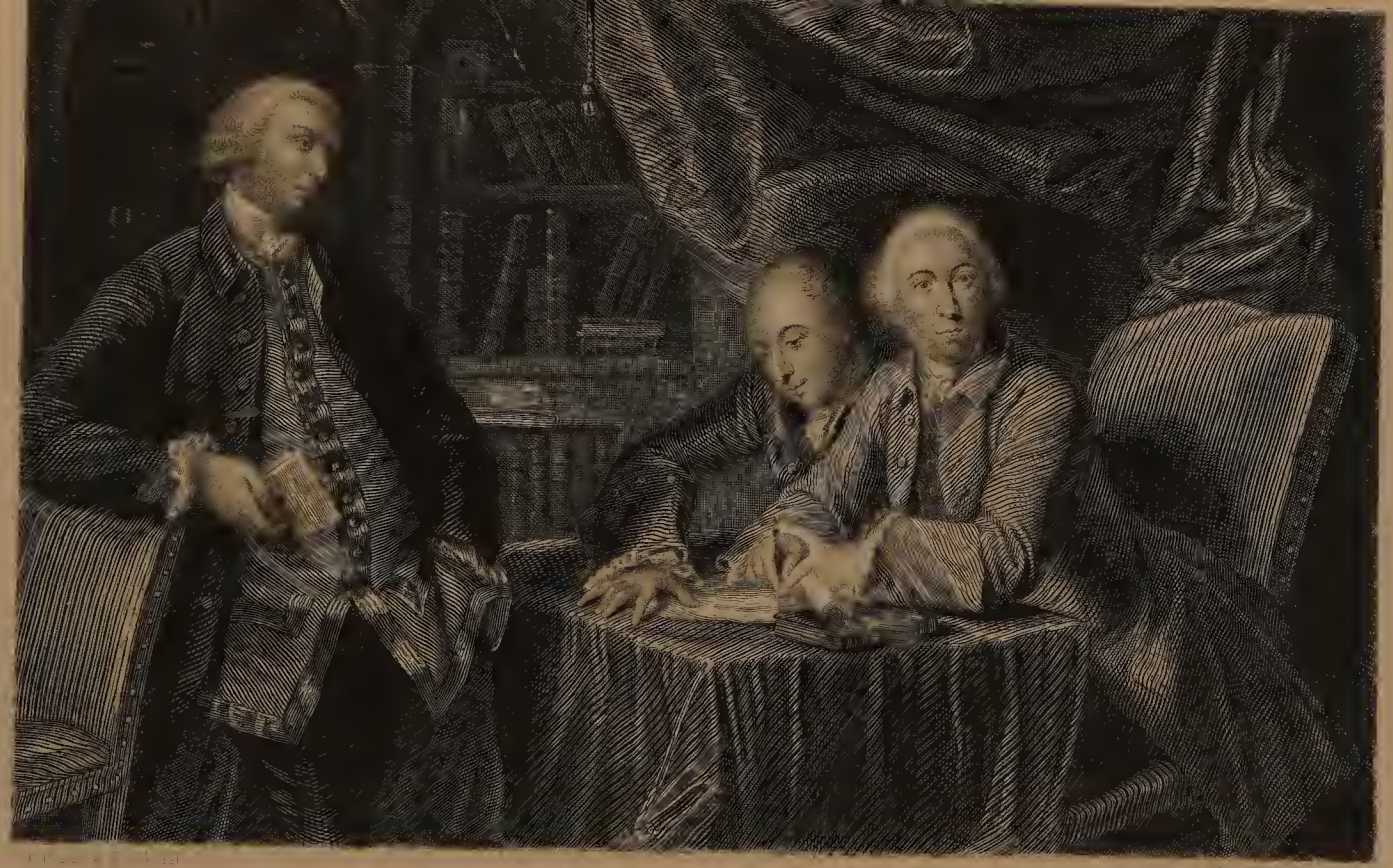
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THE

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OF

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD:

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

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HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1753.

You will think me very fickle, and that I have but a slight regard to the castle I am building of my ancestors, when you hear that I have been these last eight days in London amid dust and stinks, instead of seringa, roses, battlements, and niches; but you perhaps recollect that I have another Gothic passion, which is for squabbles in the Wittenagemot.[1] I can't say that the contests have run so high in either House as they have sometimes done in former days, but this age has found out a new method of parliamentary altercations. The Commons abuse the Barons, and the Barons return it; in short, Mr. Fox attacked the Chancellor violently on the Marriage-bill; and when it was sent back to the Lords, the Chancellor made the most outrageous invective on Fox that ever was heard. But what offends still more,—I don't mean offends Fox more,—was the Chancellor describing the chief persons who had opposed his bill in the Commons, and giving reason why he *excused* them. As the Speaker

[1] The name of the Saxon great council, the supposed origin of parliaments.

was in the number of the *excused*, the two maces are ready to come to blows.[1] The town says Mr. Fox is to be dismissed, but I can scarce think it will go so far.

My Lord Cornwallis is made an earl; Lord Bristol's sisters have the rank of earl's daughters; Damer is Lord Milton in Ireland, and the new Lord Barnard is, I hear, to be Earl of Darlington.

Poor Lady Caroline Brand is dead of a rheumatic fever, and her husband as miserable a man as ever he was a cheerful one: I grieve much for her, and pity him; they were infinitely happy, and lived in the most perfect friendship I ever saw.

You may be assured that I will pay you a visit some time this summer, though not yet, as I cannot leave my workmen, especially as we have a painter who paints the paper on the staircase under Mr. Bentley's direction. The armoury bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle; and I have filled Mr. Bentley's Gothic lanthorn with painted glass, which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abelard. The lanthorn itself, in which I have stuck a coat of the Veres, is supposed to have come from Castle Henningham. Lord and Lady Vere were here t'other day, and called cousins with it, and would very readily have invited it to Hanworth; but her *Portuguese* blood has so *blackened* the true stream that I could not bring myself to offer so fair a gift to their chapel.

[1] Among the Hardwicke papers there is a letter from Dr. Birch to the Hon. Philip Yorke, giving an account of the debate in the House of Lords. The following is an extract:—"My Lord Chancellor expressed his surprise, that the bill should have been styled out of doors an absurd, a cruel, a scandalous, and a wicked one. With regard to his own share in this torrent of abuse, as he was obliged to those who had so honourably defended him, 'so,' said he, 'I despise the invective, and I despise the retractation; I despise the scurrility, and I reject the adulation.' Mr. Fox was not present, but had soon an account of what had passed; for the same evening, being at Vauxhall with some ladies, he broke from them, and collecting a little circle of young members of parliament and others, told them with great eagerness, that he wished the session had continued a fortnight longer, for then he would have made ample returns to the Lord Chancellor. The Speaker talks of my Lord Chancellor's speech in the style of Mr. Fox, as deserving of the notice of the Commons, if they had not been prorogued."—E.

I shall only tell you a *bon-mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. "G—d d—n the bishops!" said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon,) "so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em; but I'll be revenged! I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, by G—d! I'll underbury them all!" Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1753.

I COULD not rest any longer with the thought of your having no idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill; and I will try to explain so much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you; for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly master of every spot where one another is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle[1] is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs, and flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top of a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left; and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually en-

[1] It was a view of the south side towards the north-east.

livened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c., but when I gave them this air of barbarous basreliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very æra. From hence, under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears — all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart[1] in the holy wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground-floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan; that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows; the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and

[1] An ancestor of Sir Robert Walpole, who was knight of the garter.

twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's college of arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sevigné's Letters, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built; they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor. We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry Hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreaming session has been extremely enlivened by an accidental bill which has opened great quarrels, and those not unlikely to be attended with interesting circumstances. A bill to prevent clandestine marriages, so drawn by the Judges as to clog all matrimony in general, was inadvertently espoused by the Chancellor; and having been strongly attacked in the House of Commons by Nugent, the Speaker, Mr. Fox, and others, the last went very great lengths of

severity on the whole body of the law, and on its chieftain in particular, which, however, at the last reading, he softened and explained off extremely. This did not appease; but on the return of the bill to the House of Lords, where our amendments were to be read, the Chancellor in the most personal terms harangued against Fox, and concluded with saying that "he despised his scurrility as much as his adulation and recantation." As Christian charity is not one of the oaths taken by privy-counsellors, and as it is not the most eminent virtue in either of the champions, this quarrel is not likely to be soon reconciled. There are natures[1] whose disposition it is to patch up political breaches, but whether they will succeed, or try to succeed in healing this, can I tell you?

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others.

I begin a new sheet to you, which does not match with the other, for I have no more of the same paper here. Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, "Madam, this was not what you promised me," and embracing her, forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels.[2] The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The

[1] An allusion to Mr. Pelham.

[2] "The populace," says Smollett, "though not very subject to tender emotions, were moved to compassion, and even to tears, by his behaviour at the place of execution; and many sincere well-wishers to the present establishment thought that the sacrifice of this victim, at such a juncture, could not redound either to its honour or security."—E.

wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled! I cannot tell you positively that what I hinted of this Cameron being commissioned from Prussia was true, but so it is believed. Adieu! my dear child; I think this is a very tolerable letter for summer!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

You are so kind, that I am peevish with myself for not being able to fix a positive day for being with you; as near as I can guess, it will be some of the very first days of the next month: I am engaged to go with Lady Ailesbury and Mr. Conway to Stowe, the 28th of this month, if some little business which I have here does not prevent me; and from thence I propose to meet Mr. Chute at Greatworth. If this should at all interfere with your schemes, tell me so; especially, I must beg that you would not so far depend on me as to stay one minute from doing any thing else you like, because it is quite impossible for me to be sure that I can execute just at the time I propose such agreeable projects. Meeting Mrs. Trevor will be a principal part of my pleasure; but the summer shall certainly not pass without my seeing you.

You will, I am sure, be concerned to hear that your favourite, Miss Brown, the pretty Catholic, who lived with Madame d'Acunha, is dead at Paris, by the ignorance of the physician. Tom Harvey, who always obliges the town with a quarrel in a dead season, has published a delightful letter to Sir William Bunbury,[1] full of madness and wit. He had given the Doctor a precedent for a clergyman's fighting a

[1] The Rev. Sir William Bunbury, father of Sir Charles, and of Henry, the celebrated caricaturist.—E.

duel, and I furnished him with another story of the same kind, that diverted him extremely. A Dr. Suckling, who married a niece of my father, quarrelled with a country squire, who said, "Doctor, your gown is your protection." —"Is it so?" replied the parson; "but, by God! it shall not be yours;" pulled it off, and thrashed him — I was going to say *damnably*, at least, *divinely*. Do but think, my Lord Coke and Tom Harvey are both bound to the peace, and are always going to fight together: how comfortable for their sureties!

My Lord Pomfret is dead; George Selwyn says, *that my Lord Ashburnham*[1] *is not more glad to get into the parks* than Lord Falkland *is to get out of them.* You know he was forced to live in a privileged place.

Jack Hill[2] is dead too, and has dropped about a hundred legacies; a thousand pound to the Dowager of Rockingham; as much, with all his plate and china, to her sister Bel. I don't find that my uncle has got so much as a case of knives and forks: he always paid great court, but Mary Magdalen, my aunt, undid all by scolding the man, and her spouse durst not take his part.

Lady Anne Paulett's daughter is eloped with a country clergyman. The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage-bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady-day.

Before I finish, I must describe to you the manner in which I overtook Monsieur le Duc de Mirepoix t'other day, who lives at Lord Dunkeron's house at Turnham-green. It was seven o'clock in the evening of one of the hottest and most dusty days of this summer. He was walking slowly in the *beau milieu* of Brentford town, without any company, but with a brown lap-dog with long ears, two pointers, two pages, three footmen, and a vis-a-vis following him. By the best accounts I can get, he must have been to survey the ground of the battle of Brentford, which I hear he has much studied, and harangues upon.

[1] Lord Ashburnham succeeded Lord Pomfret as ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

[2] Member for Higham Ferrers.

Adieu! I enclose a World[1] to you, which, by a story I shall tell you, I find is called mine. I met Mrs. Clive two nights ago, and told her I had been in the meadows, but would walk no more there, for there was all the world. "Well," says she, "and don't you like the World? I hear it was very clever last Thursday." All I know is, that you will meet some of your acquaintance there. Good night, with my compliments to Miss Montagu.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1753.

Though I have long had a letter of yours unanswered, yet I verily think it would have remained so a little longer, if the pretty altar-tomb which you have sent me had not roused my gratitude. It arrived here — I mean the tomb, not my gratitude — yesterday, and this morning churchyarded itself in the corner of my wood, where I hope it will remain till some future virtuoso shall dig it up, and publish it in "A Collection of Roman Antiquities in Britain." It is the very thing I wanted: how could you, my dear Sir, take such exact measure of my idea? By the way, you have never told me the price; don't neglect it, that I may pay your brother.

I told you how ill-disposed I was to write to you, and you must know without my telling you that the only reason of that could be my not knowing a tittle worth mentioning; nay, not a tittle, worth or not. All England is gone over all England electioneering: I think the spirit is as great now they are all on one side, as when parties ran the highest. You judge how little I trouble myself about all this; espe-

[1] No. 28, entitled "Old women most proper objects for love." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, says, "Send me no translations, no periodical papers; though I confess some of 'The World' entertained me very much, particularly Lord Chesterfield and Horry Walpole; but whenever I met Dodsley, I wished him out of the World with all my heart. The title was a very lucky one, being, as you see, productive of puns world without end; which is all the species of wit some people can either practise or understand."—E.

cially when the question is not who shall be in the ministry, only who shall be in the House.

I am almost inclined not to say a word to your last letter, because if I begin to answer it, it must be by scolding you for making so serious an affair of leaving off snuff; one would think you was to quit a vice, not a trick. Consider, child, you are in Italy, not in England: here you would be very fashionable by having so many nerves, and you might have doctors and waters for every one of them, from Dr. Mead to Dr. Thomson, and from Bath to the iron pear-tree water. I should sooner have expected to hear that good Dr. Cocchi[1] was in the Inquisition than in prescribing to a *snuff-twitter-nerve-fever!* You say people tell you that leaving off snuff all at once may be attended with bad consequences — I can't conceive what bad consequences, but to the snuff-shop, who, I conclude by your lamentations, must have sold you tolerable quantities; and I know what effects any diversion of money has upon the tobacco-trade in Tuscany. I forget how much it was that the duty sank at Florence in a fortnight after the erection of the first lottery, by the poor people abridging themselves of snuff to buy tickets: but I think I have said enough, considering I don't intend to scold.

Thank you much for your civilities to Mr. Stephens; not at all for those to Mr. Perry,[2] who has availed himself of the partiality which he found you had for me, and passed upon you for my friend. I never spoke one word to him in my life, but when he went out of his own dressing-room at Penshurst that Mr. Chute and I might see it, and then I said, "Sir, I hope we don't disturb you;" he grunted something, and walked away — *la belle amitié!* — yet, my dear child, I thank you, who receive bad money when it is called my coin. I wish you had liked my Lady Rochford's beauty more: I intended it should return well preserved: I grow old enough to be piqued for the charms of my contemporaries.

Lord Pomfret[3] is dead, not a thousand pound in debt.

[1] He was a very free thinker, and suspected by the Inquisition.
[2] He married one of the coheiresses of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester.
[3] Thomas Fermor, first Earl of Pomfret, so created in 1721. He had

The Countess has two thousand a-year rent-charge for jointure, five hundred as lady of the bedchamber to the late Queen, and fourteen thousand pounds in money, in her own power, just recovered by a lawsuit — what a fund for follies! The new Earl has about two thousand four hundred pounds a-year in present, but deep debts and post-obits. He has not put on mourning, but robes; that is, in the middle of this very hot summer, he has produced himself in a suit of crimson velvet, that he may be sure of not being mistaken for being in weepers. There are rents worth ten thousand pounds left to little Lady Sophia Carteret,[1] and the whole personal estate between the two unmarried daughters;[2] so the seat[3] must be stripped. There are a few fine small pictures, and one[4] very curious one of Henry VII. and his Queen, with Cardinal Morton, and, I think, the Abbot of Westminster. Strawberry casts a Gothic eye upon this, but I fear it will pass our revenues. The statues,[5] which were part of the Arundel collection, are famous, but few good. The Cicero is fine and celebrated; the Marius I think still finer. The rest are Scipios, Cincinnatus's, and the Lord knows who, which have lost more of their little value than of their false pretensions by living out of doors; and there is a green-house full of colossal fragments. Adieu! Have you received the description and portrait of my castle?

been master of the horse to Queen Caroline, and ranger of St. James's Park.—D.

[1] Daughter of John Earl of Granville, by his second wife, eldest daughter of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret. (Afterwards married to William Petty, Earl of Shelburne and Marquis of Lansdowne.—D.)

[2] Lady Louisa and Lady Anne; the latter was afterwards married to Mr. Dawson.

[3] Easton Neston, in Northamptonshire.

[4] It is the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The two other figures are probably St. Thomas and the Bishop of Imola, the Pope's nuncio, who pronounced the nuptial benediction. This curious picture was purchased by Lady Pomfret for two hundred pounds. The Earl of Oxford offered her five hundred pounds for it: Mr. Walpole bought it at Lord Pomfret's sale for eighty-four guineas, and it is now at Strawberry Hill.

[5] Lady Pomfret bought the statues, after her lord's death, and presented them to the University of Oxford.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

MY DEAR SIR,

You would deserve to be scolded, if you had not lost almost as much pleasure as you have disappointed me of.[1] Whether George Montagu will be so content with your commuting punishments, I don't know: I should think not: he "cried and roared all night"[2] when I delivered your excuse. He is extremely well-housed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country with his whole personal estate at his heels. There is an extensive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonshire is no county to please me. What entertained me was, that he who in London was grown an absolute recluse, is over head and ears in neighbours, and as popular as if he intended to stand for the county, instead of having given up the town. The very first morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaise to go to Wroxton, they notified a Sir Harry Danvers, a young squire, booted and spurred, and buckskin-breeched. "Will you drink any chocolate?"—"No; a little wine and water, if you please."—I suspected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. "Nicolò, get some wine and water." He desired the water might be warm—I began to stare; Montagu understood the dialect, and ordered a negus. I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and still more when I saw the baronet finish a very large jug indeed. To be sure, he wondered as much at me who did not finish a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it. Knightley, the knight of the shire, has been entertaining all the parishes round with a turtle-feast, which, so far from succeeding, has almost made him suspected for a *Jew*, as the country parsons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

[1] In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a visit to Mr. George Montagu at Greatworth.

[2] A phrase of Mr. Montagu's.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth; and such numbers of gates, that if one loved punning one should call it the *Gate-house.* The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimneys, which are of stone, have niches and benches in them, where the man used to sit and smoke. I had twenty disasters, according to custom; lost my way, and had my French boy almost killed by a fall with his horse: but I have been much pleased. When I was at Park-place I went to see Sir H. Englefield's,[1] which Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary prefer, but I think very undeservedly, to Mr. Southcote's. It is not above a quarter as extensive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading seen under a rude arch, and the water is well disposed. The buildings are very insignificant, and the house far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely disturbed with an engagement between the ghosts of Miss Blandy and her father, which continued so violent, that some bold persons, to prevent farther bloodshed, broke in, and found it was two jackasses which had got into the kitchen.

I felt strangely tempted to stay at Oxford and survey it at my leisure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I passed by Sir James Dashwood's,[2] a vast new house, situated so high that it seems to stand for the county as well as himself. I did look over Lord Jersey's,[3] which was built for a hunting-box, and is still little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I passed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu so absolutely viceroy over it, that we saw it more agreeable than you can conceive; roamed over the whole house, found every door open, saw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea in the library, were served by fairies, tumbled over the books, said one or two talismanic words, and the cascade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers.—You will take me for Monsieur de Coulanges,[4] I describe eatables so feelingly; but the manner in which we

[1] Whiteknights. [2] At High Wycombe. [3] Middleton.
[4] The cousin and friend of Madame de Sévigné, and frequently mentioned in her letters.—E.

were served made the whole delicious. The house was built by a Lord Downe in the reign of James the First; and though there is a fine hall and a vast dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable; one end of the front was never finished, and might have a good apartment. The library is added by this Lord, and is a pleasant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole-length of the first Earl of Downe is in the Bath-robes, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of Prince Henry about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag, with a Lord Harrington; a good portrait of Sir Owen Hopton,[1] 1590; your *pious* grandmother, my Lady Dacre, which I think like you; some good Cornelius Johnsons; a Lord North, by Riley, good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the Lord Keeper: I have never seen but few of the hand, but most of them have been equal to Lely and the best of Sir Godfrey. There is too a curious portrait of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, said to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taste, with a very long window of painted glass, very tolerable. The frieze is pendent, just in the manner I propose for the eating-room at Strawberry Hill. Except one scene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without-doors. This scene consists of a beautiful lake entirely shut in with wood: the head falls into a fine cascade, and that into a serpentine river, over which is a little Gothic seat like a round temple, lifted up by a shaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obelisk erected to the honour and at the expense of "optimus" and "munificentissimus" the late Prince of Wales, "in loci amœnitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus." There are several paltry Chinese buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom: at least they were of the very first. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an Earl and Countess of Downe, and the tower is in a good plain Gothic

[1] Lieutenant of the Tower. His daughter was the wife of the first Earl of Downe.—E.

style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller, who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water-tables, and so it fell down the first winter.

On Wednesday morning we went to see a sweet little chapel at Steane, built in 1620 by Sir Thomas Crewe, Speaker in the time of the first James and Charles. Here are remains of the mansion-house, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my Lady Arran, the last of the race. There are seven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:

> "Conjux, casta parens felix, matrona pudica;
> Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo."

On another is the most affected inscription I ever saw, written by two brothers on their sister: they say, "This agreeable mortal translated her into immortality such a day:" but I could not help laughing at one quaint expression, to which time has given a droll sense: "She was a constant lover of the best."

I have been here these two days, extremely amused and charmed indeed. Wherever you stand you see an Albano landscape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness. You may imagine I have some private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: the Temple of Friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville is now in the house, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian fields, before the inscription for his head was finished. That of Sir John Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my Lord Mayor, was by a mistake of the sculptor done for Alderman Perry. The statue of the King, and that "honori, laudi, virtuti divæ Carolinæ," make one smile, when one sees the ceiling where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of King * * * * But I have no patience at building and planting a satire! Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple

is glorious: this I openly worship: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or mosque Gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark. The windows are throughout consecrated with painted glass; most of it from the priory at Warwick, a present from that foolish Greathead, who quarrelled with me (because his father was a gardener) for asking him if Lord Brook had planted much. — Apropos to painted glass. I forgot to tell you of a sweet house which Mr. Montagu carried me to see, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a Catholic, and called Warkworth. The situation is pretty, the front charming, composed of two round and two square towers. The court within is incomplete on one side; but above stairs is a vast gallery with four bow-windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England, with all their quarterings entire. You don't deserve, after deserting me, that I should tempt you to such a sight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear Sir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myself of the satisfaction of seeing you there whenever you have nothing else to do.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 16, 1753.

Don't you suspect, that I have not only forgot the pleasure I had at Greatworth and Wroxton,[1] but the commissions you gave me too? It looks a little ungrateful not to have vented a word of thanks; but I stayed to write till I could send you the things, and when I had them, I stayed to send them by Mr. Chute, who tells you by to-night's post when he will bring them. The butter-plate is not exactly what you ordered, but I flatter myself you will like it as well. There are a few seeds; more shall follow at the end of the autumn.

[1] The seat of Lord Guilford.

Besides Tom Harvey's letter, I have sent you maps of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, having felt the want of them when I was with you. I found the road to Stowe above twelve miles, very bad, and it took me up two hours and a half: but the formidable idea I conceived of the breakfast and way of life there by no means answered. You was a prophet; it was very agreeable. I am ashamed to tell you that I laughed half an hour yesterday at the sudden death of your new friend Sir Harry Danvers,[1] "after a morning's airing," the news call it; I suspect it was after a negus. I found my garden brown and bare, but these rains have recovered the greenth. You may get your pond ready as soon as you please; the gold fish swarm: Mr. Bentley carried a dozen to town t'other day in a decanter. You would be entertained with our fishing; instead of nets, and rods and lines, and worms, we use nothing but a pail and a basin and a tea-strainer, which I persuade my neighbours is the Chinese method. Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

P.S. Since writing my letter, I have received your twin dispatches. I am extremely sensible of the honour my Lord Guildford does me, and beg you to transmit my gratitude to him: if he is ever at Wroxton when I visit Greatworth, I shall certainly wait upon him, and think myself happy in seeing that charming place again. As soon as I go to town, I shall send for Moreland, and harbour your wardrobe with great pleasure. I find I must beg your pardon for laughing in the former part of my letter about your baronet's death; but his "wine and water a little warm" had left such a ridiculous effect upon me, that even his death could not efface it. Good night!

Mr. Miller told me at Stowe, that the chimney-piece (I think from Steane) was he believed at Banbury, but he did not know exactly. If it lies in your way to inquire, on so vague a direction, will you? Mr. Chute may bring me a sketch of it.

[1] Of Culworth, in Oxfordshire. He died at the age of twenty-two. —E.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, September, 1753.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM going to send you another volume of my travels; I don't know whether I shall not, at last, write a new *Camden's Britannia;* but lest you should be afraid of my itinerary, I will at least promise you that it shall not be quite so dry as most surveys, which contain nothing but lists of impropriations and glebes, and carucates, and transcripts out of Domesday, and tell one nothing that is entertaining, describe no houses nor parks, mention no curious pictures, but are fully satisfied if they inform you that they believe that some nameless old tomb belonged to a knight-templar, or one of the crusado, because he lies cross-legged. Another promise I will make you is, that my love of abbeys shall not make me hate the Reformation till that makes me grow a Jacobite, like the rest of my antiquarian predecessors; of whom, Dart in particular wrote Billingsgate against Cromwell and the regicides; and Sir Robert Atkins concludes his summary of the Stuarts with saying, "that it is no reason, because they have been so, that this family should always continue unfortunate."

I have made my visit at Hagley,[1] as I intended. On my way I dined at Park-place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see any thing; but as soon as it was dark I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering among the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old fellows stealing to their pleasures. Birmingham is large, and swarms with people and trade, but did not answer my expectation from any beauty in it: yet, new as it is, I perceived how far I was got back from the London hegira; for every ale-house is here written *mug-house*, a name one has not heard of since the riots in the late King's time.

[1] The seat of Sir George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton.—E.

As I got into Worcestershire, I opened upon a landscape of country which I prefer even to Kent, which I had reckoned the most beautiful county in England: but this, with all the richness of Kent, is bounded with mountains. Sir George Lyttelton's house is immeasurably bad and old: one room at the top of the house, which was reckoned a *conceit* in those days, projects a vast way into the air. There are two or three curious pictures, and some of them extremely agreeable to me for their relation to Grammont: there is *le sérieux Lyttelton*,[1] but too old for the date of that book; Mademoiselle Stuart,[2] Lord Brounker, and Lady Southesk;[3] besides, a portrait of Lord Clifford the treasurer,[4] with his staff, but drawn in armour (though no soldier) out of flattery to Charles the Second, as he said the most glorious part of his life was attending the King at the battle of Worcester. He might have said, that it was as *glorious* as any part of his Majesty's life. You might draw, but I can't describe, the enchanting scenes of the park: it is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty; such lawns, such wood, rills, cascades, and a thickness of verdure quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a vale of towns, and meadows, and woods extending quite to the Black Mountain in Wales, that I quite forgot my favourite Thames! Indeed, I prefer nothing to Hagley but Mount Edgecumbe. There is extreme taste in the park: the seats are not the best, but there is not one absurdity. There is a ruined castle, built by Miller, that would get him his freedom even of Strawberry: it has the true rust of the barons' wars. Then there is a scene of a small lake, with cascades falling down such a Parnassus! with a circular temple on the distant eminence; and there is such a fairy dale, with more cascades gushing out of rocks!

[1] Sir Charles Lyttelton, distinguished in the Mémoires de Grammont as "le sérieux Lyttelton." He died in 1716, at the age of eighty-six. —E.

[2] The beautiful Frances Stuart, who married Esme, Duke of Richmond; which greatly displeased Charles the Second, who was in love with her.

[3] Anne, daughter of William, second Duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert, third Earl of Southesk.—E.

[4] Sir Thomas Clifford, created Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. He was one of "The Cabal."—E.

and there is a hermitage, so exactly like those in Sadeler's prints, on the brow of a shady mountain, stealing peeps into the glorious world below! and there is such a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolò Poussin! and there is such a wood without the park, enjoying such a prospect! and there is such a mountain on t'other side of the park commanding all prospects, that I wore out my eyes with gazing, my feet with climbing, and my tongue and my vocabulary with commending! The best notion I can give you of the satisfaction I showed, was, that Sir George proposed to carry me to dine with my Lord Foley; and when I showed reluctance, he said, "Why, I thought you did not mind any strangers, if you were to see any thing!" Think of my not minding strangers! I mind them so much, that I missed seeing Hartlebury Castle, and the Bishop of Worcester's chapel of painted glass there, because it was his public day when I passed by his park.—Miller has built a Gothic house in the village at Hagley for a relation of Sir George: but there he is not more than Miller; in his castle he is almost Bentley. There is a genteel tomb in the church to Sir George's first wife,[1] with a Cupid and a pretty urn in the Roman style.

You will be diverted with my distresses at Worcester. I set out boldly to walk down the high-street to the cathedral: I found it much more peopled than I intended, and, when I was quite embarked, discovered myself up to the ears in a contested election. A new candidate had arrived the night before, and turned all their heads. Nothing comforted me, but that the opposition is to Mr. Trevis; and I purchased my passage very willingly with crying "No Trevis! No Jews!" However, the inn where I lay was Jerusalem itself, the very headquarters where Trevis the Pharisee was expected; and I had scarce got into my room, before the victorious mob of his enemy, who had routed his advanced guard, broke open the gates of our inn, and almost murdered the ostler—and then carried him off to prison for being murdered.

[1] Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh; upon whose death, in 1746-7, Lord Lyttelton wrote his celebrated monody.—E.

The cathedral is pretty, and has several tombs, and clusters of light pillars of Derbyshire marble, lately cleaned. Gothicism and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world. Prince Arthur's tomb, from whence we took the paper for the hall and staircase, to my great surprise, is on a less scale than the paper, and is not of brass but stone, and that wretchedly whitewashed. The niches are very small, and the long slips in the middle are divided every now and then with the trefoil. There is a fine tomb for Bishop Hough, in the Westminster Abbey style; but the obelisk at the back is not loaded with a globe and a human figure, like Mr. Kent's design for Sir Isaac Newton: an absurdity which nothing but himself could surpass, when he placed three busts at the foot of an altar—and, not content with that, placed them at the very angles—where they have as little to do as they have with Shakspeare.

From Worcester I went to see Malvern Abbey. It is situated half way up an immense mountain of that name: the mountain is very long, in shape like the prints of a whale's back: towards the larger end lies the town. Nothing remains but a beautiful gateway and a church, which is very large: every window has been glutted with painted glass, of which much remains, but it did not answer: blue and red there is in abundance, and good faces; but the portraits are so high, I could not distinguish them. Besides, the woman who showed me the church would pester me with Christ and King David, when I was hunting for John of Gaunt and King Edward. The greatest curiosity, at least what I had never seen before, was, the whole floor and far up the sides of the church has been, if I may call it so, wainscoted with red and yellow tiles, extremely polished, and diversified with coats of arms, and inscriptions, and mosaic. I have since found the same at Gloucester, and have even been so fortunate as to purchase from the sexton about a dozen, which think what an acquisition for Strawberry! They are made of the natural earth of the country, which is a rich red clay, that produces every thing. All the lanes are full of all kind of trees, and enriched with large old apple-trees, that hang over from one hedge to

another. Worcester city is large and pretty. Gloucester city is still better situated, but worse built, and not near so large. About a mile from Worcester you break upon a sweet view of the Severn. A little farther on the banks is Mr. Lechmere's house; but he has given strict charge to a troop of willows never to let him see the river: to his right hand extends the fairest meadow covered with cattle that ever you saw: at the end of it is the town of Upton, with a church half ruined, and a bridge of six arches, which I believe with little trouble he might see from his garden.

The vale increases in riches to Gloucester. I stayed two days at George Selwyn's house called Matson, which lies on Robin Hood's Hill: it is lofty enough for an Alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top, has wood scattered all over it, springs that long to be cascades in twenty places of it; and from the summit it beats even Sir George Lyttelton's views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His house is small, but neat. King Charles lay here at the siege; and the Duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. Here is a good picture of Dudley Earl of Leicester in his later age, which he gave to Sir Francis Walsingham, at whose house in Kent it remained till removed hither; and what makes it very curious, is, his age marked on it, fifty-four in 1572. I had never been able to discover before in what year he was born. And here is the very flower-pot and counterfeit association, for which Bishop Sprat was taken up, and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower. The reservoirs on the hill supply the city. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough by them—and I believe by some wine too. The Bishop's house is pretty, and restored to the Gothic by the last Bishop. Price has painted a large chapel window for him, which is scarce inferior for colours, and is a much better picture than any of the old glass. The eating-room is handsome. As I am a Protestant Goth, I was glad to worship Bishop Hooper's room, from whence he was led to the stake: but I could almost have been a Hun, and set fire to the front of the house, which is a small

pert portico, like the conveniences at the end of a London garden. The outside of the cathedral is beautifully light; the pillars in the nave outrageously plump and heavy. There is a tomb of one Abraham Blackleach, a great curiosity; for, though the figures of him and his wife are cumbent, they are very graceful, designed by Vandyck, and well executed. Kent designed the screen; but knew no more there than he did any where else how to enter into the true Gothic taste. Sir Christopher Wren, who built the tower of the great gateway at Christchurch, has catched the graces of it as happily as you could do: there is particularly a niche between two compartments of a window, that is a masterpiece.

But here is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curiosity: just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, carved and gilt, for books, in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast; for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. The chapter indulge this whim, as she contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewash, and ornament the church.

King Edward the Second's tomb is very light and in good repair. The old wooden figure of Robert, the Conqueror's unfortunate eldest son, is extremely genteel, and, though it may not be so ancient as his death, is in a taste very superior to any thing of much later ages. Our Lady's Chapel has a bold kind of portal, and several ceilings of chapels, and tribunes in a beautiful taste: but of all delight, is what they call the abbot's cloister. It is the very thing that you would build, when you had extracted all the quintessence of trefoils, arches, and lightness. In the church is a star-window of eight points, that is prettier than our rose-windows.

A little way from the town are the ruins of Lantony

Priory: there remains a pretty old gateway, which G. Selwyn has begged, to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.

At Burford I saw the house of Mr. Lenthal, the descendant of the Speaker. The front is good; and a chapel connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inside of the mansion is bad and ill-furnished. Except a famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family, the portraits are rubbish, though celebrated. I am told that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace by presenting them to Cornbury, where they were well known, till the Duke of Marlborough bought that seat.

I can't go and describe so known a place as Oxford, which I saw pretty well on my return. The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic *un-Gibbs'd*, and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. In the picture-gallery are quantities of portraits; but in general they are not only not so much as copies, but *proxies*—so totally unlike they are to the persons they pretend to represent. All I will tell you more of Oxford is, that Fashion has so far prevailed over her collegiate sister, Custom, that they have altered the hour of dinner from twelve to one. Does not it put one in mind of reformations in religion? One don't abolish Mahommedism; one only brings it back to where the imposter himself left it.—I think it is at the South-Sea-house, where they have been forced to alter the hours of payment, instead of from ten to twelve, to from twelve to two; so much do even monied citizens sail with the current of idleness!

Was not I talking of religious sects? Methodism is quite decayed in Oxford, its cradle. In its stead, there prevails a delightful fantastic system, called the sect of the Hutchinsonians,[1] of whom one seldom hears any thing in town. After

[1] John Hutchinson, the founder of this sect, was born in 1674, and died in 1737, leaving a number of works on the Hebrew language, which were collected in 1748, in twelve volumes octavo. He imagined all knowledge to be contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, and, rejecting the points, he gave a fanciful meaning to every one of the Hebrew letters.

much inquiry, all I can discover is, that their religion consists in driving Hebrew to its fountain head, till they find some word or other in every text of the Old Testament, which may seem figurative of something in the New, or at least of something that may happen God knows when, in consequence of the New. As their doctrine is novel, and requires much study, or at least much invention, one should think that they could not have settled half the canon of what they are to believe—and yet they go on zealously, trying to make and succeeding in making converts.[1]—I could not help smiling at the thoughts of *etymological salvation;* and I am sure you will smile when I tell you, that according to their gravest doctors, "Soap is an excellent type of Jesus Christ, and the York-buildings waterworks of the Trinity."—I don't know whether this is not as entertaining as the passion of the Moravians for the "little side-hole!" Adieu, my dear sir!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1753.

I FEAR the letter of July 21st, which you tell me you have received, was the last I wrote. I will make no more excuses for my silence; I think they take up half my letters. The time of year must be full excuse; and this autumn is so dead a time, that people even don't die.

You have puzzled me extremely by a paragraph in yours about one Wilton a sculptor, who, you say, is mentioned with encomiums in one of the Worlds:[2] I recollected no such thing. The first parcel your brother sends you shall convey the other numbers of that paper, and I will mark all the names I know of the authors: there are several, and of our

He possessed great mechanical skill, and invented a chronometer for the discovery of the longitude, which was much approved by Sir Isaac Newton.—E.

[1] Among his followers were the amiable Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, who published an "Abstract" of his writings, and Parkhurst, the author of the Hebrew Lexicon.—E.

[2] Mr. Mann mistook; I think it was in a paper called "The Adventurer."

first writers;[1] but in general you will not find that the paper answers the idea you have entertained of it.

I grieve for my Florentine friends, and for the doubling of their yoke: the Count has shown great art. I am totally ignorant, not to say indifferent, about the Modenese treaty;[2] indeed, I have none of that spirit which was formerly so much objected to some of my family, the love of negotiations during a settled peace. Treaties within treaties are very dull businesses: contracts of marriage between baby-princes and miss-princesses give me no curiosity. If I had not seen it in the papers, I should never have known that Master Tommy the Archduke was playing at marrying Miss Modena. I am as sick of the *hide-and-seek* at which all Europe has been playing about a King of the Romans! Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own very small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury*: my upper servant, who is full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for having belonged to Harry VII, he came running in, and said, "Sir, Sir! here is a man has brought some more *armour!*"

Last week, when I was in town, I went to pay a bill to the glazier who fixed up the painted glass: I said, "Mr. Palmer, you charge me seven shillings a-day for your man's work: I know you give him but two shillings; and I am told that it is impossible for him to earn seven shillings a-day."—"Why no, Sir," replied he, "it is not that; but one must pay house-rent, and one must eat, and one must wear." I looked

[1] Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. W. Whithed, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Soame Jennings, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Coventry, &c.

[2] It was between the Empress-Queen and the Duke of Modena, for settling the duchy of Milan on one of the little Archdukes, on his marrying the Duke's grand-daughter, and in the mean time the Duke was made administrator of Milan.

at him, and he had on a blue silk waistcoat with an extremely broad gold lace. I could not help smiling. I turned round, and saw his own portrait, and his wife's, and his son's. "And I see," said I, "one *must* sit for one's picture: I am very sorry that I am to contribute for all you *must* do!" Adieu! I gave you warning that I had nothing to say.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

In a very long, and consequently a very agreeable letter, which I received from you yesterday, you set me an example which I despair of following, keeping up a correspondence with spirit when the world furnishes no events. I should not say *no events*, for France is big with matter, but to talk of the parliamentary wars of another country would be only transcribing gazettes: and as to Prince Heraclius,[1] the other phænomenon of the age, it is difficult to say much about a person of whom one knows nothing at all. The only scene, that promises to interest one, lies in Ireland, from whence we are told that the Speaker's party has carried a question against the Lord Lieutenant's; but no particulars are yet arrived. Foundations have formerly been laid in Ireland of troubles that have spread hither: I have read somewhere this old saw,

> "He that would England win,
> Must with Ireland first begin."

The only novelty I know, and which is quite private history, is, that there is a man[2] in the world, who has so much obligingness and attention in his friendships, that in the mid-

[1] One of the pretenders to the throne of Persia, who gained many victories about this time.

[2] When Mr. Walpole was at Florence he saw a fine picture by Vasari of the Great-duchess Bianca Capello, in the palace of the Marchese Vitelli, whose family falling to decay, and their effects being sold twelve years afterwards, Mr. Mann recollected Mr. Walpole's having admired that picture, bought and sent it to him.

dle of public business, and teazed to death with all kind of commissions, and overrun with cubs and cubaccioni's of every kind, he can for twelve years together remember any single picture, or bust, or morsel of *virtù*, that a friend of his ever liked; and what is forty times more extraordinary than this circumstantial kindness, he remembers it just at the time when others, who might be afflicted with as good a memory, would take pains to forget it, that is, when it is to be obtained: —exactly then this person goes and purchases the thing in question, whips it on board a ship, and sends it to his friend, in the manner in the world to make it most agreeable, except that he makes it impossible to thank him, because you must allow that one ought to be possessed of the same manner of obliging, before one is worthy of thanking such a person. I don't know whether you will think this person so extraordinary as I do; but I have one favour to beg; if you should ever hear his name, which, for certain reasons, I can't tell you, let me intreat you never to disclose it, for the world in general is so much the reverse of him, that they would do nothing but commend to him everything they saw, in order to employ his memory and generosity. For this reason you will allow that the prettiest action that ever was *committed*, ought not to be published to all the world.

You, who love your friends, will not be sorry to hear a little circumstance, that concerns, in a tolerable manner, at least two of them. The last of my mother's surviving brothers[1] is dead, and dead without a will, and dead rich. Mr. Conway and I shall share about six thousand pounds a-piece in common with his brother and sister and my brother. I only tell you this for a momentary pleasure, for *you* are not a sort of person to remember anything relative to your friends beyond the present instant!

After writing me two sheets of paper, not to mention the episode of Bianca Capello, I know not how to have the con-

[1] Erasmus Shorter, brother of Catherine Lady Walpole, and of Charlotte Lady Conway, whose surviving children, Edward and Horace Walpole, Francis Earl of Hertford, Henry and Anne Conway, became his heirs.

fidence to put an end to my letter already; and yet I must, and you will admit the excuse; I have but just time to send my brother an account of his succession: you who think largely enough to forgive any man's deferring such notice to you, would be the last man to defer giving it to anybody else; and therefore, to spare you any more of the compliments and thanks, which surely I owe you, you shall let me go make my brother happy. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

I HAVE at last found a moment to answer your letter; a possession of which, I think, I have not been master these ten days. You must know that I have an uncle dead; a sort of event that could not possibly have been disagreeable to me, let his name have been what it would; and to make it still less unpleasant, here am I one of the heirs-at-law to a man worth thirty thousand pounds. One of the heirs, you must construe, one of five. In short, my uncle Erasmus is dead, and I think at last we may depend on his having made no will. If a will should appear, we are but where we were; if it does not, it is not uncomfortable to have a little sum of money drop out of the clouds, to which one has as much right as anybody, for which one has no obligation, and paid no flattery. This death and the circumstances have made extreme noise, but they are of an extent impossible to tell you within the compass of any letter, and I will not raise your curiosity when I cannot satisfy it but by a narration, which I must reserve till I see you. The only event I know besides within this atmosphere, is the death of Lord Burlington, who, I have just heard, has left every thing in his power to his relict. I tell you nothing of Jew bills and Jew motions, for I dare to say you have long been as weary of the words as I am. The only point that keeps up any attention, is expectation of a mail from Ireland, from whence we have heard, by a side wind,

that the court have lost a question by six; you may imagine one wants to know more of this.

The opera is indifferent; the first man has a finer voice than Monticelli, but knows not what to do with it. Ancient Visconti does so much with hers that it is intolerable. There is a new play of Glover's, in which Boadicea the heroine rants as much as Visconti screams; but happily you hear no more of her after the end of the third act, till in the last scene somebody brings a card with her compliments, and she is very sorry she cannot wait upon you, but she is dead. Then there is a scene between Lord Sussex and Lord Cathcart, two captives, which is most incredibly absurd; but yet the parts are so well acted, the dresses so fine, and two or three scenes pleasing enough, that it is worth seeing.[1]

There are new young lords, fresh and fresh: two of them are much in vogue; Lord Huntingdon and Lord Stormont.[2] I supped with them t'other night at Lady Caroline Petersham's; the latter is most cried up; but he is more reserved, seems sly and to have sense, but I should not think extreme: yet it is not fair to judge on a silent man at first. The other is very lively and very agreeable. This is the state of the town you inquire after, and which you do inquire after as one does after Mr. Somebody that one used to see at Mr. Such-a-one's formerly: do you never intend to know more of us? or do you intend to leave me to wither upon the

[1] Glover's tragedy of "Boadicea" was acted nine or ten nights at Drury Lane with some success; but was generally considered better adapted to the closet than the stage. Archbishop Herring, in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, gives the following opinion of this play:—"The first page of the play shocked me, and the sudden and heated answer of the Queen to the Roman ambassador's gentle address is arrant madness. It is another objection, in my opinion, that Boadicea is really not the object of crime and punishment, so much as pity; and, notwithstanding the strong paintings of her savageness, I cannot help wishing she had got the better. However, I admire the play in many passages, and think the two last acts admirable. In the fifth, particularly, I hardly ever found myself so strongly touched."—E.

[2] David, Viscount Stormont. He was afterwards ambassador at Vienna and Paris; in 1779, one of the secretaries of state; and in 1783, president of the council. Upon the death of his uncle, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in 1793, he succeeded to the earldom. He died in 1796. —E.

hands of the town, like Charles Stanhope and Mrs. Dunch? My cotemporaries seem to be all retiring to their proprieties. If I must too, positively I will go no farther than Strawberry Hill! You are very good to lament *our* gold fish: their whole history consists in their being stolen *à deux reprises*, the very week after I came to town.

Mr. Bentley is where he was, and well, and now and then makes me as happy as I can be, having lost him, with a charming drawing. We don't talk of his abode; for the Hecate his wife endeavours to discover it. Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1753.

I LITTLE thought when I parted with you, my dear Sir, that your absence[1] could indemnify me so well for itself; I still less expected that I should find you improving daily: but your letters grow more and more entertaining, your drawings more and more picturesque; you write with more wit, and paint with more *melancholy*, than ever anybody did: your woody mountains hang down "somewhat so poetical," as Mr. Ashe[2] said, that your own poet Gray will scarce keep tune with you. All this refers to your cascade scene and your letter. For the library, it cannot have the Strawberry imprimatur: the double arches and double pinnacles are most ungraceful; and the doors below the book-cases in Mr. Chute's design had a conventual look, which yours totally wants. For this time, we shall put your genius in commission, and, like some other regents, execute our own plan without minding our sovereign. For the chimney, I do not wonder you missed

[1] Mr. Bentley was now in the island of Jersey; whither he had retired on account of the derangement of his affairs, and whither all the following letters are addressed to him.

[2] A nurseryman at Twickenham. He had served Pope. Mr. Walpole telling him he would have his trees planted irregularly, he said, "Yes, Sir, I understand: you would have them hung down somewhat poetical."

our instructions: we could not contrive to understand them ourselves; and therefore, determining nothing but to have the old picture stuck in a thicket of pinnacles, we left it to you to find out *the how*. I believe it will be a little difficult; but as I suppose *facere quia impossibile est*, is full as easy as *credere*, why — you must do it.

The present journal of the world and of me stands thus: King George II. does not go abroad — Some folks fear nephews,[1] as much as others hate uncles. The Castle of Dublin has carried the Armagh election by one vote only — which is thought equivalent to losing it by twenty. Mr. Pelham has been very ill, I thought of St. Patrick's fire,[2] but it proved St. Antony's. Our House of Commons, mere poachers, are piddling with the torture of Leheup,[3] who extracted so much money out of the lottery.

The robber of Po Yang[4] is discovered, and I hope will be put to death, without my pity interfering, as it has done for Mr. Shorter's servant,[5] or Lady Caroline Petersham's, as it did for Maclean. In short, it was a heron. I like this better than thieves, as I believe the gang will be more easily destroyed, though not mentioned in the King's speech or Fielding's treatises.

Lord Clarendon, Lord Thanet, and Lord Burlington are

[1] Frederic II. King of Prussia, nephew to George II. Mr. Walpole alludes to himself, who was upon bad terms with his uncle Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton.

[2] Alluding to the disturbances and opposition to government, which took place in Ireland during the viceroyalty of Lionel Duke of Dorset.

[3] In framing the act for the purchase of the Sloane Museum and the Harleian Manuscripts by lottery, Mr. Pelham, who disapproved of this financial expedient, as tending to foster a spirit of gambling, had taken care to restrict the number of tickets to be sold to any single individual. Notwithstanding which, Mr. Leheup, one of the commissioners of the lottery, had sold to one person, under names which he knew to be fictitious, between two and three hundred tickets. The subject was brought before the House of Commons, where a series of resolutions was passed against Mr. Leheup, accompanied by an address to the King, praying that the offender might be prosecuted. The result was, that he was prosecuted by the Attorney-general, and fined one thousand pounds.—E.

[4] Mr. Walpole had given this Chinese name to a pond of gold fish at Strawberry Hill.

[5] A Swiss servant of Erasmus Shorter's, maternal uncle to Mr. Walpole, who was not without suspicion of having hastened his master's death.

dead. The second sent for his tailor, and asked him if he could make him a suit of mourning in eight hours: if he could, he would go into mourning for his brother Burlington[1] — but that he did not expect to live twelve hours himself.

There are two more volumes come out of Sir Charles Grandison. I shall detain them till the last is published, and not think I postpone much of your pleasure. For my part, I stopped at the fourth; I was so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, "Pray, Miss, with whom are you in love?" and of mighty good young men that convert your Mr. M * * * * *'s in the twinkling of a sermon! — You have not been much more diverted, I fear, with Hogarth's book[2] — 'tis very silly! — Palmyra[3] is come forth, and is a noble book; the prints finely engraved, and an admirable dissertation before it. My wonder is much abated: the Palmyrene empire which I had figured, shrunk to a small trading city with some magnificent public buildings out of proportion to the dignity of the place.

The operas succeed pretty well; and music has so much recovered its power of charming, that there is started up a burletta at Covent-garden,[4] that has half the vogue of the old Beggar's Opera: indeed there is a soubrette, called the Niccolina, who, besides being pretty, has more vivacity and variety of humour than ever existed in any creature.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1754.

Her Serene Highness, the Great Duchess Bianca Capello,[5] is arrived safe at a palace lately taken for her in

[1] The Countesses of Thanet and Burlington were sisters.

[2] The Analysis of Beauty.

[3] "The Ruins of Palmyra, otherwise Tadmor in the Desert," by Robert Wood, Esq.; a splendid volume in folio, with a number of elegant engravings. In 1757, Mr. Wood published a similar description of the "Ruins of Balbec."—E.

[4] Harlequin Sorcerer.—E.

[5] Bianca Capello was the daughter of a noble Venetian. She had been seduced and carried off from her father's house by a young Floren-

Arlington Street. She has been much visited by the quality and gentry, and pleases universally by the graces of her person and comeliness of her deportment — my dear child, this is the least that the newspapers would say of the charming Bianca. I, who feel all the agreeableness of your manner, must say a great deal more, or should say a great deal more, but I can only commend the picture enough, not you. The head is painted equal to Titian; and though done, I suppose, after the clock had struck five-and-thirty, yet she retains a great share of beauty. I have bespoken a frame for her, with the grand-ducal coronet at top, her story on a label at bottom, which Gray is to compose in Latin, as short and expressive as Tacitus, (one is lucky when one can bespeak and have executed such an inscription!) the Medici arms on one side, and the Capello's on the other. I must tell you a critical discovery of mine *àpropos:* in an old book of Venetian arms, there are two coats of Capello, who from their *name* bear a *hat;* on one of them is added a *fleur-de-lis* on a blue ball, which I am persuaded was given to the family by the Great Duke, in consideration of this alliance; the Medicis, you know, bore such a badge at the top of their own arms. This discovery I made by a talisman, which Mr. Chute calls the *Sortes Walpolianæ*, by which I find every thing I want, *à pointe nommée*, wherever I dip for it. This discovery, indeed, is almost of that kind which I call *Serendipity*, a very expressive word, which, as I have nothing better to

tine of low origin, named Peter Bonaventuri. They came to Florence, where she became the mistress of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis of Medicis. He was very anxious to have a child by her; upon which she pretended to be brought to bed of a son, who had in reality been bought of one of the lower orders. He was called Don Anthony of Medicis. In order to prevent the Grand Duke from discovering her fraud, Bianca caused several of the persons who had had a part in the deception to be assassinated. At length the wife of Francis, the Archduchess Joan of Austria, died in child-bed; and Bianca intrigued so successfully, that she persuaded her lover to marry her. Her marriage with the Grand Duke took place on the 12th of October, 1579, and was so sumptuous that it cost one hundred thousand Florentine ducats. Her tyranny and rapacity soon made her universally hated. She is supposed, as well as her husband, to have died by poison, administered to them through the means of his brother, the Cardinal Ferdinand of Medicis, who succeeded him as Grand Duke.—D.

tell you, I shall endeavour to explain to you: you will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale, called "The Three Princes of Serendip:" as their Highnesses travelled, they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of: for instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had travelled the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right — now do you understand *Serendipity?* One of the most remarkable instances of this *accidental sagacity*, (for you must observe that *no* discovery of a thing you *are* looking for comes under this description,) was of my Lord Shaftsbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde, by the respect with which her mother treated her at table. I will send you the inscription in my next letter; you see I endeavour to grace your present as it deserves.

Your brother would have me say something of my opinion about your idea of taking the name of *Guise;*[1] but he has written so fully that I can only assure you in addition, that I am stronger even than he is against it, and cannot allow of your reasoning on families, because, however families may be prejudiced about them, and however foreigners (I mean, *great foreigners*) here may have those prejudices too, yet they never operate here, where there is any one reason to counterbalance them. A minister who has the least disposition to promote a creature of his, and to set aside a Talbot or a Nevil, will at one breath puff away a genealogy that would reach from hence to Herenhausen. I know a *great foreigner* who always says that my Lord Denbigh is the best gentleman in England, because he is descended from the old Counts of Hapsburg; and yet my Lord Denbigh (and though he is descended from what one should think of much more consequence here, the old Counts of Denbigh,) has for many years wanted a place or a pension, as much as if he were only what

[1] Mr. Mann's mother was an heiress of that house.

I think the first Count of Hapsburg was, the Emperor's butler. Your instance of the Venetians refusing to receive Valenti can have no weight: Venice might bully a Duke of Mantua, but what would all her heralds signify against a British envoy? In short, what weight do you think family has here, when the very last minister whom we have despatched is Sir James Gray,—nay, and who has already been in a public character at Venice! His father was first a box-keeper, and then footman to James the Second; and this is the man exchanged against the Prince de San Severino! One of my father's maxims was *quieta non movere;* and he was a wise man in that his day. My dear child, if you will suffer me to conclude with a pun, content yourself with your *Manhood* and Tuscany: it would be thought injustice to remove you from thence for anybody else: when once you shift about, you lose the benefit of prescription, and subject yourself to a thousand accidents. I speak very seriously; I know the *carte du pais.*

We have no news: the flames in Ireland are stifled, I don't say extinguished, by adjourning the Parliament, which is to be prorogued. A catalogue of dismissions was sent over thither, but the Lord Lieutenant durst not venture to put them in execution. We are sending a strong squadron to the East Indies, which may possibly bring back a war with France, especially as we are going to ask money of our Parliament for the equipment. We abound in diversions, which flourish exceedingly on the demise of politics. There are no less than five operas every week, three of which are burlettas; a very bad company, except the Niccolina, who beats all the actors and actresses I ever saw for vivacity and variety. We had a good set four years ago, which did not take at all; but these being at the playhouse, and at play-prices, the people, instead of resenting it, as was expected, are transported with them, call them their own operas, and I will not swear that they do not take them for English operas. They huzzaed the King twice the other night, for bespeaking one on the night of the Haymarket opera.

I am glad you are aware of Miss Pitt: pray continue your

awaredom: I assure you, before she set out for Italy, she was qualified to go any Italian length of passion. Her very first slip was with her eldest brother; and it is not her fault that she has not made still blacker trips. Never mention this, and forget it as soon as she is gone from Florence. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 2, 1754.

After calling two or three times without finding him, I wrote yesterday to Lord Granville,[1] and received a most gracious answer, but desiring to see me. I went. He repeated all your history with him, and mentioned your vivacity at parting; however, consented to give you the apartment, with great good humour, and said he would write to his bailiff; and added, laughing, that he had an old cross housekeeper, who had regularly quarrelled with all his grantees. It is well that some of your desires, though unfortunately the most trifling, depend on me alone, as those at least are sure of being executed. By Tuesday's coach there will go to Southampton two orange-trees, two Arabian jasmines, some tuberose roots, and plenty of cypress seeds, which last I send you in lieu of the olive-trees, none of which are yet come over.

The weather grows fine, and I have resumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried George Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and screamed, and hooped and hollaed, and danced, and crossed himself a thousand times over. He returns to-morrow to Greatworth, and I fear will give himself up entirely to country 'squirehood. But what will you say to greater honour which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumskoi[2] has been to see it, and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint-stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't

[1] John Earl Granville, then secretary of state, had an estate in Jersey.
[2] The Duke of Cumberland.—E.

deny myself this reflection (even though he liked Strawberry), as he has not employed you as an architect.

Still there is little news. To-day it is said that Lord George Sackville is summoned in haste from Ireland, where the grand juries are going to petition for the resitting of the Parliament. Hitherto they have done nothing but invent satirical healths, which I believe gratify a taste more peculiar to Ireland than politics, drinking. We have had one considerable day in the House of Commons here. Lord Egmont, in a very long and fine speech, opposed a new Mutiny-bill for the troops going to the East Indies (which I believe occasioned the reports with you of an approaching war). Mr. Conway got infinite reputation by a most charming speech in answer to him, in which he displayed a system of military learning, which was at once new, striking, and entertaining.[1] I had carried Monsieur de Gisors thither, who began to take notes of all I explained to him: but I begged he would not; for, the question regarding French politics, I concluded the Speaker would never have done storming at the Gaul's collecting intelligence in the very senate-house. Lord Holderness made a magnificent ball for these foreigners last week: there were a hundred and forty people, and most stayed supper. Two of my Frenchmen learnt country-dances, and succeeded very well. T'other night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the King at the masquerade; and then he sent for Lady Coventry to dance: it was quite like Herodias — and I believe if he had offered her a boon, she would have chosen the head of *St. John* — I believe I told you of her passion for the young Lord Bolingbroke.

Dr. Mead is dead, and his collection going to be sold. I fear I have not virtue enough to resist his miniatures. I shall be ruined![2]

[1] Mr. Conway's speech will be found in the Parliamentary History, vol. xv. p. 282. The object of the bill was to extend the operation of the Mutiny act to the troops in the service of the East India Company. This question was strongly combated, on constitutional grounds, as conferring on a trading body powers which ought to be viewed with jealousy, when vested even in the head of the state. The second reading was carried by 245 against 50.—E.

[2] Dr. Mead's pictures were chosen with so much judgment, that at the

I shall tell you a new instance of the Sortes Walpolianæ: I lately bought an old volume of pamphlets; I found at the end a history of the Dukes of Lorrain, and with that an account of a series of their medals, of which, says the author, there are but two sets in England. It so happens that I bought a set above ten years ago at Lord Oxford's sale; and on examination I found the Duchess, wife of Duke René,[1] has a head-dress, allowing for being modernised, as the medals are modern, which is evidently the same with that figure in my Marriage of Henry VI. which I had imagined was of her. It is said to be taken from her tomb at Angiers; and that I might not decide too quickly *en connoisseur*, I have sent to Angiers for a draught of the tomb.

Poor Mr. Chute was here yesterday, the first going out after a confinement of thirteen weeks; but he is pretty well. We have determined upon the plan for the library, which we find will fall in exactly with the proportions of the room, with no variations from the little door-case of St. Paul's, but widening the larger arches. I believe I shall beg your assistance again about the chimney-piece and ceiling; but I can decide nothing till I have been again at Strawberry. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will be surprised at my writing again so very soon; but unpleasant as it is to be the bearer of ill news,[2] I flattered myself that you would endure it better from me, than to be shocked with it from an indifferent hand, who would not have the same management for your tenderness and delicacy as I

sale of them in this month, they produced 3,417*l.* 11*s.*, nearly seven hundred pounds more than he gave for them.—E.

[1] Duke of Anjou, father of the unfortunate Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry the Sixth of England.—E.

[2] This is an ironic letter on the death of Henry Pelham, first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, with whom Mr. Walpole was on ill terms.

naturally shall, who always feel for you, and on this occasion with you! You are very unfortunate: you have not many real friends, and you lose—for I must tell it you, the chief of them! indeed, the only one who could have been of real use to you—for what can *I* do, but wish, and attempt, and miscarry?—or from whom could I have hoped assistance for you, or warmth for myself and my friends, but from the friend I have this morning lost?—But it is too selfish to be talking of our losses, when Britain, Europe, the world, the King, Jack Roberts,[1] Lord Barnard, have lost their guardian angel. —What are private misfortunes to the affliction of one's country? or how inglorious is an Englishman to bewail himself, when a true patriot should be acting for the good of mankind!—Indeed, if it is possible to feel any comfort, it is from seeing how many true Englishmen, how many *true Scotchmen*, are zealous to replace the loss, and snatch at the rudder of the state, amidst this storm and danger! Oh! my friend, how will your heart glow with melancholy admiration, when I tell you, that even the poor Duke of Newcastle himself conquers the torrent of his grief, and has promised Mrs. Betty Spence,[2] and Mr. Graham the apothecary, that, rather than abandon England to its evil genius, he will even submit to be lord treasurer himself? My Lord Chancellor, too, is said to be willing to devote himself in the same manner for the good of his country. Lord Hartington[3] is the most inconsolable of all; and when Mrs. Molly Bodens[4] and Mrs. Garrick were entreated by some of the cabinet council to ask him whom he wished to have minister, the only answer they could draw from him was, *A Whig! a Whig!* As for Lord B. I may truly say, he is humbled and licks the dust; for his tongue, which never used to hang below the waistband of his breeches, is now dropped down to his shoe-buckles; and had not Mr. Stone assured him, that if the worst came to the

[1] John Roberts, Esq. secretary to Mr. Pelham.

[2] Companion to the Duchess of Newcastle. [This lady was related to the Rev. Joseph Spence, author of "Polymetis." She died in 1764, after being the friend and companion of the Duchess of Newcastle for more than forty-five years.]

[3] William, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire.

[4] Companion of Lady Burlington, Lord Hartington's mother-in-law.

worst, they could but make their fortunes under another family, I don't know whether he would not have despaired of the commonwealth. But though I sincerely pity so good a citizen, I cannot help feeling most for poor Lord Holderness, who sees a scheme of glory dashed which would have added new lustre to the British annals, and have transmitted the name D'Arcy down to latest posterity. He had but just taken Mr. Mason the poet into his house *to write his deserts;* and he had just reason to expect that the secretary's office would have gained a superiority over that of France and Italy, which was unknown even to Walsingham.

I had written thus far, and perhaps should have elegized on for a page or two farther, when Harry, who has no idea of the dignity of grief, blundered in, with satisfaction in his countenance, and thrust two pacquets from you into my hand.—Alas! he little knew that I was incapable of tasting any satisfaction but in the indulgence of my concern.—I was once going to commit them to the devouring flames, lest any light or vain sentence should tempt me to smile; but my turn for true philosophy checked my hand, and made me determine to prove that I could at once launch into the bosom of pleasure and be insensible to it. — I have conquered; I have read your letters, and yet think of nothing but Mr. Pelham's death! Could Lady Catherine[1] do thus? Could she receive a love-letter from Mr. Brown, and yet think only on her breathless lord?

Thursday, 7.

I wrote the above last night, and have stayed as late as I could this evening, that I might be able to tell you who the person is in whom all the world is to discover the proper qualities for replacing the national loss. But, alas! the experience of two whole days has showed that the misfortune is irreparable; and I don't know whether the elegies on his death will not be finished before there be any occasion for congratulations to his successor. The mystery is profound. How shocking it will be if things should go on just as they are! I

[1] Lady Catherine Pelham, the widow of Mr. Pelham.—E.

mean by that, how mortifying if it is discovered, that when all the world thought Mr. Pelham did and could alone maintain the calm and carry on the government, even he was not necessary, and that it was the calm and the government that carried on themselves! However, this is not my opinion.—I believe all this *will make a party*.[1]

Good night! There are two more new plays: Constantine,[2] the better of them, expired the fourth night at Covent-garden. Virginia,[3] by Garrick's acting and popularity, flourishes still: he has written a remarkably good epilogue to it. Lord Bolingbroke is come forth in five pompous quartos, two and a half new and most unorthodox.[4] Warburton is resolved to answer, and the bishops not to answer him. I have not had a moment to look into it. Good night!

[1] Mr. Walpole, when young, loved faction; and Mr. Bentley one day saying, "that he believed certain opinions would make a sect," Mr. W. said eagerly, "Will they make a party?"

[2] "Constantine," a tragedy, was written by the Rev. Philip Francis, the translator of Horace and Demosthenes, and father of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the Letters of Junius. He also wrote "Eugenia," a tragedy; but as a dramatic author he was not very successful.—E.

[3] "Virginia" was written by Henry Crisp, a clerk in the Custom-house. It was acted at Drury Lane with some success; owing chiefly to the excellence of the performers.—E.

[4] A splendid edition of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, in five volumes, quarto, having been published on the very day of Mr. Pelham's death, Garrick wrote an ode on the occasion, which contains the following stanza:—

> "The same sad morn, to Church and State
> (So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
> A double shock was given:
> Black as the regions of the North,
> St. John's fell genius issued forth,
> And Pelham's fled to heaven!"

It was upon the appearance of this edition of Lord Bolingbroke's works, edited by David Mallet, that Dr. Johnson pronounced this memorable sentence upon both author and editor:—"Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel, for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had no resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1754.

You will little have expected, my dear Sir, the great event that happened yesterday. Mr. Pelham[1] is dead! all that calm, that supineness, of which I have lately talked to you so much, is at an end! there is no heir to such luck as his. The whole people of England can never agree a second time upon the same person for the residence of infallibility; and though so many have found their interest in making Mr. Pelham the *fermier-general* for their venality, yet almost all have found too, that it lowered their prices to have but one purchaser. He could not have died at a more critical time: all the elections were settled, all bargains made, and much money advanced: and by the way, though there never was so little party, or so little to be made by a seat in Parliament, either with regard to profit or fame, there never was such established bribery, or so profuse. And as everything was settled by his life, so everything is thrown into confusion by his death: the difficulty of naming, or of who should name the successor, is almost insurmountable — for you are not such a *tramontane* as to imagine that the person who must sign the warrant will have the filling it up. The three apparent candidates are Fox, Pitt, and Murray; all three with such incumbrances on their hopes as make them very desperate. The Chancellor hates Fox; the Duke of Newcastle does not (I don't say, love him, but to speak in the proper phrase, does not) pretend to love him: the Scotch abominate him, and they and the Jacobites make use of his connexion with the Duke to represent him as formidable: the Princess cannot approve him for the same reason: the law, as in duty bound to the Chancellor and to Murray, and to themselves, whom he always attacks, must dislike him. He has his parts and the Whigs, and the seeming right of succession. Pitt has no health, no party, and has,

[1] Henry Pelham, chancellor of the exchequer, and first commissioner of the treasury; only brother of Thomas Duke of Newcastle.

what in *this* case is allowed to operate, the King's negative. Murray is a Scotchman, and it has been suspected, of the worst dye: add a little of the Chancellor's jealousy: all three are obnoxious to the probability of the other two being disobliged by a preference. There is no doubt but the Chancellor and the Duke of Newcastle will endeavour to secure their own power, by giving an exclusion to Fox: each of them has even been talked of for Lord Treasurer; I say talked of, though Mr. Pelham died but yesterday; but you can't imagine how much a million of people can talk in a day on such a subject! It was even much imagined yesterday, that Sir George Lee would be the Hulla, to wed the post, till things are ripe for divorcing him again: he is an unexceptionable man, sensible, of good character, the ostensible favourite of the Princess, and obnoxious to no set of men; for though he changed ridiculously quick on the Prince's death, yet as everybody changed with him, it offended nobody; and what is a better reason for promoting him now, it would offend nobody to turn him out again.

In this buzz is all the world at present: as the plot thickens or opens, you shall hear more. In the mean time you will not dislike to know a little of the circumstances of this death. Mr. Pelham was not sixty-one; his florid, healthy constitution promised long life, and his uninterrupted good fortune as long power; yet the one hastened his end, and the other was enjoyed in its full tranquillity but three poor years! I should not say, enjoyed, for such was his peevishness and suspicions, that the lightest trifles could poison all that stream of happiness! he was careless of his health, most intemperate in eating, and used no exercise. All this had naturally thrown him into a most scorbutic habit, for which last summer he went to Scarborough, but stayed there only a month, which would not have cleansed a scorbutic kitten. The sea-air increased his appetite, and his flatterers pampered it at their seats on the road. He returned more distempered, and fell into a succession of boils, fevers, and St. Anthony's fire — indeed, I think, into such a carbuncular state of blood as carried off my brother. He had recovered enough to come to the House of

Commons; and last Friday walked in the Park till he put himself into an immense sweat; in that sweat he stood at a window to look at horses, ate immoderately at dinner, relapsed at six that evening, and died yesterday morning (Wednesday) a quarter before six. His will was to be opened to-day; he is certainly dead far from rich.[1] There are great lamentations, some joy, some disappointments, and much expectation. As a person who loves to write history, better than to act in it, you will easily believe that I confine my sensations on the occasion chiefly to observation — at least, my care that posterity may know all about it prevents my indulging any immoderate grief; consequently I am *as well as can be expected*, and ever yours, &c.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1754.

In the confusion of things, I last week hazarded a free letter to you by the common post. The confusion is by no means ceased. However, as some circumstances may have rendered a desire of intelligence necessary, I send this by the coach, with the last volume of Sir Charles Grandison, for its chaperon.

After all the world had been named for chancellor of the exchequer, and my Lord Chief Justice Lee, who is no part of the world, really made so *pro tempore;* Lord Hartington went to notify to Mr. Fox, that the cabinet council having given it as their unanimous opinion to the King, that the Duke of Newcastle should be at the head of the treasury, and he (Mr. Fox) secretary of state with the management of the House of Commons; his grace, who had submitted to so

[1] Walpole, almost the only author who has treated the memory of Mr. Pelham with disrespect, mentions to his honour, that he "lived without abusing his power, and died poor." See Memoires, vol. i. p. 332. By this expression, says Coxe, the reader will be reminded of a curious coincidence in the concluding lines of the eulogium inscribed on the base of Mr. Pitt's statue, by his friend and pupil, the Right Honourable George Canning, "Dispensing, for more than twenty years, the favours of the crown, he lived without ostentation, and he died poor."—E.

oracular a sentence, hoped Mr. Fox would not refuse to concur in so salutary a measure; and assured him, that *though* the Duke would reserve the sole disposition of the secret service-money, his grace would bestow his entire confidence on Mr. Fox, and acquaint him with the most minute details of that service. Mr. Fox bowed and obeyed — and, as a preliminary step, received the Chancellor's[1] absolution. From thence he attended his — and our new master. — But either grief for his brother's death, or joy for it, had so intoxicated the new *maître du palais*, that he would not ratify any one of the conditions he had imposed: and though my Lord Hartington's virtue interposed, and remonstrated on the purport of the message he had carried, the Duke persisted in assuming the whole and undivided power himself, and left Mr. Fox no choice, but of obeying or disobeying, as he might choose. This produced the next day a letter from Mr. Fox, carried by my Lord Hartington, in which he refused secretary of state, and pinned down the lie with which the new ministry is to commence. It was tried to be patched up at the Chancellor's on Friday night, though ineffectually: and yesterday morning Mr. Fox in an audience desired to remain secretary at war. The Duke immediately kissed hands — declared, in the most unusual manner, universal minister. Legge was to be chancellor of the exchequer; but I can't tell whether that disposition will hold, as Lord Duplin is proclaimed the acting favourite. The German Sir Thomas Robinson was thought on for the secretary's seals; but has just sense enough to be unwilling to accept them under so ridiculous an administration. — This is the first act of the comedy.

On Friday this august remnant of the Pelhams went to court for the first time. At the foot of the stairs he cried and sunk down: the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the closet-door opened, he flung himself at his length at the King's feet, sobbed, and cried "God bless your Majesty! God preserve your Majesty!" and lay there howling and embracing the King's knees, with one

[1] With whom he was at variance.

foot so extended, that my Lord Coventry, who was *luckily* in waiting, and begged the standers-by to retire, with "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress," endeavouring to shut the door, caught his grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

You can have no notion of what points of ceremony have been agitated about the tears of the family. George Selwyn was told that my Lady Catherine had not shed one tear: "And pray," said he, "don't she intend it?" It is settled that Mrs. Watson is not to cry till she is brought-to-bed.

You love George Selwyn's bon-mots: this crisis has redoubled them: here is one of his best. My Lord Chancellor is to be Earl of Clarendon: — "Yes," said Selwyn, from the very summit of the whites of his demure eyes; "and I suppose he will get the title of Rochester for his son-in-law, my Lord Anson." Do you think he will ever lose the title of Lord Rochester?

I expected that we should have been over-run with elegies and panegyrics: indeed, I comforted myself, that one word in all of them would atone for the rest — the *late* Mr. Pelham. But the world seems to allow that their universal attachment and submission was universal interestedness: there has not been published a single encomium: Orator Henley alone has held forth in his praise: — yesterday it was on *charming Lady Catherine.* Don't you think it should have been in these words, in his usual style? "Oratory-chapel. — Right reason; madness; charming Lady Catherine; hell-fire," &c.

Monday, March 18.

Almost as extraordinary news as our political, is, that it has snowed ten days successively, and most part of each day: it is living in Muscovy, amid ice and revolutions: I hope lodgings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia! Beckford and Delaval, two celebrated partisans, met lately at Shaftesbury, where they oppose one another: the latter said,

"Art thou the man whom men famed Beckford call?"

T'other replied,

"Art thou the much more famous Delaval?"

But to leave politics and change of ministries, and to come to something of *real* consequence, I must apply you to my library ceiling, of which I send you some rudiments. I propose to have it all painted by Clermont; the principal part in *chiaro scuro*, on the design which you drew for the Paraclete; but as that pattern would be surfeiting, so often repeated in an extension of twenty feet by thirty, I propose to break and enliven it by compartments in colours, according to the enclosed sketch, which you must adjust and dimension. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1754.

You *will* live in the country, and then you are amazed that people use you ill. Don't mistake me: I don't mean that you deserve to be ill-treated for living in the country; at least only by those who love and miss you; but if you inhabited the town a little, you would not quite so much expect uprightness, nor be so surprised at ingratitude and neglect. I am far from disposed to justify the great Cû; but when you had declined being *his* servant, do you wonder that he will not serve *your* friends! I will tell you what, if the news of to-day holds at all, which is what no one piece of news of this last fortnight has done, you may be worse used by your cousin as soon as you please; for he is one of the first upon the list for secretary of state, in the room of the Duke of Newcastle. Now again, are you such a rusticated animal as to suppose that the Duke is dismissed for inability, on the death of his brother. So far from it, it is already certainly known that it was he who supported Mr. Pelham, and the impediments and rubs thrown in the way of absolute power long ago were the effects of the latter's timidity and irresolution. The Duke, freed from that clog, has declared himself sole minister, and the King has kissed his hand upon it. Mr. Fox, who was the only man in England that objected to this plan, is to be sent to a prison which is building on the coast of

Sussex, after the model of Fort l'Evêque, under the direction of Mr. Taaffe.

Harry Legge is to be chancellor of the exchequer, but the declared favour rests on Lord Duplin. Sir George Lyttelton is to be treasurer of the navy. The Parliament is to be dissolved on the fourth of next month; till when, I suppose, none of the changes will take place. These are the politics of the day; but as they are a little fluctuating, notwithstanding the steadiness of the new first minister, I will not answer that they will hold true to Greatworth: nothing lasts now but the bad weather.

I went two days ago, with Lady Ailesbury, and Mr. Conway, and Miss Anne, to hear the rehearsal of Mrs. Clive's new farce, which is very droll, with very pretty music.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1754.

I PROMISED to write to you again soon, and therefore I do: that is, I stick to the letter, not to the essence; for I not only have very little to write, but your brother has, I believe, already told you all that has happened. Mr. Fox received almost at once a testimonial that he was the most proper for minister, and a proof that he was not to be so. He on the Tuesday consented to be secretary of state, with the management of the House of Commons, and the very next day refused to be the former, as he found he was not to have the latter. He remains secretary at war, in rupture with the Duke of Newcastle, (who, you know, has taken the treasury,) but declaring against opposition. That Duke is omnipotent; and, to show *that* power, makes use of nothing but machines. Sir Thomas Robinson is secretary of state; Mr. Legge, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Duplin,[1] the agent of business.[2] Yesterday an odd event happened: Lord

[1] Eldest son of William Hay, Earl of Kinnoul.

[2] For an account of the political changes which took place upon the

Gower resigned the privy seal: it had been for some time promised to the Duke of Rutland,[1] who having been reported dead, and who really having voided a quarry of stones, is come to town; and his brother, a Lord William Manners, better known in the groom-porter's annals than in those of Europe, and the whole Manners family having intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, that unless Lord Gower was dismissed in a month, and the Duke of Rutland instated in his place, they would oppose the prosperous dawn of the new ministry, that poor Earl, who is inarticulate with the palsy, has been drawn into a resignation, and is the first sacrifice to the spirit of the new administration.[2] You will very likely not understand such politics as these, but they are the best we have.

Our old good-humoured friend Prince Craon is dead; don't you think that the Princess will not still despair of looking well in weeds! My Lord Orford's grandmother[3] is dead too; and after her husband's death, (whose life, I believe, she has long *known* to be not worth a farthing,) has left everything to her grandson. This makes me very happy, for I had apprehended, from Lord Orford's indolence and inattention, and from his mother's cunning and attention, that she would have wriggled herself into the best clause in the will; but she is not mentioned in it, and the Houghton pictures may still be saved.

Adieu! my dear Sir; I don't call this a letter, but a codicil to my last: one can't write volumes on trifling events.

death of Mr. Pelham, see Lord Dover's Preface to these Letters, vol. i. p. vii.—E.

[1] John Manners, third Duke of Rutland, the father of the more celebrated Lord Granby. He died in 1779, at the age of eighty-three.—D.

[2] The Duke of Rutland did not succeed to the privy seal; but Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough.—D.

[3] Margaret Tuckfield, second wife of Samuel Rolle, of Haynton in Devonshire; by whom she was mother of Margaret Countess of Orford, and afterwards married to John Harris, of Hayne in Devonshire, master of the household to the King.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 24, 1754.

BEFORE I received your letter of March 29th, I had already told you the state of our politics, as they seemed fixed — at least for the present. The Duke of Newcastle is alone and all powerful, and, I suppose, smiles at those who thought that we must be governed by a succession of geniuses. I don't know whether there are not more parts in governing without genius! — be it as it will, all the world acquiesces: he has placed all the orators in whatever offices they demanded, and the new Parliament, which is almost chosen, will not probably degenerate from the complaisance of its predecessor. Which of the popes was it, who being chosen for his insufficience, said, "I could not have believed that it was so easy to govern!" You will forgive my smiling in my turn at your begging me to lay aside family considerations, and tell you if I do not think my uncle the fittest subject for a first minister. My dear child, you have forgot that three years are past since I so totally laid aside all family considerations, as not to speak or even bow to my uncle. Since the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicholl, I have not had the least intercourse with the Pigwiggin branch; and should be very sorry if there were any person in the world but you, and my uncle himself, who thought him proper for minister.

I believe there is no manner of intention of sending Lord Albemarle to Ireland: the style toward that island is extremely lofty; and after some faint proposals of giving them some agreeable governor, violent measures have been resumed: the Speaker is removed from being chancellor of the exchequer, more of his friends are displaced, and the Primate, with the Chancellor and Lord Besborough, again nominated Lords Justices. These measures must oppress the Irish spirit, or, what is more likely, inflame it to despair. Lord Rochford certainly returns to Turin. General Wall,

who was in the highest favour here, and who really was grown fond of England — not at all to the prejudice of doing us what hurt he could in his public character, is recalled, to succeed Don Carvalho and Lancaster, as secretary of state for foreign affairs. If he regrets England too much, may not he think of taking Ireland in his way back?

I shall fill up the remainder of an empty letter with transcribing some sentences which have diverted me in a very foolish vulgar book of travels, lately published by one Drummond,[1] consul at Aleppo. Speaking of Florence, he says, that the very evening of his arrival, he was carried by Lord Eglinton and some other English, whom he names, to your house: "Mr. Mann" (these are his words) "is extremely polite, and I do him barely justice in saying he is a fine gentleman, though indeed this is as much as can be said of any person whatever; yet there are various ways of distinguishing the qualities that compose this amiable character, and of these he, in my opinion, possesses the most agreeable. He lives in a fine palace; all the apartments on the ground-floor, which is elegantly furnished, were lighted up; and the garden was a little epitome of Vauxhall. These *conversationi* resemble our card-assemblies;" (this is called *writing travels*, to observe that an assembly is like an assembly!) "and this was remarkably brilliant, for all the married ladies of fashion in Florence were present; yet were they as much inferior to the fair part of a British assembly, especially those of York and Edinburgh, as a crew of female Laplanders are to the fairest dames of Florence. Excuse this sally, which is more warm than just; for even this assembly was not without a few lovely creatures. Some played at cards, some passed the time in conversation; others walked from place to place; and many retired with their gallants into gloomy corners, where they entertained each other, but in what manner I will not pretend to say; though, if I may depend upon my information, which, by-the-by, was very good, their taste

[1] Alexander Drummond, Esq. The work was entitled "Travels through different Cities of Germany, Italy, Greece, and several parts of Asia, as far as the banks of the Euphrates."—E.

and mine would not at all agree. In a word, these countries teem with more singularities than I choose to mention."

You will conclude I had very little to say when I had recourse to the observations of such a simpleton; but I thought they would divert you for a moment, as they did me. One don't dislike to know what even an Aleppo factor would write of one — and I can't absolutely dislike him, as he was not insensible to your agreeableness. I don't believe Orpheus would think even a bear ungenteel when it danced to his music. Adieu!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1754.

My God! Farinelli, what has this nation done to the King of Spain, that the moment we have anything dear and precious he should tear it from us? — This is not the beginning of my letter to you, nor does it allude to Mr. Bentley; much less is it relative to the captivity of the ten tribes; nor does *the King* signify Benhadad or Tiglath-pileser; nor Spain, Assyria, as Dr. Pococke or Warburton, misled by dissimilitude of names, or by the Septuagint, may, for very good reasons, imagine — but it is literally the commencement of my Lady Rich's[1] epistle to Farinelli on the recall of General Wall, as she relates it herself. It serves extremely well for my own lamentation, when I sit down by the waters of Strawberry, and think of ye, O Chute and Bentley!

I have seen "Creusa,"[2] and more than agree with you: it is the only new tragedy that I ever saw and really liked. The plot is most interesting, and, though so complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumstance of so much dis-

[1] One of the daughters and coheiresses of the Lord Mohun, killed in a duel with Duke Hamilton.

[2] William Whitehead's tragedy of "Creusa" was brought out at Drury Lane theatre with considerable applause. Mrs. Pritchard performed the part of Creusa with great effect; and as Garrick and Mossop also took parts in it, the performance was so perfect, that it was hardly possible for it not to succeed in the representation; yet it has seldom been revived.—E.

tress being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting consistently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleasing. Nothing offended me but that lisping Miss Haughton, whose every speech is inarticulately oracular.

I was last night at a little ball at Lady Anne Furnese's for the new Lords, Dartmouth and North, but nothing passed worth relating; indeed, the only event since you left London was the tragi-comedy that was acted last Saturday at the Opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionless in an apoplectic fit. The Princess[1] and her children were there. Miss Chudleigh, who *apparemment* had never seen a man fall on his face before, went into the most theatric fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were so distanced that she had the whole house to herself; and indeed such a confusion for half an hour I never saw! The next day, at my Lady Townshend's, old Charles Stanhope asked what these fits were called? Charles Townshend replied, "The true convulsive fits, to be had only of the maker." Adieu! my dear Sir. To-day looks summerish, but we have no rain yet.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 14, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WROTE to you the last day of last month: I only mention it to show you that I am punctual to your desire. It is my only reason for writing to-day, for I have nothing new to tell you. The town is empty, dusty, and disagreeable; the country is cold and comfortless; consequently I daily run from one to t'other, as if both were so charming that I did not know which to prefer. I am at present employed in no very lively manner, in reading a treatise on commerce, which Count

[1] The Princess of Wales, mother to George the Third.—E.

Perron has lent me, of his own writing: this obliges me to go through with it, though the subject and the style of the French would not engage me much. It does not want sense.

T'other night, a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski?[1] He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the Duchess of Gordon,[2] who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids, with bows and arrows, shot at him; and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch

Where she, another sea-born Venus lay.

The only company besides this Highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and, to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a Gordon; but I believe it is to be accounted for by * * * * * Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 18, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

UNLESS you will be exact in dating your letters, you will occasion me much confusion. Since the undated one which I mentioned in my last, I have received another as unregistered,

[1] Stanislaus, the ill-fated King of Poland.

[2] Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, widow of Cosmo Duke of Gordon, who died in 1752. She married, secondly, Colonel Saates Morris.—E.

with the fragment of the rock, telling me of one which had set sail on the 18th, I suppose of last month, and been driven back: this I conclude was the former undated. Yesterday, I received a longer, tipped with May 8th. You must submit to this lecture, and I hope will amend by it. I cannot promise that I shall correct myself much in the intention I had of writing to you seldomer and shorter at this time of year. If you could be persuaded how insignificant I think all I do, how little important it is even to myself, you would not wonder that I have not much *empressement* to give the detail of it to any body else. Little excursions to Strawberry, little parties to dine there, and many jaunts to hurry Bromwich, and the carver, and Clermont, are my material occupations. Think of sending these 'cross the sea!—The times produce nothing: there is neither party, nor controversy, nor gallantry, nor fashion, nor literature—the whole proceeds like farmers regulating themselves, their business, their views, their diversions, by the almanac. Mr. Pelham's death has scarce produced a change; the changes in Ireland, scarce a murmur. Even in France the squabbles of the parliament and clergy are under the same opiate influence.—I don't believe that Mademoiselle Murphy (who is delivered of a prince, and is lodged openly at Versailles) and Madame Pompadour will mix the least grain of ratsbane in one another's tea. I, who love to ride in the whirlwind, cannot record the yawns of such an age!

The little that I believe you would care to know relating to the Strawberry annals, is, that the great tower is finished on the outside, and the whole whitened, and has a charming effect, especially as the verdure of this year is beyond what I have ever seen it: the grove nearest the house comes on much; you know I had almost despaired of its ever making a figure. The bow-window room over the supper-parlour is finished; hung with a plain blue paper, with a chintz bed and chairs; my father and mother over the chimney in the Gibbons frame, about which you know we were in dispute what to do. I have fixed on black and gold, and it has a charming effect over your chimney with the two dropping points, which

is executed exactly; and the old grate of Henry VIII. which you bought, is within it. In each panel round the room is a single picture; Gray's, Sir Charles Williams's, and yours, in their black and gold frames; mine is to match yours; and, on each side the door, are the pictures of Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, with their son, on one side, Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury on the other. You can't imagine how new and pretty this furniture is.—I believe I must get you to send me an attestation under your hand that you knew nothing of it, that Mr. Rigby may allow that at least this one room was by my own direction. As the library and great parlour grow finished, you shall have exact notice.

From Mabland[1] I have little news to send you, but that the obelisk is danced from the middle of the rabbit-warren into his neighbour's garden, and he pays a ground-rent for looking at it there. His shrubs are hitherto unmolested,

Et Maryboniacos[2] gaudet revirescere lucos!

The town is as busy again as ever on the affair of Canning, who has been tried for perjury. The jury would have brought her in guilty of perjury, but not wilful, till the judge informed them that that would rather be an Irish verdict: they then brought her in simply guilty, but recommended her. In short, nothing is discovered: the most general opinion is, that she was robbed, but by some other gipsy. For my own part, I am not at all brought to believe her story, nor shall, till I hear that living seven-and-twenty days without eating is among one of those secrets for doing impossibilities, which I suppose will be at last found out, and about the time that I am dead, even some art of living for ever.

You was in pain for me, and indeed I was in pain for myself, on the prospect of the sale of Dr. Mead's miniatures.

[1] A cant name which Mr. Walpole had given to Lord Radnor's whimsical house and grounds at Twickenham.

[2] Lord Radnor's garden was full of statues, &c. like that at Marylebone. [Gray, in a letter to Wharton, of the 13th of August in this year, says, "By all means see Lord Radnor's place again. He is a simple old Phobus, but nothing can spoil so glorious a situation, which surpasses every thing round it." Works, vol. iii. p. 119.—E.

You may be easy; it is more than I am quite; for it is come out that the late Prince of Wales had bought them every one.

I have not yet had time to have your granite examined, but will next week. If you have not noticed to your sisters any present of Ormer shells, I shall contradict myself, and accept them for my Lady Lyttelton,[1] who is making a grotto. As many as you can send conveniently, and any thing for the same use, will be very acceptable. You will laugh when I tell you, that I am employed to reconcile Sir George and Moore;[2] the latter has been very flippant, say impertinent, on the former's giving a little place to Bower, in preference to him.—Think of my being the mediator!

The Parliament is to meet for a few days the end of this month, to give perfection to the Regency-bill. If the King dies before the end of this month, the old Parliament revives, which would make tolerable confusion, considering what sums have been laid out on seats in this. Adieu! This letter did not come kindly; I reckon it rather extorted from me, and therefore hope it will not amuse. However, I am in tolerable charity with you, and yours ever.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1754.

I DID not intend to write to you till after Thursday, when all your Boscawens, Rices, and Trevors[3] are to dine at Strawberry Hill; but an event has happened, of which I cannot delay giving you the instant pleasurable notice: now will you, according to your custom, be guessing, and, according to your

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Rich, Bart. was the second wife of George Lord Lyttelton. She was separated from her husband, and survived him many years.—E.

[2] Author of The World, and some plays and poems. Moore had written in defence of Lord Lyttelton against the Letters to the Whigs; which were not known to be Walpole's.

[3] The daughters of Mr. Montagu's uncle, John Morley Trevor, of Glynd in Sussex; Anne, married to General Boscawen; Lucy, married to Edward Rice, Esq.; and Miss Grace Trevor, who was living at Bath in 1792.—E.

custom, guessing wrong; but lest you should from my spirits make any undutiful or disloyal conjectures for me, know, that the great Cû[1] of the Vine is dead, and that John the first was yesterday proclaimed undoubted monarch. Nay, champion Dimmock himself shall cut the throat of any Tracy, Atkins, or Harrison, who shall dare to gainsay the legality of his title. In short, there is no more will than was left by the late Erasmus Shorter of particular memory.

I consulted Madame Rice, and she advised my directing to you at Mrs. Whettenhall's; to whom I beg as many compliments as if she wrote herself "La blanche Whitnell." As many to your sister Harriot and to your brother, who I hear is with you. I am sure, though both you and I had reason to be peevish with the poor tigress, that you grieve with me for her death. I do most sincerely, and for her Bessy; the man-tiger will be so sorry, that I am sure he will marry again to comfort himself. I am so tired with letters I have written on this event, that I can scarce hold the pen. How we shall wish for you on Thursday — *and shan't you be proud to cock your tail at the Vine?* Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 23, 1754.

Pray continue your *Mémoires* of the war of the Delmontis;[2] I have received two tomes, and am delighted with them. The French and Irish Parliaments proceed so heavily, that one cannot expect to live to the setting up the first standard; and it is so long since the world has furnished any brisk event, that I am charmed with this little military *entremets.*

[1] Anthony Chute, Esq. of the Vine, Hants; who had been member for Newport, Hants.—E.

[2] This alludes to the proceedings of a mad prior of the family of the Marchese Delmonti; who, with a party of ruffians, had seized upon a strong castle called Monte di Santa Maria, belonging to his brother the Marchese, and situated near Cortona. From hence he and his band ravaged the neighbouring country; and it was only with great difficulty that the troops of the Grand Duke of Tuscany succeeded in dislodging them.—D.

My Lady Orford will certainly wish herself at Florence again on the behalf of her old friend:[1] I always wish myself there; and, according to custom, she and I should not be of the same party: I cannot help wishing well to the rebellious. You ask, whether this Countess can deprive her son of her estate? —by no means, but by another child, which, at her age, and after the variety of experiments which she has made in all countries, I cannot think very likely to happen. I sometimes think her succession not very distant; she is very asthmatic. Her life is as retired as ever, and passed entirely with her husband, who seems a martyr to his former fame, and is a slave to her jealousy. She has given up nothing to him, and pays such attention to her affairs, that she will soon be vastly rich. But I won't be talking of her wealth, when the chief purpose of my writing to-night is, to announce the unexpected riches and good fortune of our dear Mr. Chute—I say *our* dear Mr. Chute, for though you have not reason to be content with him, yet I know your unchangeable heart—and I know he is so good, that if you will take this occasion to write him a line of joy, I am persuaded it will *raccommode* everything; and though he will be far from proving a regular correspondent, we shall all have satisfaction in the re-establishment of the harmony.—In short, that tartar his brother is dead; and having made no will, the whole, and a very considerable whole, falls to our friend. This good event happened but three days ago, and I wait with the utmost impatience for his return from the Vine, where he was at the critical instant. As the whole was in the tyrant's power, and as every art had been used to turn the vinegar of his temper against his brother, I had for some time lived persuaded that he would execute the worst purposes—but let us forgive him!

I like to see in the Gazette that Goldsworthy[2] is going to be removed far from Florence: his sting has long been out—and yet I cannot help feeling glad that even the shadow of a competitor is removed from you.

We are going to have a week of Parliament—not to taste

[1] The Marquis del Monti.

[2] Consul to Lisbon.

the new one, of which there is no doubt, but to give it essence: by the Regency-bill, if the King had died before it had sat, the old one must have revived.

There is nothing else in the shape of news but small-pox and miliary fevers, which have carried off people you did not know. If I had not been eager to notify Mr. Chute's prosperity to you, I think I must have deferred writing for a week or two longer: it is unpleasant to be *inventing* a letter to send so far, and must be diappointing when it comes *from* so far, and brings so little. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1754.

Though I wrote to you but a few days ago, when I told you of Mr. Chute's good fortune, I must send you a few lines to-night upon a particular occasion. Mr. Brand,[1] a very intimate friend of mine, whom I believe you have formerly seen in Italy, is just set out for Germany on his way to Rome. I know by long and uninterrupted experience, that my barely saying he is my friend, will secure for him the kindest reception in the world from you: it would not express my conviction, if I said a word more on that head. His story is very melancholy: about six or seven years ago he married Lady Caroline Pierpoint,[2] half-sister of Lady Mary Wortley;[3] a match quite of esteem: she was rather older than he; but never were two people more completely, more reasonably happy. He is naturally all cheerfulness and laughter; she was very reserved, but quite sensible and faultless. She died about this time twelvemonth of a fever, and left him, with two little children, the most unhappy man alive. He travels again

[1] Thomas Brand, of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire.

[2] Daughter of Evelyn Duke of Kingston, by his second wife.

[3] Lady Mary, in a letter to her daughter, of the 23rd of July 1753, says, "The death of Lady Carolina naturally raises the mortifying reflection, on how slender a thread hangs all worldly prosperity! I cannot say I am otherwise much touched with it. It is true she was my sister, as it were, and in some sense; but her behaviour to me never gave me any love, nor her general conduct any esteem."—E.

to dissipate his grief: you will love him much, if he stays any time with you. His connexions are entirely with the Duke of Bedford.

I have had another letter from you to-day, with a farther journal of the Delmonti war, which the rebels seem to be leaving to the Pope to finish for them. It diverted me extremely. Had I received this letter before Mr. Brand set out, I would have sent you the whole narrative of the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicholl; it is a little volume. The breach, though now by time silenced, was, I assure you, final.

We have had a spurt of Parliament for five days, but it was prorogued to-day. The next will be a terrible session from elections and petitions. The Oxfordshire[1] will be endless; the Appleby outrageous in expense. The former is a revival of downright Whiggism and Jacobitism; two liveries that have been lately worn indiscriminately by all factions. The latter is a contest between two young Crœsus's, Lord Thanet[2] and Sir James Lowther:[3] that, a convert; this an hereditary Whig. A knowing lawyer said, to-day, that with purchasing tenures, votes, and carrying on the election and petition, five-and-fifty thousand pounds will not pay the whole expense — it makes one start! Good night! you must excuse the nothingness of a supernumerary letter.

[1] This was the great Oxfordshire contest between the Jacobites and the Whigs. The candidates of the former party were Viscount Wenman and Sir Edward Turner, Bart.; those of the latter, Viscount Parker, eldest son of the Earl of Macclesfield, and Sir James Dashwood, Bart. Great sums were spent on both sides: in the election the Jacobites carried it; but on petition to the House of Commons, the ministers, as usual, seated their own friends.—D.

[2] Sackville Tufton, eighth Earl of Thanet.—D.

[3] Sir James Lowther had succeeded his collateral relation, Henry third Viscount Lonsdale, in his vast estates. He became afterwards remarkable for his eccentricities, and we fear, we must add, for his tyranny and cruelty. Mr. Pitt created him Earl of Lonsdale, in the year 1784. He died in 1802.—D. [In 1782, he offered to build, and completely furnish and man, a ship of war of seventy guns for the service of the country, at his own expense; but the proposal, though sanctioned by the King, was rendered unnecessary to be carried into ezecution by the peace.]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, June 8, 1754.

By my computation you are about returned to Great-worth: I was so afraid of my letters missing you on the road, that I deferred till now telling you how much pleasure I shall have in seeing you and the Colonel at Strawberry. I have long been mortified that for these three years you have seen it only in winter: it is now in the height of its greenth, blueth, gloomth, honey-suckle and seringahood. I have no engagement till Wednesday se'nnight, when I am obliged to be in town on law business. You will have this to-morrow night; if I receive a letter, which I beg you will direct to London, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I will meet you here whatever day you will be so good as to appoint. I thank the Colonel a thousand times. I cannot write a word more; for I am getting into the chaise to whisk to the Vine for two days, but shall be in town on Tuesday night. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1754.

I shall take care to send your letter the first time I write to Mr. Bentley. It is above a fortnight since I heard from him. I am much disappointed at not having seen you yet; I love you should execute your intentions while you intend them, because you are a little apt to alter your mind, and as I have set mine on your seeing Strawberry Hill this summer, while it is in its beauty, you will really mortify me by changing your purpose.

It is in vain that you ask for news: I was in town two days ago, but heard nothing; indeed, there were not people enough either to cause or make news. Lady Caroline Petersham had scraped together a few foreigners, after her christening; but I cannot say that the party was much livelier than if it had met

at Madame Montandre's.[1] You must let me know a little beforehand, when you have fixed your time for coming, because, as I am towards flying about on my summer expeditions, I should be unhappy not to be here just when you would like it. Adieu!

P. S. I supped at White's the other night with the great Cû, and he was by far more gracious, both on your topic and my own, than ever I knew him.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1754.

I BELIEVE you never receive a letter from me at this season of the year, without wishing for winter, that I might have something to tell you. Warm weather in England disperses all the world, except a few old folks, whose day of events is past, and who contribute nothing to the society of news. There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old, the courtiers are seldom young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign. However, as little novelty as the season or the times produce, there is an adventuress in the world, who even in the dullest times will take care not to let conversation stagnate: this public-spirited dame is no other than a Countess-dowager, my sister-in-law, who has just notified to the town her intention of parting from her second husband — a step which, being in general not likely to occasion much surprise, — she had, however, taken care to render extraordinary, by a course of inseparable fondness and wonderful jealousy, for the three years since these her second nuptials. The testimonials which Mr. Shirley had received in print from that living academy of love-lore, my Lady Vane, added to this excessive

[1] Widow of Francis de la Rochefaucauld, Marquis de Montandre, who came to England with William the Third, and served in all the wars of that monarch, and of Queen Anne. He was made a marshal in July 1739, and died in the following August.—E.

tenderness of one, little less a novice, convinced everybody that he was a perfect hero. You will pity poor Hercules! Omphale, by a most unsentimental precaution, has so secured to her own disposal her whole estate and jointure, that he cannot command so much as a distaff; and as she is not inclined to pay much for nothing, her offers on the article of separation are exceedingly moderate. As yet he has not accepted them, but is gone to Scarborough, and she into the west, to settle her affairs, and from thence embarks for France and Italy. I am sorry she will plague you again at Florence; but I shall like to hear of what materials she composes her second volume, and what reasons she will allege in her new manifestoes: her mother, who sold her, is dead; the all-powerful minister, who bought her, is dead! whom will she charge with dragging her to the bed of this second tyrant, from whom she has been forced to fly? — On her son's account, I am really sorry for this second *équipée:* I can't even help pitying her! at her age nobody can take such steps, without being sensible of their ridicule, and what snakes must such passions be, as can hurry one over such reflections? Her original story was certainly very unhappy; and the forcing so very young a creature against her inclinations, unjustifiable:[1] but I much question whether any choice of her own could have tied down her inclinations to any temper — at least, I am sure she had pitched upon a Hercules then, who of all men living was the least proper to encounter such labours, my Lord Chesterfield!

I have sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is at his own Vine; he had written to you of his own accord, and I trust your friendship will be re-established as strongly as ever, especially as there was no essential fault on either side, and as you will now be prepared not to mind his aversion to writing. Thank Dr. Cocchi for the book[2] he is so good as to intend for me; I value anything from him, though I scarce understand anything less than Greek and physic; the little I knew of the first I have almost forgot, and the other, thank God! I never

[1] See vol. i. p. 170.—E.

[2] An edition of some of the Greek physicians.

had any occasion to know. I shall duly deliver the other copies.

The French are encroaching extremely upon us in all the distant parts of the world, especially in Virginia, from whence their attempts occasion great uneasiness here. For my own part, I think we are very lucky, when they will be so good as to begin with us at the farther end. The revocation of the Parliament of Paris, which is done or doing, is thought very bad for us; I don't know but it may: in any other age I should have thought not, as it is a concession or yielding from the throne, and would naturally spirit up the Parliament to struggle on for power; but no other age is a precedent for this. As no oppression would, I believe, have driven them into rebellion, no concession will tempt them to be more assuming. The King of France will govern his Parliament by temporizing; the Parliament of Ireland is governed by being treated like a French one. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, July 6, 1754.

Your letter certainly stopped to drink somewhere by the way, I suppose with the hearty hostess at the Windmill; for, though written on Wednesday, it arrived here but this morning: it could not have travelled more deliberately in the Speaker's body-coach. I am concerned, because, your fishmonger not being arrived, I fear you have stayed for my answer. The fish[1] are apprized that they are to *ride* over to Park-place, and are ready booted and spurred; and the moment their pad arrives, they shall set forth. I would accompany them on a pillion if I were not waiting for Lady Mary,[2] who has desired to bring her poor little sick girl here for a few days to try the air. You know how courteous a knight I am to distressed virgins of five years old, and that my castle-gates are always open to them. You will, I am

[1] Gold fish.

[2] Lady Mary Churchill.

sure, accept this excuse for some days; and as soon as ever my hospitality is completed, I will be ready to obey your summons, though you should send a water-pot for me. I am in no fear of not finding you in perfect verdure; for the sun, I believe, is gone a great way off to some races or other, where his horses are to run for the King's plate: we have not heard of him in this neighbourhood. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1754.

I ONLY write a letter for company to the enclosed one. Mr. Chute is returned from the Vine, and gives you a thousand thanks for your letter; and if ever he writes, I don't doubt but it will be to you. Gray and he come hither to-morrow, and I am promised Montagu and the Colonel[1] in about a fortnight — How naturally my pen adds, but when does Mr. Bentley come? I am sure Mr. Wicks wants to ask me the same question every day — "Speak to it, Horatio!" Sir Charles Williams brought his eldest daughter hither last week: she is one of your real admirers, and, without its being proposed to her, went on the bowling-green and drew a perspective view of the castle from the angle, in a manner to deserve the thanks of the *Committee*.[2] She is to be married to my Lord Essex in a week,[3] and I begged she would make you overseer of the works at Cashiobury. Sir Charles told me, that on the Duke of Bedford's wanting a Chinese house at Woburn, he said, "Why don't your grace speak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettiest plan in the world for one."—"Oh," replied the Duke, "but then it would be too dear!" I hope this was a very great economy, or I am sure ours would be very great extravagance: only think of a plan for little Strawberry

[1] Charles Montagu.

[2] Mr. Walpole, in these letters, calls the Strawberry committee, those of his friends who had assisted in the plans and Gothic ornaments of Strawberry Hill.

[3] The lady was married to the Earl of Essex on the 1st of August. She died in childbed, in July 1759.—E.

giving the alarm to thirty thousand pounds a year! My dear Sir, it is time to retrench! Pray send me a slice of granite[1] no bigger than a Naples biscuit.

The monument for my mother is at last erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the Kings of France: when the reigning one dies, the last before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet seen the tomb? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster-boys at the Abbey: they are as formidable to me as the ship-carpenters at Portsmouth. I think I have showed you the inscription, and therefore I don't send it you.

I was reading t'other day the Life of Colonel Codrington,[2] who founded the library at All Souls: he left a large estate for the propagation of the Gospel, and ordered that three hundred negroes should constantly be employed upon it. Did one ever hear a more truly Christian charity, than keeping up a perpetuity of three hundred slaves to look after the Gospel's estate? How could one intend a religious legacy, and miss the disposition of that estate for delivering three hundred negroes from the most shocking slavery imaginable? Must devotion be twisted into the unfeeling interests of trade? I must revenge myself for the horror this fact has given me, and tell you a story of Gideon.[3] He breeds his children Christians: he had a mind to know what proficience his son had made in his new religion; "So," says he, "I began, and asked him, who made him? He said, 'God.' I then asked him, who redeemed him? He replied very readily, 'Christ.' Well, then I was at the end of

[1] Mr. Walpole had commissioned Mr. Bentley to send him a piece of the granite found in the island of Jersey, for a sideboard in his dining-room.

[2] Colonel Christopher Codrington. He was governor of the Leeward Islands, and died at Barbadoes in 1710. He bequeathed his books, and the sum of ten thousand pounds, for the purpose of erecting and furnishing the above-mentioned library. He wrote some Latin poems, published in the "Musæ Anglicanæ," and addressed a copy of English verses to Garth on his Dispensary.—E.

[3] Sampson Gideon, the noted rich Jew. [In 1759, his only son, being then in his eleventh year, was created an English baronet; and, in 1789, advanced to the dignity of Lord Eardley.]

my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to put to him. I said, Who — who — I did not know what to say; at last I said, Who gave you that hat? 'The Holy Ghost,' said the boy." Did you ever hear a better catechism? The great cry against Nugent at Bristol was for having voted for the Jew-bill: one old woman said, "What, must we be represented by a Jew and an Irishman?" He replied with great quickness, "My good dame, if you will step aside with me into a corner, I will show you that I am *not* a Jew, and that *I am* an Irishman."

The Princess[1] has breakfasted at the long Sir Thomas Robinson's at Whitehall: my Lady Townshend will never forgive it. The second dowager of Somerset[2] is gone to know whether all her letters from the living to the dead have been received. Before I bid you good-night, I must tell you of an admirable curiosity: I was looking over one of our antiquarian volumes, and in the description of Leeds is an account of Mr. Thoresby's famous museum there — what do you think is one of the rarities? — a knife taken from one of the Mohocks! Whether tradition is infallible or not, as you say, I think so authentic a relic will make their history indisputable. Castles, Chinese houses, tombs, negroes, Jews, Irishmen, princesses, and Mohocks — what a farrago do I send you! I trust that a letter from England to Jersey has an imposing air, and that you don't presume to laugh at anything that comes from your mother island. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[3]

Strawberry Hill, August 6, 1754.

From Sunday next, which is the eleventh, till the four or five-and-twentieth, I am quite unengaged, and will wait upon you any of the inclusive days, when your house is at leisure, and you will summon me; therefore you have nothing

[1] Of Wales.
[2] Frances, eldest daughter and coheir of the Hon. Henry Thynne.
[3] Now first printed.

to do but to let me know your own time: or, if this period does not suit you, I believe I shall be able to come to you any part of the first fortnight in September; for, though I ought to go to Hagley, it is incredible how I want resolution to tap such a journey.

I wish you joy of escaping such an accident as breaking the Duke's[1] leg; I hope he and you will be known to posterity together by more dignified wounds than the kick of a horse. As I can never employ my time better than in being your biographer, I beg you will take care that I may have no such plebeian mishaps upon my hands; or, if the Duke is to fall out of battle, he has such delicious lions and tigers, which I saw the day before yesterday at Windsor, that he will be exceedingly to blame, if he does not give some of them an exclusive patent for tearing him to pieces.

There is a beautiful tiger at my neighbour Mr. Crammond's here, of which I am so fond, that my Lady Townshend says it is the only thing I ever wanted to kiss. As you know how strongly her ladyship sympathizes with the Duke, she contrived to break the tendon of her foot, the very day that his leg was in such danger. Adieu!

P. S. You may certainly do what you please with the Fable;[2] it is neither worth giving nor refusing.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1754.

You may be sure that I shall always be glad to see you whenever you like to come hither, but I cannot help being sorry that you are determined not to like the place, nor to let the Colonel like it; a conclusion I may very justly make, when, I think, for these four years, you have contrived to visit it only when there is not a leaf upon the trees. Villas are generally designed for summer: you are the single person who think they look best in winter. You have still a

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] The Entail.

more unlucky thought; which is, to visit the Vine in October. When I saw it in the middle of summer, it was excessively damp; you will find it a little difficult to persuade me to accompany you thither on stilts, and I believe Mr. Chute will not be quite happy that you prefer that season; but for this I cannot answer at present, for he is at Mr. Morris's in Cornwall. I shall expect you and the Colonel here at the time you appoint. I engage for no farther, unless it is a very fine season indeed. I beg my compliments to Miss Montagu, and am yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 6, 1754.

You have the kindest way in the world, my dear Sir, of reproving my long silence, by accusing yourself. I have looked at my dates, and though I was conscious of not having written to you for a long time, I did not think it had been so long as three months. I ought to make some excuse, and the truth is all I can make: if you have heard by any way in the world that a single event worth mentioning has happened in England for these three months, I will own myself guilty of abominable neglect. If there has not, as you know my unalterable affection for you, you will excuse me, and accuse the times. Can one repeat often, that everything stagnates? At present we begin to think that the world may be roused again, and that an East Indian war and a West Indian war may beget such a thing as an European war. In short, the French have taken such cavalier liberties with some of our forts, that are of great consequence to cover Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, that we are actually despatching two regiments thither. As the climate and other American circumstances are against these poor men, I pity them, and think them too many, if the French mean nothing farther; too few, if they do. Indeed, I am one of those that feel less resentment when we are attacked so far off: I think it an obligation to be eaten the last.

You have entertained me much with the progress of the history of the Delmontis, and obliged me. I wish I could say I was not shocked at the other part of your letter, where you mention the re-establishment of the Inquisition at Florence. Had Richcourt power enough to be so infamous! was he superstitious, fearful, revengeful, or proud of being a tool of the court of Rome? What is the fate of the poor Florentines, who are reduced to regret the Medicis, who had usurped their government! You may be glad, my dear child, that I am not at Florence; I should distress your ministerial prudence, your necessary prudence, by taking pleasure to speak openly of Richcourt as he deserves: you know my warmth upon power and church power!

The Boccaneri seems to be one of those ladies who refine so much upon debauchery as to make even matrimony enter into their scheme of profligacy. I have known more than one instance, since the days of the Signora Messalina, where the lady has not been content to cuckold her husband but with another husband. All passions carried to extremity embrace within their circle even their opposites. I don't know whether Charles the Fifth did not resign the empire out of ambition of more fame. I must contradict myself in saying all passions; I don't believe Sir Robert Brown will ever be so covetous as to find a pleasure in squandering.

Mr. Chute is much yours: I am going with him in a day or two to his Vine, where I shall try to draw him into amusing himself a little with building and planting; hitherto he has done nothing with his estate — but good.

You will have observed what precaution I had taken, in the smallness of the sheet, not to have too much paper to fill; and yet you see how much I have still upon my hands! As, I assure you, were I to fill the remainder, all I should say would be terribly wire-drawn, do excuse me: you shall hear an ample detail of the first Admiral Vernon that springs out of our American war; and I promise you at least half a brick of the first sample that is sent over of any new Porto Bello. The French have tied up the hands of an excellent

fanfaron, a Major Washington,[1] whom they took, and engaged not to serve for a year. In his letter, he said, "Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound." When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthagena, and the pelicans whistled round him, he said, "What would Chloe[2] give for some of these to make a pelican pie?" The conjecture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm, that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! Good night.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[3]

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1754.

You have obliged me most extremely by telling me the progress you have made in your most desirable affair.[4] I call it progress; for, notwithstanding the authority you have for supposing there may be a compromise, I cannot believe that the Duke of Newcastle would have affirmed the contrary so directly, if he had known of it. Mr. Brudenel very likely has been promised my Lord Lincoln's interest, and then supposed he should have the Duke's. However, that is not your affair; if anybody has reason to apprehend a breach of promise, it is poor Mr. Brudenel. He can never come into competition with you; and without saying anything to reflect on him, I don't know where you can ever have a competitor, and not have the world on your side.

Though the tenure is precarious, I cannot help liking the situation for you. Anything that sets you in new lights, must

[1] This was the celebrated Liberator of America, who had been serving in the English army against the French for some time with much distinction.—D.

[2] The Duke of Newcastle's French cook.

[3] Now first printed.

[4] His being appointed groom of the bedchamber to the King, George the Second.—E.

be for your advantage. You are naturally indolent and humble, and are content with being perfect in whatever you happen to be. It is not flattering you to say, nor can you deny it, with all your modesty, that you have always made yourself master of whatever you have attempted, and have never made yourself master of anything without shining extremely in it. If the King lives, you will have his favour; if he lives at all, the Prince must have a greater establishment, and then you will have the King's partiality to countenance your being removed to some distinguished place about the Prince: if the King should fail, your situation in his family, and your age, naturally recommend you to an equal place in the new household. I am the more desirous of seeing you at court, because, when I consider the improbability of our being in a situation to make war, I am earnest to have you have other opportunities of being one of the first men in this country, besides by being a general. Don't think all I say on this subject compliment. I can have no view in flattering you; and you have a still better reason for believing me sincere, which is, that you know well that I thought the same of you, and professed the same to you, before I was of an age to have either views or flattery; indeed, I believe you know me enough to be sure that I am as void of both now as when I was fourteen, and that I am so little apt to court anybody, that if you heard me say the same to anybody but yourself, you would easily think that I spoke what I thought.

George Montagu and his brother are here, and have kept me from meeting you in town: we go on Saturday to the Vine. I fear there is too much truth in what you have heard of your old mistress.[1] When husband, wife, lover, and friend tell everything, can there but be a perpetual fracas? My dear Harry, how lucky you was in what you escaped, and in what you have got! People do sometimes avoid, not always, what is most improper for them; but they do not afterwards always meet with what they most deserve. But how lucky you are in everything! and how ungrateful a man to

[1] Caroline Fitzroy, Countess of Harrington.—E.



Providence if you are not thankful for so many blessings as it has given you! I won't preach, though the dreadful history which I have just heard of poor Lord Drumlanrig[1] is enough to send one to La Trappe. My compliments to all yours, and Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, November 3, 1754.

I HAVE finished all my parties, and am drawing towards a conclusion here: the Parliament meets in ten days: the House, I hear, will be extremely full — curiosity drawing as many to town as party used to do. The minister[2] in the House of Lords is a new sight in these days.

Mr. Chute and I have been at Mr. Barret's[3] at Belhouse; I never saw a place for which one did not wish, so totally void of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very true, though not up to the perfection of the committee. The hall is pretty; the great dining-room hung with good family pictures; among which is his ancestor, the Lord Dacre who was hanged.[4] I remember, when Barret was first initiated in the College of Arms by the present Dean of Exeter[5] at Cam-

[1] Only son of Charles third Duke of Queensberry, who was shot by the accidental discharge of his pistol on his journey from Scotland to London, in company with his parents and newly-married wife, a daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun. Lady Mary Wortley thus alludes to this calamity in a letter to her daughter:—"The Duchess of Queensberry's misfortune would move compassion in the hardest heart; yet, all circumstances coolly considered, I think the young lady deserves most to be pitied, being left in the terrible situation of a young and, I suppose, rich widowhood; which is walking blindfold upon stilts amidst precipices, though perhaps as little sensible of her danger, as a child of a quarter old would be in the paws of a monkey leaping on the tiles of a house."—E.

[2] The Duke of Newcastle.

[3] Afterwards Lord Dacre.

[4] Thomas ninth Lord Dacre. Going, with other young persons, one night from Herstmonceaux to steal a deer out of his neighbour, Sir Nicholas Pelham's park (a frolic not unusual in those days), a fray ensued, and one of the park-keepers received a blow that caused his death; and although Lord Dacre was not present on the spot, but in a distant part of the park, he was nevertheless tried, convicted, and executed, in 1541. His honours became forfeited, but were restored to his son in 1562.—E.

[5] Dr. Charles Lyttelton, brother of Lord Lyttelton. He was first a

bridge, he was overjoyed at the first ancestor he *put up*, who was one of the murderers of Thomas Becket. The chimney-pieces, except one little miscarriage into total Ionic (he could not resist statuary and Siena marble), are all of a good King James the First Gothic. I saw the heronry so fatal to Po Yang, and told him that I was persuaded they were descended from Becket's assassin, and I hoped from my Lord Dacre too. He carried us to see the famous plantations and buildings of the last Lord Petre. They are the Brobdignag of bad taste. The unfinished house is execrable, massive, and split through and through: it stands on the brow of a hill, rather to see *for* a prospect than to see one, and turns its back upon an outrageous avenue, which is closed with a screen of tall trees, because he would not be at the expense of beautifying the back front of his house. The clumps are gigantic, and very ill placed.

George Montagu and the Colonel have at last been here, and have screamed with approbation through the whole *Cu*-gamut. Indeed, the library is delightful. They went to the Vine, and approved as much. Do you think we wished for you? I carried down incense and mass-books, and we had most Catholic enjoyment of the chapel. In the evenings, indeed, we did *touch a card* a little to please George—so much, that truly I have scarce an idea left that is not spotted with clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds. There is a vote of the Strawberry committee for great embellishments to the chapel, of which it will not be long before you hear something. It will not be longer than the spring, I trust, before you see something of it. In the mean time, to rest your impatience, I have enclosed a scratch of mine, which you are to draw out better, and try if you can give yourself a perfect idea of the place. All I can say is, that my sketch is at least more intelligible than Gray's was of Stoke, from which you made so like a picture.

Thank you much for the box of Guernsey lilies, which I have received. I have been packing up a few seeds, which

barrister-at-law, but in 1742 entered into holy orders, and in 1762 was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle. He died in 1768, unmarried.—E.

have little merit but the merit they will have with you, that they come from the Vine and Strawberry. My chief employ in this part of the world, except surveying my library, which has scarce any thing but the painting to finish, is planting at Mrs. Clive's, whither I remove all my superabundancies. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: "Well," said she, "when it is done, what shall we call it?"—"Why," said I, "what would you call it but Drury Lane?" I mentioned desiring some samples of your Swiss's[1] abilities: Mr. Chute and I even propose, if he should be tolerable, and would continue reasonable, to tempt him over hither, and make him work upon your designs—upon which, you know, it is not easy to make you work. If he improves upon our hands, do you think we shall purchase the fee-simple of him for so many years, as Mr. Smith did of Canaletti?[2] We will *sell to the English.* Can he paint perspectives, and cathedral-aisles, and holy glooms? I am sure you could make him paint delightful insides of the chapel at the Vine, and of the library here. I never come up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, "Lord God! Jesus! what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!" I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, "That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot!" The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

The West Indian war has thrown me into a new study: I read nothing but American voyages, and histories of plantations and settlements. Among all the Indian nations, I have contracted a particular intimacy with the Ontaouanoucs, a people with whom I beg you will be acquainted: they pique themselves upon speaking the purest dialect. How one should

[1] Mr. Muntz, a Swiss painter.

[2] Mr. Smith, the English consul at Venice, had engaged Canaletti for a certain number of years to paint exclusively for him, at a fixed price, and sold his pictures at an advanced price to English travellers.

delight in the grammar and dictionary of their Crusca! My only fear is, that if any of them are taken prisoners, General Braddock is not a kind of man to have proper attentions to so polite a people; I am even apprehensive that he would damn them, and order them to be scalped, in the very worst plantation-accent. I don't know whether you know that none of the people of that immense continent have any labials: they tell you *que c'est ridicule* to shut the lips in order to speak. Indeed, I was as barbarous as any polite nation in the world, in supposing that there was nothing worth knowing among these charming savages. They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from British eloquence, that at the end of every important paragraph they make a present; whereas we expect to receive one. They begin all their answers with recapitulating what has been said to them; and their method for this is, the respondent gives a little stick to each of the by-standers, who is, for his share, to remember such a paragraph of the speech that is to be answered. You will wonder that I should have given the preference to the Ontaouanoucs, when there is a much more extraordinary nation to the north of Canada, who have but one leg, and p—— from behind their ear; but I own I had rather converse for any time with people who speak like Mr. Pitt, than with a nation of jugglers, who are only fit to go about the country, under the direction of Taafe and Montagu.[1] Their existence I do not doubt; they are recorded by Père Charlevoix, in his much admired history of New France, in which there are such outrageous legends of miracles for the propagation of the Gospel, that his fables in natural history seem strict veracity.

Adieu! You write to me as seldom as if you were in an island where the Duke of Newcastle was sole minister, parties at an end, and where every thing had done happening. Yours ever.

P.S. I have just seen in the advertisements that there are arrived two new volumes of Madame de Sévigné's Letters. Adieu, my American studies!—adieu, even my favourite Ontaouanoucs!

[1] See vol. ii. p. 372.—E.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, November 11, 1754.

If you was dead, to be sure you would have got somebody to tell me so. If you was alive, to be sure in all this time you would have told me so yourself. It is a month to-day since I received a line from you. There was a Florentine ambassador here in Oliver's reign, who with great circumspection wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead, others say he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other." I quote this sage personage, to show you that I have a good precedent, in case I had a mind to continue neutral upon the point of your existence. I can't resolve to believe you dead, lest I should be forced to write to Mr. S. again to bemoan you; and on the other hand, it is convenient to me to believe you living, because I have just received the enclosed from your sister, and the money from Ely. However, if you are actually dead, be so good as to order your executor to receive the money, and to answer your sister's letter. If you are not dead, I can tell you who is, and at the same time whose death is to remain as doubtful as yours till to-morrow morning. Don't be alarmed! it is only the Queen-dowager of Prussia. As *excessive* as the concern for her is at court, the whole royal family, out of great consideration for the mercers, lacemen, &c. agreed not to shed a tear for her till to-morrow morning, when the birth-day will be over; but they are all to rise by six o'clock to-morrow morning to cry quarts. This is the sum of all the news that I learnt to-day on coming from Strawberry Hill, except that Lady Betty Waldegrave was robbed t'other night in Hyde Park, under the very noses of the lamps and the patrole. If anybody is robbed at the ball at court to-night, you shall hear in my next dispatch. I told you in my last that I had just got two new volumes of Madame Sévigné's Letters; but I have been cruelly disappointed; they are two hundred letters which had been omitted in the former editions, as having little or nothing worth reading. How provoking, that they would at last let one see that she

could write so many letters that were not worth reading! I will tell you the truth: as they are certainly hers, I am glad to see them, but I cannot bear that anybody else should. Is not that true sentiment? How would you like to see a letter of hers, describing a wild young Irish lord, a Lord P * * *, who has lately made one of our ingenious wagers, to ride I don't know how many thousand miles in an hour, from Paris to Fontainebleau? But admire the *politesse* of that nation: instead of endeavouring to lame his horse, or to break his neck, that he might lose the wager, his antagonist and the spectators showed all the attention in the world to keep the road clear, and to remove even pebbles out of his way. They heaped coals of fire upon his head with all the good breeding of the Gospel. Adieu!—If my letters are short, at least my notes are long.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1754.

You are over-good to me, my dear Sir, in giving yourself the trouble of telling me you was content with Strawberry Hill. I will not, however, tell you, that I am content with your being there, till you have seen it in all its greenth and blueth. Alas! I am sorry I cannot insist upon as much with the Colonel.

Mr. Chute, I believe, was so pleased with the *tenebra* in his own chapel, that he has fairly buried himself in it. I have not even had so much as a burial card from him since.

The town is as full, as I believe you thought the room was at your ball at Waldershare. I hear of nothing but the parts and merit of Lord North. Nothing has happened yet, but sure so many *English* people cannot be assembled long without committing something extraordinary!

I have seen and conversed with our old friend Cope; I find him grown very old: I fear he finds me so too; at least as old as I ever intend to be. I find him very grave too, which I believe he does not find me.

Solomon and Hesther, as my Lady Townshend calls Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Grenville, espouse one another to-day.[1] I know nothing more but a new fashion which my Lady Hervey has brought from Paris. It is a tin funnel covered with green ribbon, and holds water, which the ladies wear to keep their bouquets fresh. I fear Lady Caroline and some others will catch frequent colds and sore throats with overturning this reservoir.

A propos, there is a match certainly in agitation, which has very little of either Solomon or Hesther in it. You will be sorry when I tell you, that Lord Waldegrave certainly dis-Solomons himself with the Drax. Adieu! my dear Sir; I congratulate Miss Montagu on her good health, and am ever yours.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1754.

If this does not turn out a scolding letter, I am much mistaken. I shall give way to it with the less scruple, as I think it shall be the last of the kind; not that you will mend, but I cannot support a commerce of visions! and therefore, whenever you send me mighty cheap schemes for finding out longitudes and philosophers' stones, you will excuse me if I only smile, and don't order them to be examined by my council.—For Heaven's sake, don't be a projector! Is not it provoking, that, with the best parts in the world, you should have so gentle a portion of common sense?[2] But I am clear, that you never will know the two things in the world that import you the most to know, yourself and me.—Thus much by way of preface: now for the detail.

[1] On the 16th of November, Mr. Pitt married Lady Hester Grenville, only daughter of Richard Grenville, of Wotton, Esq. and of Hester Countess Temple.—E.

[2] Cumberland, in his Memoirs, speaking of Mr. Bentley, says, "There was a certain eccentricity and want of worldly prudence in my uncle's character, that involved him in distresses, and reduced him to situations uncongenial with his feelings, and unpropitious to the cultivation and encouragement of his talents."—E.

You tell me in your letter of November 3rd, that the quarry of granite might be rented at twenty pounds or twenty shillings, I don't know which, no matter, per annum. When I can't get a table out of it, is it very likely you or I should get a fortune out of it? What signifies the cheapness of the rent? The cutting and shippage would be articles of some little consequence! Who should be supervisor? You, who are so good a manager, so attentive, so diligent, so expeditious, and so accurate? Don't you think our quarry would turn to account?—Another article, to which I might apply the same questions, is the project for importation of French wine: it is odd that a scheme so cheap and so practicable should hitherto have been totally overlooked. One would think the breed of smugglers was lost, like the true spaniels, or genuine golden pippins! My dear Sir, you know I never drink three glasses of any wine—can you think I care whether they are sour or sweet, cheap or dear?—or do you think that I, who am always taking trouble to reduce my trouble into as compact a volume as I can, would tap such an article as importing my own wine?—But now comes your last proposal about the Gothic paper. When you made me fix up mine, unpainted, engaging to paint it yourself, and yet could never be persuaded to paint a yard of it, till I was forced to give Bromwich's man God knows what to do it, would you make me believe that you will paint a room eighteen feet by fifteen? —But, seriously, if it is possible for you to lay aside visions, don't be throwing continual discouragements in my way. I have told you seriously and emphatically that I am labouring your restoration: the scheme is neither facile nor immediate: —but, for God's sake! act like a reasonable man. You have a family to whom you owe serious attention. Don't let me think, that if you return, you will set out upon every wild-goose chase, sticking to nothing, and neglecting chiefly the talents and genius which you have in such excellence, to start projects which you have too much honesty and too little application ever to thrive by. This advice is, perhaps, worded harshly: but you know the heart from which it proceeds, and you know that, with all my prejudice to it, I can't even par-

don your wit, when it is employed to dress up schemes that I think romantic. The glasses and Ray's Proverbs you shall have, and some more gold fish, when I have leisure to go to Strawberry; for you know I don't suffer any fisheries to be carried on there in my absence.

I am as newsless as in the dead of summer: the Parliament produces nothing but elections: there has already been one division on the Oxfordshire of two hundred and sixty-seven Whigs to ninety-seven Tories: you may calculate the burial of that election easily from these numbers.[1] The Queen of Prussia is not dead, as I told you in my last. If you have shed many tears for her, you may set them off to the account of our son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who is turned Roman Catholic. One is in this age so unused to conversions above the rank of a house-maid turned Methodist, that it occasions as much surprise as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Are not you prodigiously alarmed for the Protestant interest in Germany?

We have operas, burlettas, cargoes of Italian dancers, and none good but the Mingotti, a very fine figure and actress. I don't know a single *bon-mot* that is new: George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that, when I tell you, that t'other night having lost eight hundred pounds at hazard, he fell asleep upon the table with near half as much more before him, and slept for three hours, with everybody stamping the box close at his ear. He will say prodigiously good things when he does wake. In the mean time, can you be content with one of Madame Sévigné's best *bons-mots*, which I have found amongst her new letters? Do you remember her German friend the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess? One day Madame de Sévigné happening to meet her in

[1] At the close of the Oxfordshire election the sheriff returned all the four candidates, who all of them petitioned. Two were chosen upon what was called the new interest, and were supported by the court; and two by the old interest. The expense and animosity which this dispute occasioned is incredible. Even murder was committed upon the place of election. The friends of the new interest were ultimately voted to be the sitting members by a majority of 233 against 103.—E.

colours, made her a low curtsey, and said, "Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe." I think I may apply another of her speeches, which pleased me, to what I have said to you in the former part of my letter. Mademoiselle du Plessis had said something she disapproved: Madame Sévigné said to her, "Mais que cela est sot; car je veux vous parler doucement." Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 1, 1754.

You do me justice, my dear Sir, when you impute the want of my letters to my want of news: as a proof, I take up my pen again, on the first spring-tide of politics. However, as this is an age of abortions, and as I have often announced to you a pregnancy of events, which have soon after been still-born, I beg you will not be disappointed if nothing comes of the present ferment. The offenders and the offended have too often shown their disposition to soothe, or to be soothed, by preferments, for one to build much on the duration or implacability of their aversions. In short, Mr. Pitt has broke with the Duke of Newcastle, on the want of power, and has alarmed the dozing House of Commons with some sentences, extremely in the style of his former *Pittics*. As Mr. Fox is not at all more in humour, the world expects every day to see these two commanders, first unite to overturn all their antagonists, and then worry one another. They have already mumbled poor Sir Thomas Robinson cruelly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer[1] crouches under the storm, and seems very willing *to pass eldest*. The Attorney-General[2] seems cowed, and unwilling to support a war, of which the world gives him the honour.[3] Nugent alone, with an intrepidity

[1] Mr. Legge.

[2] Mr. Murray; he was preferred to be attorney-general this year, in the room of Sir Dudley Ryder, who was made lord chief justice, on the death of Sir William Lee.

[3] "At this time," says Lord Waldegrave, "Fox had joined Pitt in a kind of parliamentary opposition. They were both in place,—the one

worthy his country, affects to stand up against the greatest orator, and against the best reasoner of the age. What will most surprise you, is, that the Duke of Newcastle, who used to tremble at shadows, appears unterrified at Gorgons! If I should tell you in my next, that either of the Gorgons has kissed hands for secretary of state, only smile: snakes are as easily tamed as lap-dogs.

I am glad you have got my Lord of Cork.[1] He is, I know, a very worthy man, and though not a bright man, nor a man of the world, much less a good author, yet it must be comfortable to you now and then to see something besides travelling children, booby governors, and abandoned women of quality. You say, you have made my Lord Cork give up my Lord Bolingbroke: it is comical to see how he is given up here, since the best of his writings, his metaphysical divinity, have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher; and the greatest genius of the age: the moment his Craftsmen against Moses and St. Paul, &c. were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world. The grand jury have presented his works, and as long as there are any parsons, he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland—nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr, for having been persecuted by him. Mr. Fraigneau's story of the late King's design of removing my father and employing Bolingbroke, is not new to me; but I can give you two reasons, and one very strong indeed, that

paymaster, the other secretary at war,—and therefore could not decently obstruct the public business; but still they might attack persons, though not things. Pitt undertook the difficult task of silencing Murray, the attorney-general, the ablest man, as well as the ablest debater, in the House of Commons; whilst Fox entertained himself with the less dangerous amusement of exposing Sir Thomas Robinson, or rather assisted him whilst he turned himself into ridicule; for Sir Thomas, though a good secretary of state as far as the business of his office, was ignorant even of the language of the House of Commons controversy; and when he played the orator, it was so exceeding ridiculous, that those who loved and esteemed him could not always preserve a friendly composure of countenance." Memoirs, p. 31.—E.

[1] John Earl of Orrery and Cork, author of a translation of Pliny's Epistles, a Life of Dr. Swift, &c.

convince me of its having no foundation, though it is much believed here. During the last year of the late King's life, he took extremely to New Park, and loved to shoot there, and dined with my father and a private party, and a good deal of punch. The Duchess of Kendal, who hated Sir Robert, and favoured Bolingbroke, and was jealous for herself, grew uneasy at these parties, and used to put one or two of the Germans upon the King to prevent his drinking, (very odd preventives!)—however, they obeyed orders so well, that one day the King flew into a great passion, and reprimanded them in his own language with extreme warmth; and when he went to Hanover, ordered my father to have the new lodge in the park finished against his return; which did not look much like an intention of breaking with the Ranger of the Park. But what I am now going to tell you is conclusive: the Duchess obtained an interview for Bolingbroke in the King's closet, which not succeeding, as Lord Bolingbroke foresaw it might not at once, he left a memorial with the King, who, the very next time he saw Sir Robert, gave it to him.

You will expect that I should mention the progress of the West Indian war; but the Parliamentary campaign opening so warmly, has quite put the Ohio upon an obsolete foot. All I know is, that the Virginians have disbanded all their troops and say they will trust to England for their defence. The dissensions in Ireland increase. At least, here are various and ample fields for speeches, if we are to have new oppositions. You will believe that I have not great faith in the prospect, when I can come quietly hither for two or three days to place the books in my new library. Mr. Chute is with me, and returns you all your kind speeches with increase. Your two brothers, who dine at Lord Radnor's, have just been here, and found me writing to you: your brother Gal. would not stay a moment, but said, "Tell him I prefer his pleasure to my own." I wish, my dear Sir, I could give you much more, that is, could tell you more; but unless our civil wars continue, I shall know nothing but of contested elections: a first session of a Parliament is the most laborious scene of dulness that I know. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Friday, Dec. 13, 1754.

"If we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we shall only sit here to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!" *Non riconosci tu l'altero viso?* Don't you at once know the style? Shake those words all altogether, and see if they can be anything but the *disjecta membra* of Pitt! In short, about a fortnight ago, this bomb burst. Pitt, who is well, is married, is dissatisfied—not with his bride, but with the Duke of Newcastle; has twice thundered out his dissatisfaction in Parliament, and was seconded by Fox. The event was exactly what I dare say you have already foreseen. Pitt *was to be* turned out; overtures were made to Fox; Pitt is *not* turned out; Fox is quieted with the dignity of cabinet-counsellor, and the Duke of Newcastle remains affronted—and omnipotent. The commentary on this text is too long for a letter; it may be developed some time or other. This scene has produced a diverting interlude: Sir George Lyttelton, who could not reconcile his content with Mr. Pitt's discontents, has been very ill with the cousinhood. In the grief of his heart he thought of resigning his place, but, *somehow or other*, stumbled upon a negotiation for introducing the Duke of Bedford into the ministry again, to balance the loss of Mr. Pitt. Whatever persuaded him, he thought this treaty so sure of success that he lost no time to be the agent of it himself; and whether commissioned or non-commissioned, as both he and the Duke of Newcastle say, he carried *carte blanche* to the Duke of Bedford, who bounced like a rocket, frightened away poor Sir George, and sent for Mr. Pitt to notify the overture. Pitt and the Grenvilles are outrageous; the Duke of Newcastle disclaims his ambassador, and everybody laughs. Sir George came hither yesterday, to *expectorate* with me, as he called it. Think how I pricked up my ears, as high as King Midas, to hear a Lyttelton vent his grievances against a Pitt and Grenvilles! Lord Temple has named Sir George the *apos-*

tolic nuncio; and George Selwyn says, "that he will certainly be invited by Miss Ashe among the foreign ministers." These are greater storms than perhaps you expected yet; they have occasioned mighty bustle, and whisper, and speculation; but you see

Pulveris exigui jactu composta quiescunt.

You will be diverted with a collateral incident. * * * * met Dick Edgecumbe, and asked him with great importance, if he knew whether Mr. Pitt was out. Edgecumbe, who thinks nothing important that is not to be decided by dice, and who, consequently, had never once thought of Pitt's political state, replied, "Yes."—"Ay! how do you know?"—"Why, I called at his door just now, and his porter told me so." Another political event is, that Lord E. comes into place; he is to succeed Lord Fitzwalter, who is to have Lord Grantham's pension, who is dead immensely rich: I think this is the last of the old Opposition, of any name, except Sir John Barnard. If you have curiosity about the Ohio, you must write to France: there I believe they know something about it; here it was totally forgot till last night, when an express arrived with an account of the loss of one of the transports off Falmouth, with eight officers and sixty men on board.

My Lady Townshend has been dying, and was wofully frightened, and *took* prayers; but she is recovered now, even of her repentance. You will not be undiverted to hear that the mob of Sudbury have literally sent a *card* to the mob of Bury, to offer their assistance at a contested election there: I hope to be able to tell you in my next, that Mrs. Holman[1] has sent cards to both mobs for her assembly.

The shrubs shall be sent, but you must stay till the holidays; I shall not have time to go to Strawberry sooner. I have received your second letter, dated November 22d, about the Gothic paper. I hope you will by this time have got mine, to dissuade you from that thought. If you insist

[1] The lady of whom the anecdote is told in vol. ii. p. 332.—E.

upon it, I will send the paper: I have told you what I think, and will therefore say no more on that head; but I will transcribe a passage which I found t'other day in Petronius, and thought not unapplicable to you: "Omnium herbarum succos Democritus expressit; et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, ætatem inter experimenta consumpsit." I hope Democritus could not draw charmingly when he threw away his time in extracting tints from flints and twigs!

I can't conclude my letter without telling you what an escape I had at the sale of Dr. Mead's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I saw Winstanley's views of Audley-inn, which I concluded was, as it really was, a thin, dirty folio, worth about fifteen shillings. As I thought it might be scarce, it might run to two or three guineas: however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, said he did not know whether he had done very right or very wrong, that he had gone as far as *nine-and-forty guineas*—I started in such a fright! Another bookseller had luckily had as unlimited a commission, and bid fifty—when my Graham begged it might be adjourned, till they could consult their principals. I think I shall never give an unbounded commission again, even for views of *Les Rochers!*[1] Adieu! Am I ever to see any more of your *hand-drawing?* Adieu! Yours ever.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 24, 1754.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your packet of December 6th last night, but intending to come hither for a few days, had unluckily sent away by the coach in the morning a parcel of things for you; you must therefore wait till another bundle sets out, for the new letters of Madame Sévigné. Heaven forbid that I should have said they were bad! I only meant that they

[1] Madame de Sévigné's seat in Bretagne.

were full of family details, and mortal distempers, to which the most immortal of us are subject; and I was sorry that the profane should ever know that my divinity was ever troubled with a sore leg or the want of money; though, indeed, the latter defeats Bussy's ill-natured accusation of avarice; and her tearing herself from her daughter, then at Paris, to go and save money in Bretagne to pay her debts, is a perfection of virtue which completes her amiable character. My Lady Hervey has made me most happy, by bringing me from Paris an admirable copy of the very portrait that was Madame de Simiane's: I am going to build an altar for it, under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers!*

Well! but you will want to know the contents of the parcel that is set out. It contains another parcel, which contains I don't know what; but Mr. Cumberland sent it, and desired I would transmit it to you. There are Ray's Proverbs, in two volumes interleaved; a few seeds, mislaid when I sent the last; a very indifferent new tragedy, called "Barbarossa,"[1] now running; the author[2] unknown, but believed to be Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope; not one new thought, and, which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense;

"And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow."

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan princess royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the banker's daughter in George Barnwell. I

[1] The tragedy of "Barbarossa" met with some success, principally from the advantages it appeared under, by the performances of Garrick and Mossop, in the parts of Achmet and Barbarossa. Garrick also supplied the prologue and epilogue. It being mentioned to Dr. Johnson, that Garrick assisted the author in the composition of this tragedy, "No, Sir," said the Doctor, "Browne would no more suffer Garrick to write a line in his play than he would suffer him to mount his pulpit."—E.

[2] The author was the ingenious but unhappy Dr. John Browne, who was also author of the "Essay on Satire," occasioned by the death of Pope, and the celebrated "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times." He had the misfortune to labour under a constitutional dejection of spirits; and in September 1766, in an interval of deprivation of reason, put a period to his existence, in his fifty-first year.—E.

have added four more "Worlds,"[1] the second of which will, I think, redeem my Lord Chesterfield's character with you for wit, except in the two stories, which are very flat: I mean those of two misspelt letters. In the last "World,"[2] besides the hand, you will find a story of your acquaintance: *Boncœur* means Norborne Berkeley, whose horse sinking up to his middle in Woburn park, he would not allow that it was anything more than a little damp. The last story of a highwayman happened almost literally to Mrs. Cavendish.

For news, I think I have none to tell you. Mr. Pitt is gone to the Bath, and Mr. Fox to Newcastle House; and everybody else into the country for the holidays. When Lord Bath was told of the first determination of turning out Pitt, and letting Fox remain, he said it put him in mind of a story of the gunpowder plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament-house, and, returning with his report, said he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm. Was ever anything so well and so just?

The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince:[3] the King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal-nephew,[4] who replied, "Not for half Russia."

The new madness is Oratorys. Macklin has set up one, under the title of The British Inquisition;[5] Foote another

[1] No. 92, Reflections on the Drinking Club; No. 98, On the Italian Opera; No. 100, On Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; and No. 101, Humorous Observations on the English Language; all written by Lord Chesterfield.—E.

[2] No. 103, On Politeness; and the Politeness of Highwaymen.—E.

[3] The Czar Paul the First.

[4] Henry Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded.

[5] The British Inquisition was opened in 1754, by a public ordinary, where every person was permitted, for three shillings a-head, to drink port, or claret, or whatever liquor he should choose. This was succeeded by a lecture on oratory. The plan did not succeed; for while Macklin was engaged in drilling his waiters, or fitting himself for the rostrum, his waiters, in return, were robbing him in all directions; so that, in the

against him; and a third man has advertised another to-day. I have not heard enough in their favour to tempt me to them, nor do I in the world know enough to compose another paragraph. I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is setting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. Williams,[1] George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that when I do admit anybody within my cloister, I choose them well. My present occupation is putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I shall not appear scantily provided. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1755.

I IMAGINED by your letter the Colonel was in town, and was shocked at not having been to wait on him; upon inquiry, I find he is not; and now, can conceive how he came to tell you, that the town has been entertained with a paper of mine; I send it you, to show you that this is one of the many fabulous histories which have been spread in such quantities, and without foundation.

I shall take care of your letter to Mr. Bentley. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, or I know he would, as I do, beg his compliments to Miss Montagu. You do not wish me joy on the approaching nuptials of Mr. Harris and our Miss Anne. He is so amorous, that whenever he sits by her, (and he cannot stand by her,) my Lady Townshend, by a very happy expression, says, "he is always setting his dress." Have you heard of a Countess Chamfelt, a Bohemian, rich and hideous, who is arrived here, and is under the protection of Lady Caroline Petersham? She has a great facility at languages, and has already learned, "D—n you, and kiss me;" I beg her pardon, I believe she never uses the former, but upon the miscarriage

February of this year, he was declared a bankrupt, under the designation of a vintner.—E.

[1] George James Williams, Esq. son of the eminent lawyer, William Peere Williams.—E.

of the latter: in short, as Doddington says, she has had the honour of performing at most courts in Europe. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I USED to say that one could not go out of London for two days without finding at one's return that something very extraordinary had happened; but of late the climate had lost its propensity to odd accidents. Madness be praised, we are a little restored to the want of our senses! I have been twice this Christmas at Strawberry Hill for a few days, and at each return have been not a little surprised: the first time, at the very unexpected death of my Lord Albemarle,[1] who was taken ill at Paris, going home from supper, and expired in a few hours; and last week at the far more extraordinary death of Montford.[2] He himself, with all his judgment in bets, I think would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder: yet after having been supposed the sharpest genius of his time, he, by all that appears, shot himself on the distress of his circumstances; an apoplectic disposition I be-

[1] In his "Memoires," vol. i. p. 366, Walpole says, "He died suddenly at Paris, where his mistress had sold him to the French court." A writer in the Quarterly Review, vol. lxii. p. 5, states that what he here asserts was generally believed in Paris; for that, in the "Mémoires Secrets," published in continuation of Bachaumont's Journal, it is said, on occasion of the Count d'Herouville's death in 1782, that "he had been talked of for the ministry under Louis XV, and would probably have obtained it, had it not been for 'son *mariage* trop inégal. Il avait épousé la fameuse Lolotte, maîtresse du Comte d'Albemarle, l'ambassadeur d'Angleterre, laquelle servait d'espion au ministère de France auprès de son amant, et a touché en conséquence jusqu'à sa mort une pension de la cour de 12,000 livres.' But if the French court purchased, as he reports, and as is sufficiently probable, the instructions of our ambassador, they could have learned from them nothing to facilitate their own schemes of aggression — nothing but what they knew before; for the policy of England, defective as it might be on other points, had this great and paramount advantage,—that it was open, honest, and straightforward."—E.

[2] Henry Bromley, created Lord Montford of Horse-heath, in 1741. He married Frances, daughter of Thomas Wyndham, Esq. and sister and heiress of Sir Francis Wyndham, of Trent, in the county of Somerset.—E.

lieve concurring, either to lower his spirits, or to alarm them. Ever since Miss * * * * lived with him, either from liking her himself, as some think, or to tempt her to marry his Lilliputian figure, he has squandered vast sums at Horse-heath, and in living. He lost twelve hundred a-year by Lord Albemarle's death, and four by Lord Gage's, the same day. He asked immediately for the government of Virginia or the Foxhounds, and pressed for an answer with an eagerness that surprised the Duke of Newcastle, who never had a notion of pinning down the relief of his own or any other man's wants to a day. Yet that seems to have been the case of Montford, who determined to throw the die of life and death, Tuesday was se'nnight, on the answer he was to receive from court; which did not prove favourable. He consulted indirectly, and at last pretty directly, several people on the easiest method of finishing life; and seems to have thought that he had been too explicit; for he invited company to dinner for the day after his death, and ordered a supper at White's, where he supped, too, the night before. He played at whisk till one in the morning; it was New Year's morning: Lord Robert Bertie drank to him a happy new year; he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes! In the morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses, and executed his will, which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph: and then asking the lawyer if that will would stand good, though a man were to shoot himself? and being assured it would; he said, "Pray stay while I step into next room;"—went into next room, and shot himself. He clapped the pistol so close to his head, that they heard no report. The housekeeper heard him fall, and, thinking he had a fit, ran up with drops, and found his skull and brains shot about the room!—You will be charmed with the friendship and generosity of Sir Francis. Montford a little time since opened his circumstances to him. Sir Francis said, "Montford, if it will be of any service to you, you shall see what I have done for you;" pulled out his will, and read it, where he had left him a vast legacy. The beauty of this action is heightened by Sir Francis's life not being worth a year's purchase. I own I feel for the distress this

man must have felt, before he decided on so desperate an action. I knew him but little; but he was good-natured and agreeable enough, and had the most compendious understanding I ever knew. He had affected a finesse in money matters beyond what he deserved, and aimed at reducing even natural affections to a kind of calculations, like Demoivre's. He was asked, soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child: he replied, "Upon my word, I don't know; I have no bet upon it." This and poor * * * *'s self-murder have brought to light another, which happening in France, had been sunk; * * * *'s. I can tell you that the ancient and worshipful company of lovers are under a great dilemma, upon a husband and a gamester killing themselves: I don't know whether they will not apply to Parliament for an exclusive charter for self-murder.

On the occasion of Montford's story, I heard another more extraordinary. If a man insures his life, this killing himself vacates the bargain. This (as in England almost everything begets a contradiction) has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I suppose voluntary deaths were not then the *bon-ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying* Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner he said to the life-and-death brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant!" He pulled out a pistol and shot himself. Did you ever hear of such a mixture of honesty and knavery?

Lord Rochford is to succeed as groom of the stole. The Duke of Marlborough is privy-seal, in the room of Lord Gower, who is dead; and the Duke of Rutland is lord steward. Lord Albemarle's other offices and honours are still *in petto*. When the King first saw this Lord Albemarle, he said, "Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve!" —It is the last receiver into which I should have thought his

Majesty would have poured gold! You will be pleased with the monarch's politesse. Sir John Bland and Offley made interest to play at Twelfth-night, and succeeded — not at play, for they lost 1400*l.* and 1300*l.* As it is not usual for people of no higher rank to play, the King thought they would be bashful about it, and took particular care to do the honours of his house to them, set only to them, and spoke to them at his levee next morning.

You love new nostrums and inventions: there is discovered a method of inoculating the cattle for the distemper — it succeeds so well that they are not even marked. How we advance rapidly in discoveries, and in applying everything to everything! Here is another secret, that will better answer your purpose, and I hope mine too. They found out lately at the Duke of Argyle's, that any kind of ink may be made of privet: it becomes green ink by mixing salt of tartar. I don't know the process; but I am promised it by Campbell, who told me of it t'other day, when I carried him the true genealogy of the Bentleys, which he assured me shall be inserted in the next edition of the Biographia.

There sets out to-morrow morning, by the Southampton waggon, such a cargo of trees for you, that a detachment of Kentishmen would be furnished against an invasion if they were to unroll the bundle. I write to Mr. S * * * * to recommend great care of them. Observe how I answer your demands: are you as punctual? The forests in your landscapes do not thrive like those in your letters. Here is a letter from G. Montagu; and then I think I may bid you good-night!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I HAD an intention of deferring writing to you, my dear Sir, till I could wish you joy on the completion of your approaching dignity;[1] but as the Duke of Newcastle is not

[1] Mr. Mann was on the 15th of February created a baronet, with a reversion to his brother Galfridus.—E.

quite so expeditious as my friendship is earnest; and as your brother tells me that you have had some very unnecessary qualms, from your silence to me on this chapter, I can no longer avoid telling you how pleased I am with any accession of distinction to you and your family: I should like nothing better but an accession of appointments: but I shall say no more on this head, where wishes are so barren as mine. Your brother, who had not time to write by this post, desires me to tell you that the Duke will be obliged to you, if you will send him the new map of Rome and of the patrimony of St. Peter, which his Royal Highness says is just published.

You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's[1] sudden death at Paris: everybody is so sorry for him!—without being so: yet as sorry as he would have been for anybody, or as he deserved. Can one really regret a man, who, with the most meritorious wife[2] and sons[3] in the world, and with near 15,000*l.* a year from the government, leaves not a shilling to his family, lawful or illegitimate, (and both *very* numerous,) but dies immensely in debt, though, when he married, he had 90,000*l.* in the funds, and my Lady Albemarle brought him 25,000*l.* more, all which is dissipated to 14,000*l.*! The King very handsomely, and untired with having done so much for a man who had so little pretensions to it, immediately gave my Lady Albemarle 1200*l.* a year pension, and I trust will take care of this Lord, who is a great friend of mine, and what is much better for him, the first favourite of the Duke. If I were as grave an historian as my Lord Clarendon, I should now without any scruple tell you a dream; you would either believe it from my dignity of character, or conclude from my dignity of character that I did not believe it myself. As neither of these important evasions will serve my turn, I shall relate the following, only prefacing,

[1] For an interesting account of this magnificent spendthrift, see Mémoires de Marmontel.—D.

[2] Lady Anne Lenox, sister of Charles Duke of Richmond.

[3] George Lord Viscount Bury, lord of the bedchamber to the Duke, and colonel of a regiment; Augustus, captain of a man-of-war, who was with Lord Anson in his famous expedition; and William, colonel of the Guards, and aide-de-camp to the Duke: the two other sons were very young.

that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. "Lord! child," said my Lady Albemarle, "what brings you to town so early?" He said he had been sent for. Says she, "You are not well!" "Yes," replied Lord Bury, "I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard." "Let me feel your pulse," said Lady Albemarle: "Oh!" continued she, "your father is dead!" "Lord! Madam," said Lord Bury, "how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William" (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health). "No," said my Lady Albemarle, "I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!" and immediately swooned.

Lord Albemarle's places are not yet given away: ambassador at Paris, I suppose, there will be none; it was merely kept up to gratify him—besides, when we have no minister, we can deliver no memorials. Lord Rochford is, I quite believe, to be groom of the stole: that leaves your Turin open—besides such trifles as a blue garter, the second troop of Guards, and the government of Virginia.

A death much more extraordinary is that of my Lord Mountford, who, having all his life aimed at the character of a monied man, and of an artfully money-getting man, has shot himself, on having ruined himself. If he had despised money, he could not have shot himself with more deliberate resolution. The only points he seems to have considered in so mad an action, were, not to be thought mad, and which would be the easiest method of dispatching himself. It is strange that the passage from life to death should be an object, when one is unhappy enough to be determined to change one for the other.

I warned you in my last not to wonder if you should hear that either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox had kissed hands for secretary of state; the latter has kissed the Secretary of State's hand

for being a cabinet councillor.[1] The more I see, the more I am confirmed in my idea of this being the *age of abortions!*

I have received yours of December 13th, and find myself obliged to my Lord of Cork for a remembrance of me, which I could not expect he should have preserved. Lord Huntingdon I know very well, and like very much: he has parts, great good breeding, and will certainly make a figure. You are lucky in such company; yet I wish you had Mr. Brand!

I need not desire you not to believe the stories of such a mountebank as Taylor:[2] I only wonder that he should think the names of our family a recommendation at Rome; we are not conscious of any such merit: nor have any of our eyes ever wanted to be put out. Adieu! my dear Sir, my dear Sir Horace.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Feb. 8, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

By the waggon on Thursday there set out for Southampton a lady whom you must call Phillis, but whom George Montagu and the Gods would name Speckle-belly. Peter begged her for me; that is, for you; that is, for Captain Dumaresque, after he had been asked three guineas for another. I hope she will not be poisoned with salt-water, like the poor Poyangers.[3] If she should, you will at least observe, that your commissions are not still-born with me, as mine are with you. I *draw*[4] a spotted dog the moment you desire it.

[1] "I proposed an interview between Fox and the Duke of Newcastle, which produced the following agreement—that Fox should be called up to the cabinet council; that employments should be given to some of his friends, who were not yet provided for; and that others, who had places already, should be removed to higher stations. Fox, during the whole negotiation, behaved like a man of sense and a man of honour; very frank, very explicit, and not very unreasonable." Waldegrave's Memoirs.—E.

[2] A quack oculist. [Generally called the Chevalier Taylor. He published his travels in 1762; in which he styled himself "Opthalmiator Pontifical, Imperial, Royal, &c."]

[3] Mr. Walpole having called his gold-fish pond Poyang, calls the gold-fish Poyangers.

[4] Alluding to Mr. Bentley's dilatoriness in exercising his pencil at the request of Mr. Walpole.

George Montagu has intercepted the description I promised you of the Russian masquerade: he wrote to beg it, and I cannot transcribe from myself. In few words, there were all the beauties, and all the diamonds, and not a few of the uglies of London. The Duke,[1] like Osman the Third, seemed in the centre of his new seraglio, and I believe my lady and I thought that my Lord Anson was the chief eunuch. My Lady Coventry was dressed in a great style, and looked better than ever. Lady Betty Spencer, like Rubens's wife (not the common one with the hat), had all the bloom and bashfulness and wildness of youth, with all the countenance of all the former Marlboroughs. Lord Delawar was an excellent mask, from a picture at Kensington of Queen Elizabeth's porter. Lady Caroline Petersham, powdered with diamonds and crescents for a Turkish slave, was still extremely handsome. The hazard was excessively deep, to the astonishment of some Frenchmen of quality who are here, and who I believe, from what they saw that night, will not write to their court to dissuade their armaments, on its not being worth their while to attack so beggarly a nation. Our fleet is as little despicable; but though the preparations on both sides are so great, I believe the storm will blow over. They insist on our immediately sending an ambassador to Paris; and to my great satisfaction, my cousin and friend Lord Hertford is to be the man. This is still an entire secret here, but will be known before you receive this. The weather is very bitter, and keeps me from Strawberry. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR *Argosie* is arrived safe; thank you for shells, trees, cones; but above all, thank you for the landscape. As it is your first attempt in oils, and has succeeded so much beyond my expectation, (and being against my advice too, you

[1] William Duke of Cumberland.

may believe the sincerity of my praises,) I must indulge my *Vasarihood*, and write a dissertation upon it. You have united and mellowed your colours, in a manner to make it look like an old picture; yet there is something in the tone of it that is not quite right. Mr. Chute thinks that you should have exerted more of your force in tipping with light the edges on which the sun breaks: my own opinion is, that the result of the whole is not natural, by your having joined a Claude Lorrain summer sky to a wintry sea, which you have drawn from the life. The water breaks finely, but the distant hills are too strong, and the outlines much too hard. The greatest fault is the trees (not apt to be your stumbling-block): they are not of a natural green, have no particular resemblance, and are out of all proportion too large for the figures. Mend these errors, and work away in oil. I am impatient to see some Gothic ruins of your painting. This leads me naturally to thank you for the sweet little *cul-de-lampe* to the entail: it is equal to any thing you have done in perspective and for taste; but the boy is too large.

For the block of granite I shall certainly think a louis well bestowed—provided I do but get the block, and that you are sure it will be equal to the sample you sent me. My room remains in want of a table; and as it will take so much time to polish it, I do wish you would be a little expeditious in sending it.

I have but frippery news to tell you; no politics; for the rudiments of a war, that is not to be a war, are not worth detailing. In short, we have acted with spirit, have got ready thirty ships of the line, and conclude that the French will not care to examine whether they are well manned or not. The House of Commons *bears* nothing but elections; the Oxfordshire till seven at night three times a week: we have passed ten evenings on the Colchester election, and last Monday sat upon it till near two in the morning. Whoever stands a contested election, and pays for his seat, and attends the first session, surely buys the other six very dear!

The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland,[1] who

[1] Who shot himself at Kippax Park.—E.

has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channeled pumps and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's —angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain * * * * *, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission.

Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians, and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.—But such sense and such harmony are irresistible!

I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, "Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!"—"No, Harry, I am not: but what is it that I am not to be frightened at?"—"There is a great fire here in St. James's Street."—I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved in Bury Street. However, you know I can't resist going to a fire; for it is certainly the only horrid sight that is fine. I slipped on my slippers, and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water.—It would have made a picture —the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's providence, who asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a nightcap. "Lord!" said they, "what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?"—"Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire." There were two houses burnt, and a poor

maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's house at Epsom, that belonged to the Prince, is burnt, and Beckford's fine house[1] in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He says, "Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds a-piece difference to my thirty children." Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE to thank you for two letters and a picture. I hope my thanks will have a more prosperous journey than my own letters have had of late. You say you have received none since January 9th. I have written three since that. I take care, in conjunction with the times, to make them harmless enough for the post. Whatever secrets I may have (and you know I have no propensity to mystery) will keep very well till I have the happiness of seeing you, though that date should be farther off than I hope. As I mean my letters should relieve some of your anxious or dull minutes, I will tempt no postmasters or secretaries to retard them.

The state of affairs is much altered since my last epistle that persuaded you of the distance of a war. So haughty and so ravenous an answer came from France, that my Lord Hertford does not go. As a *little* islander, you may be very easy: Jersey is not prey for such fleets as are likely to encounter in the channel in April. You must tremble in your *Bigendian* capacity, if you mean to figure as a good citizen. I sympathize with you extremely in the interruption it will give to our correspondence. You, in an inactive little spot, cannot wish more impatiently for every post that has the probability of a letter, than I, in all the turbulence of London, do con-

[1] At Fonthill, in Wiltshire. The loss was computed at thirty thousand pounds.—E.

stantly, never-failingly, for letters from you. Yet by my busy, hurried, amused, irregular way of life, you would not imagine that I had much time to care for my friends. You know how late I used to rise: it is worse and worse: I stay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the House of Commons: from thence, it is the fashion of the winter to go to vast assemblies, which are followed by vast suppers, and those by balls. Last week I was from two at noon till ten at night at the House: I came home, dined, new-dressed myself entirely, went to a ball at Lord Holderness's, and stayed till five in the morning. What an abominable young creature! But why may not I be so? Old Haslang[1] dances at sixty-five; my Lady Rochford without stays, and her husband the new groom of the stole, dance. In short, when secretaries of state, cabinet councillors, foreign ministers, dance like the universal ballet in the Rehearsal, why should not I—see them? In short, the true definition of me is, that I am a dancing senator—Not that I do dance, or do any thing by being a senator: but I go to balls, and to the House of Commons—to look on: and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two; at least the performers are most in earnest. What men say to women, is at least as sincere as what they say to their country. If perjury can give the devil a right to the souls of men, he has titles by as many ways as my Lord Huntingdon is descended from Edward the Third.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 10, 1755.

Having already wished you joy of your chivalry, I would not send you a formal congratulation on the actual dispatch of your patent: I had nothing new to tell you: forms between you and me would be new indeed.

[1] Count de Haslang, many years minister from Bavaria to the British court.—E.

You have heard of the nomination of my friend and relation, Lord Hertford,[1] to the embassy of Paris: you will by this time have learned or perceived, that he is not likely to go thither. They have sent demands too haughty to be admitted, and we are preparing a fleet to tell them we think so. In short, the prospect is very warlike. The ministry are so desirous of avoiding it, that they make no preparations on land — will *that* prevent it? Their partisans d—n the plantations, and ask if we are to involve ourselves in a war for them? Will that question weigh with planters and West Indians? I do not love to put our trust in a fleet only: however, we do not touch upon the Pretender; the late rebellion suppressed is a comfortable ingredient, at least, in a new war. You know I call this *the age of abortions:* who knows but the egg of this war may be addled?

Elections, very warm in their progress, very insignificant in their consequence, very tedious in their attendance, employ the Parliament solely. The King wants to go abroad, and consequently to have the Houses prorogued: the Oxfordshire election says *no* to him; the war says *no* to him: the town says we shall sit till June. Balls, masquerades, and diversions don't trouble their heads about the Parliament or the war: the righteous, who hate pleasures and love prophecies, (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion,) are finding out parallels between London and Niniveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates — yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the rebellion: I was frightened enough then; I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature.

The Duke of Dorset goes no more to Ireland; Lord Hart-

[1] Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of Hertford; his mother was sister to Lady Walpole.

ington is to be sent thither with the olive branch. Lord Rochford is groom of the stole; Lord Poulet has resigned the bedchamber on that preference, and my nephew and Lord Essex are to be lords of the bedchamber. It is supposed that the Duke of Rutland will be master of the horse, and the Dorset again lord steward. But all this will come to you as very antique news, if a whisper that your brother has heard to-day be true, of your having taken a trip to Rome. If you are there when you receive this, pray make my Lady Pomfret's[1] compliments to the statues in the Capitol, and inform them that she has purchased her late lord's collection of statues, and presented them to the University of Oxford. The present Earl, her son, is grown a speaker in the House of Lords, and makes comparisons between Julius Cæsar and the watchmen of Bristol, in the same style as he compared himself to *Cerberus, who, when he had one head cut off, three others sprang up in its room.* I shall go to-morrow to Dr. Mead's sale, and ruin myself in bronzes and vases—but I will not give them to the University of Oxford. Adieu! my dear Sir Knight.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1755.

Your chimney[2] is come, but not to honour: the cariatides are fine and free, but the rest is heavy: Lord Strafford is not at all struck with it, and thinks it old-fashioned: it certainly tastes of Inigo Jones. Your myrtles I have seen in their pots, and they are magnificent, but I fear very sickly. In return, I send you a library. You will receive, some time or other, or the French for you, the following books: a fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection of Poems, the worst tome of

[1] Henrietta Louisa, Countess-dowager of Pomfret, having quarrelled with her eldest son, who was ruined and forced to sell the furniture of his seat at Easton Neston, bought his statues, which had been part of the Arundelian collection, and had been purchased by his grandfather.

[2] A design for a chimney-piece, which, at Mr. Walpole's desire, Mr. Bentley had made for Lord Strafford.

the four; three volumes of Worlds; Fielding's Travels, or rather an account how his dropsy was treated and teased by an innkeeper's wife in the Isle of Wight; the new Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and Hume's History of Great Britain; a book which, though more decried than ever book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite, but in my opinion is only not *George-abite:* where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them: I am sure he does not spare their ministers. Harding,[1] who has the History of England at the ends of his parliament fingers, says, that the Journals will contradict most of his facts. If it is so, I am sorry; for his style, which is the best we have in history, and his manner, imitated from Voltaire, are very pleasing. He has showed very clearly that we ought to quarrel originally with Queen Elizabeth's tyranny for most of the errors of Charles the First. As long as he is willing to sacrifice some royal head, I would not much dispute with him which it should be. I incline every day to lenity, as I see more and more that it is being very partial to think worse of some men than of others. If I was a king myself, I dare say I should cease to love a republic. My Lady Rochford desired me t'other day to give her a motto for a ruby ring, which had been given by a handsome woman of quality to a fine man; he gave it to his mistress, she to Lord * * * * *, he to my lady; who, I think, does not deny that it has not yet finished its travels. I excused myself for some time, on the difficulty of reducing such a history to a poesy — at last I proposed this:

This was given by woman to man, and by man to woman.

Are you most impatient to hear of a French war, or the event of the Mitchell election? If the former is uppermost in your thoughts, I can tell you, you are very unfashionable. The Whigs and Tories in Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem never forgot national points with more zeal, to attend to private faction, than we have lately. After triumphs repeated in the

[1] Nicholas Harding, Esq. clerk of the House of Commons.—E.

committee, Lord Sandwich and Mr. Fox were beaten largely on the report. It was a most extraordinary day! The Tories, who could not trust one another for two hours, had their last consult at the Horn Tavern just before the report, and all but nine or ten voted in a body (with the Duke of Newcastle) against agreeing to it: then Sir John Philipps, one of them, moved for a void election, but was deserted by most of his clan. We now begin to turn our hands to foreign war. In the rebellion, the ministry was so unsettled that nobody seemed to care who was king. Power is now so established that I must do the engrossers the justice to say, that they seem to be determined that *their own King* shall continue so. Our fleet is great and well manned; we are raising men and money, and messages have been sent to both Houses from St. James's, which have been answered by very zealous *cards*. In the mean time, sturdy mandates are arrived from France; however, with a codicil of moderation, and power to Mirepoix still to treat. He was told briskly — "Your terms must come speedily; the fleets will sail very quickly; war cannot then be avoided."

I have passed five entire days lately at Dr. Mead's sale, where, however, I bought very little: as extravagantly as he paid for every thing, his name has even resold them with interest. Lord Rockingham gave two hundred and thirty guineas for the Antinous — the dearest bust that, I believe, was ever sold; yet the nose and chin were repaired, and very ill. Lord Exeter bought the Homer for one hundred and thirty. I must tell you a piece of fortune: I supped the first night of the sale at Bedford-house, and found my Lord Gower dealing at silver pharaoh to the women. "Oh!" said I laughing, "I laid out six-and-twenty pounds this morning, I will try if I can win it back," and threw a shilling upon a card: in five minutes I won a five-hundred leva, which was twenty-five pounds eleven shillings. I have formerly won a thousand leva, and another five-hundred leva. With such luck, shall not I be able to win you back again?

Last Wednesday I gave a feast in form to the Hertfords. There was the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Hertford,

Mr. Conway, and Lady Ailesbury; in short, all the Conways in the world, my Lord Orford, and the Churchills. We dined in the drawing-room below stairs, amidst the Eagle, Vespasian, &c. You never saw so Roman a banquet; but with all my virtù, the bridegroom seemed the most venerable piece of antiquity. Good night! The books go to Southampton on Monday. Yours ever.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, April 13, 1755.

If I did not think that you would expect to hear often from me at so critical a season, I should certainly not write to you to-night: I am here alone, out of spirits, and not well. In short, I have depended too much upon my constitution being like

Grass, that escapes the scythe by being low;

and having nothing of the oak in the sturdiness of my stature, I imagined that my mortality would remain pliant as long as I pleased. But I have taken so little care of myself this winter, and kept such bad hours, that I have brought a slow fever upon my nights, and am worn to a skeleton: Bethel has plump cheeks to mine. However, as it would be unpleasant to die just at the beginning of a war, I am taking exercise and air, and much sleep, and intend to see Troy taken. The prospect thickens: there are certainly above twelve thousand men at the Isle of Rhé; some say twenty thousand. An express was yesterday dispatched to Ireland, where it is supposed the storm will burst; but unless our fleet can disappoint the embarkation, I don't see what service the notification can do: we have quite disgarnished that kingdom of troops; and if they once land, ten thousand men may walk from one end of the island to the other. It begins to be thought that the King will not go abroad: that he cannot, everybody has long thought. You will be entertained with a prophecy which my Lord Chesterfield has found in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, which clearly promises us

victory over the French, and expressly relates to this war, as it mentions the two countries (Nova Scotia and Acadia) which are the point in dispute. You will have no difficulty in allowing that *mounseer* is typical enough of France: except Cyrus, who is the only heathen prince mentioned by his right name, and that before he had any name, I know no power so expressly described.

"2. Son of man, set thy face against *Mount Seir*, and prophesy against it. 3. And say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, *O Mount Seir*, I am against thee; and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. 4. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, &c. 10. Because thou hast said, These two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it."

I am disposed to put great trust in this prediction; for I know few things more in our favour. You will ask me naturally, what is to become of you? Are you to be left to all the chance of war, the uncertainty of packets, the difficulty of remittance, the increase of prices?—My dear Sir, do you take me for a prime minister, who acquaints the *states* that they are in damned danger, when it is about a day too late? Or shall I order my *chancellor* to assure you, that this is numerically the very day on which it is fit to give such notification, and that a day sooner or a day later would be improper?—But not to trifle politically with you, your redemption is nearer than you think for, though not complete: the terms a little depend upon yourself. You must send me an account, strictly and upon your honour, what your debts are: as there is no possibility for the present but of compounding them, I put my friendship upon it, that you answer me sincerely. Should you, upon the hopes of facilitating your return, not deal ingenuously with me, which I will not suspect, it would occasion what I hope will never happen. Some overtures are going to be made to Miss * * * *, to ward off impediments from her. In short, though I cannot explain any of the means, your fortune wears another face; and if you send me immediately, upon your honour, a faithful account of what I ask, no time will be lost to labour your return, which

I wish so much, and of which I have said so little lately, as I have had better hopes of it. Don't joke with me upon this head, as you sometimes do: be explicit, be open in the most unbounded manner, and deal like a man of sense with a heart that deserves you should have no disguises to it. You know me and my style: when I engage earnestly as I do in this business, I can't bear not to be treated in my own way.

Sir Charles Williams is made ambassador to Russia; which concludes all I know. But at such a period two days may produce much, and I shall not send away my letter till I am in town on Tuesday. Good night!

Thursday, 17th.

All the officers on the Irish establishment are ordered over thither immediately: Lord Hartington has offered to go directly,[1] and sets out with Mr. Conway this day se'nnight. The journey to Hanover is positive: what if there should be a crossing-over and figuring-in of kings? I know who don't think all this very serious; so that, if you have a mind to be in great spirits, you may quote Lord Hertford. He went to visit the Duchess of Bedford t'other morning, just after Lord Anson had been there and told her his opinion. She asked Lord Hertford what news? He knew none. "Don't you hear there will be certainly war?" "No, Madam: I saw Mr. Nugent yesterday, and he did not tell me any thing of it." She replied, "I have just seen a man who must know, and who thinks it unavoidable." "Nay, Madam, perhaps it may: *I don't think a little war would do us any harm.*" Just as if he had said, losing a little blood in spring is very wholesome; or that a little hissing would not do the Mingotti any harm!

I went t'other morning to see the sale of Mr. Pelham's plate, with George Selwyn—"Lord!" says he, "how many toads have been eaten off those plates!" Adieu! I flatter myself that this will be a comfortable letter to you: but I must repeat, that I expect a very serious answer, and very sober resolutions. If I treat you like a child, consider you have been so. I know I am in the right—more delicacy would appear kinder, without being so kind. As I wish and

[1] As viceroy.

intend to restore and establish your happiness, I shall go thoroughly to work. You don't want an apothecary, but a surgeon — but I shall give you over at once, if you are either froward or relapse. Yours till then.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR brother and Mr. Chute have just left me in the design of writing to you; that is, I promised your brother I would, if I could make out a letter. I have waited these ten days, expecting to be able to send you a war at least, if not an invasion. For so long, we have been persuaded that an attempt would be made on Ireland; we have fetched almost all the troops from thence; and *therefore* we have just now ordered all the officers thither, and the new Lord Lieutenant is going, to see if he has any government left: *the old Lord Lieutenant of England* goes on Sunday, to see whether he has any Electorate left. Your brother says, he hears to-day that the French fleet are sailed for America: I doubt it; and that the New-Englanders have been forming a secret expedition, and by this time have taken Cape Breton again, or something very considerable. I remember when the former account came of that conquest, I was stopped in my chariot, and told, "*Cape Breton* is taken." I thought the person said, "*Great Britain* is taken." "Oh!" said I, "I am not at all surprised at that; drive on, coachman." If you should hear that the Pretender and the *Pretendée* have crossed over and figured in, shall you be much more surprised?

Mr. Chute and I have been motto-hunting[1] for you, but we have had no sport. The sentence that puns the best upon your name, and suits the best with your nature, is too old, too common, and belongs already to the Talbots, *Humani nihil alienum.* The motto that punning upon your name suits best with your public character, is the most heterogenous to your

[1] It was necessary for him to have a motto to his arms, as a baronet.

private, *Homo Homini Lupus*—forgive my puns, I hate them; but it shows you how I have been puzzled, and how little I have succeeded.

If I could pity Stosch, it would be for the edict by which Richcourt incorporates his collection—but when he is too worthless to be pitied living, can one feel for a hardship that is not to happen to him till he is dead? How ready I should be to quarrel with the Count for such a law, if I was driving to Louis,[1] at the Palazzo Vecchio!

Adieu! my dear child; I am sensible that this is a very scrap of a letter; but unless the Kings of England and France will take more care to supply our correspondence, and not be so dilatory, is it my fault that I am so concise? Sure, if they knew how much postage they lost, by not supplying us with materials for letters, they would not mind flinging away eight or ten thousand men every fortnight.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 24, 1755.

I DON'T doubt but you will conclude that this letter, written so soon after my last, comes to notify a great sea-victory, or defeat; or that the French are landed in Ireland, and have taken and fortified Cork; that they have been joined by all the wild Irish, who have proclaimed the Pretender, and are charmed with the prospect of being governed by a true descendant of the Mac-na-O's; or that the King of Prussia, like an unnatural nephew, has seized his uncle and Schutz in a post-chaise, and obliged them to hear the rehearsal of a French opera of his own composing—No such thing! If you will be guessing, you will guess wrong—all I mean to tell you is, that thirteen gold fish, caparisoned in coats of mail, as rich as if Mademoiselle Scuderi had invented their armour, embarked last Friday on a secret expedition; which, as Mr. Weekes[2] and the wisest politicians of Twickenham concluded,

[1] Louis Siriez, a French goldsmith at Florence, who sold curiosities, and lodged in the old palace at Florence.

[2] A carpenter at Twickenham, employed by Mr. Walpole.

was designed against the island of Jersey—but to their consummate mortification, Captain Chevalier is detained by a law-suit, and the poor Chinese adventurers are now frying under deck below bridge.—In short, if your governor is to have any gold fish, you must come and manage their transport yourself. Did you receive my last letter? If you did, you will not think it impossible that you should preside at such an embarkation.

The war is quite gone out of fashion, and seems adjourned to America: though I am disappointed, I am not surprised. You know my despair about this eventless age! How pleasant to have lived in times when one could have been sure every week of being able to write such a paragraph as this!—"We hear that the *Christians* who were on their voyage for the recovery of the Holy Land, have been massacred in Cyprus by the natives, who were provoked at a rape and murder committed in a church by some young noblemen belonging to the Nuncio"——; or—"Private letters from Rome attribute the death of his Holiness to poison, which they pretend was given to him in the sacrament, by the Cardinal of St. Cecilia, whose mistress he had debauched. The same letters add, that this Cardinal stands the fairest for succeeding to the Papal tiara; though a natural son of the late Pope is supported by the whole interest of Arragon and Naples."—Well! since neither the Pope nor the most Christian King will play the devil, I must condescend to tell you flippancies of less dignity. There is a young Frenchman here, called Monsieur Herault. Lady Harrington carried him and his governor to sup with her and Miss Ashe at a tavern t'other night. I have long said that the French were relapsed into barbarity, and quite ignorant of the world.—You shall judge: in the first place, the young man was bashful: in the next, the governor, so ignorant as not to have heard of women of fashion carrying men to a tavern, thought it incumbent upon him *to do the honours* for his pupil, who was as modest and as much in a state of nature as the ladies themselves, and hazarded some familiarities with Lady Harrington. The consequence was, that the next morning she sent a card to both, to desire they would not come to her ball that evening, to

which she had invited them, and to beg the favour of them never to come into her house again. Adieu! I am prodigal of my letters, as I hope not to write you many more.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 4, as they call it, but the weather and the almanack of my feelings affirm it is December.

I WILL answer your questions as well as I can, though I must do it shortly, for I write in a sort of hurry. Osborn could not find Lord Cutts,[1] but I have discovered another, in an auction, for which I shall bid for you. Mr. Müntz has been at Strawberry these three weeks, tight at work, so your picture is little advanced, but as soon as he returns it shall be finished. I have chosen the marbles for your tomb; but you told me you had agreed on the price, which your steward now says I was to settle. Mr. Bentley still waits the conclusion of the session, before he can come amongst us again. Every thing has passed with great secrecy: one would think the devil was afraid of being tried for his life, for he has not even directed Madame Bentley to the Old Bailey. Mr. Mann does not mend, but how should he in such weather?

We wait with impatience for news from Minorca. Here is a Prince of Nassau Welbourg, who wants to marry Princess Caroline of Orange: he is well-looking enough, but a little too tame to cope with such blood. He is established at the Duke of Richmond's, with a large train, for two months. He was last night at a great ball at my Lady Townshend's, whose Audrey will certainly get Lord George Lenox.[2] George Selwyn t'other night, seeing Lady Euston with Lady Petersham, said, "There's my Lady Euston, and my Lady *us'd to't*." Adieu!

[1] Sir John, created Lord Cutts of Gowran in 1690, distinguished himself at the siege of Buda: he accompanied King William to England, was made a lieutenant-general, and died without issue in 1707. Sir Richard Steele dedicated to him his "Christian Hero." Lord Cutts married Mr. Montagu's grandmother; he was her third husband.—E.

[2] Lord George Lenox married Lady Louisa Ker, daughter of the Marquis of Lothian. Audrey married Captain Orme.—E.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 6, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

Do you get my letters? or do I write only for the entertainment of the clerks of the post-office? I have not heard from you this month! It will be very unlucky if my last to you has miscarried, as it required an answer, of importance to you, and very necessary to my satisfaction.

I told you of Lord Poulet's intended motion. He then repented, and wrote to my Lady Yarmouth and Mr. Fox to mediate his pardon. Not contented with his reception, he determined to renew his intention. Sir Cordell Firebrace[1] took it up, and intended to move the same address in the Commons, but was prevented by a sudden adjournment. However, the last day but one of the session, Lord Poulet read his motion, which was a speech. My Lord Chesterfield (who of all men living seemed to have no business to defend the Duke of Newcastle after much the same sort of ill usage) said the motion was improper, and moved to adjourn.[2] T'other Earl said, "Then pray, my Lords, what is to become of my motion?" The House burst out a-laughing: he divided it, but was single. He then advertised his papers as lost. Legge, in his punning style, said, "My Lord Poulet has had a stroke of an apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion." It is now printed; but not having succeeded in prose, he is turned poet—you may guess how good!

[1] Member for the county of Suffolk. He died in 1759.—E.

[2] "It was," writes Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles, on the 2nd of May, "an indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved for the House to adjourn. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the King, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have; for that I am to have one, they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step, without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear; I have nothing to ask; and there is nothing that I can or will have."—E.

The Duke[1] is at the head of the Regency—you may guess if we are afraid! Both fleets are sailed. The night the King went, there was a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House. The Duke was there: he was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said, he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both. In the dessert was a model of Walton Bridge in glass. Yesterday I gave a great breakfast at Strawberry Hill to the Bedford court. There were the Duke and Duchess, Lord Tavistock and Lady Caroline, my Lord and Lady Gower, Lady Caroline Egerton, Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt,[2] Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveson,[3] and Colonel Sebright. The first thing I asked Harry was, "Does the sun shine?" It did; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, understand it; but I think the flattery of yesterday was sincere; I judge by the notice the Duchess took of your drawings. Oh! how you will think the shades of Strawberry extended! Do you observe the tone of satisfaction with which I say this, as thinking it near? Mrs. Pitt brought her French horns: we placed them in the corner of the wood, and it was delightful. Poyang has great custom: I have lately given Count Perron some gold fish, which he has carried in his post-chaise to Turin: he has already carried some before. The Russian minister has asked me for some too, but I doubt their succeeding there; unless, according to the universality of my system, every thing is to be found out at last, and practised everywhere.

I have got a new book that will divert you, called *Anecdotes Littéraires:* it is a collection of stories and *bons-mots* of all the French writers; but so many of their *bons-mots* are impertinences, follies, and vanities, that I have blotted out the title, and written *Misères des Sçavants.* It is a triumph for the

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] Wife of George Pitt of Strathfieldsaye, and daughter of Sir Henry Atkins.—E.

[3] The Honourable Baptist Leveson, youngest son of the first Lord Gower.

ignorant. Gray says, very justly, that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity; and you know, I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more merit in having travelled one's eyes over so many reams of papers, than in having carried one's legs over so many acres of ground? Adieu, my dear Sir! Pray don't be taken prisoner to France, just when you are expected at Strawberry!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1755.

It is very satisfactory to me, to hear that Miss Montagu was pleased with the day she passed at Strawberry Hill; but does not it silently reproach you, who will never see it but in winter? Does she not assure you that there are leaves, and flowers, and verdure? And why will you not believe, that with those additions it might look pretty, and might make you some small amends for a day or two purloined from Greatworth? I wish you would visit it when in its beauty, and while it is mine! You will not, I flatter myself, like it so well when it belongs to the *Intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle-shell walk is made across the lawn, and every thing without doors is made regular, and every thing *riant* and modern; for this must be its fate! Whether its next master is already on board the Brest fleet, I do not pretend to say; but I scarce think it worth my while to dispose of it by my will, as I have some apprehensions of living to see it granted away *de par le Roy*. My Lady Hervey dined there yesterday with the Rochfords. I told her, that as she is just going to France, I was unwilling to let her see it, for if she should like it, she would desire Mademoiselle, with whom she lives, to beg it for her. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 19.

It is on the stroke of eleven, and I have but time to tell you, that the King of Prussia has gained the greatest victory[1] that ever was, except the Archangel Michael's—King Frederick has only demolished the dragoness. He attacked her army in a strong camp on the 6th; suffered in the beginning of the action much, but took it, with all the tents, baggage, &c. &c. two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, six thousand prisoners, and, they say, Prague since. The Austrians have not stopped yet; if you see any man scamper by your house, you may venture to lay hold on him, though he should be a Pandour. Marshal Schwerin was killed. Good night!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1755.

Mr. Müntz[2] is arrived. I am sorry I can by no means give any commendation to the hasty step you took about him. Ten guineas were a great deal too much to advance to him, and must raise expectations in him that will not at all answer. You have entered into no written engagement with him, nor even sent me his receipt for the money. My good Sir, is this the sample you give me of the prudence and providence you have learned? I don't love to enter into the particulars of my own affairs; I will only tell you in one word, that they require great management. My endeavours are all employed to serve you; don't, I beg, give me reasons to apprehend that they will be thrown away. It is much in obscurity, whether I shall be able to accomplish your re-establishment; but I shall go on with great discouragement, if I cannot promise myself that you will be a very different person after your re-

[1] On the banks of the Moldaw near Prague.

[2] Mr. Walpole had invited Mr. Müntz from Jersey, and he lived for some time at Strawberry Hill.

turn. I shall never have it in my power to do twice what I am now doing for you; and I choose to say the worst beforehand, rather than to reprove you for indolence and thoughtlessness hereafter, when it may be too late. Excuse my being so serious, but I find it is necessary.

You are not displeased with me, I know, even when I pout: you see I am not quite in good-humour with you, and I don't disguise it; but I have done scolding you for this time. Indeed, I might as well continue it; for I have nothing else to talk of but Strawberry, and of that subject you must be well wearied. I believe she alluded to my disposition to *pout*, rather than meant to compliment me, when my Lady Townshend said to somebody t'other day, who told her how well Mrs. Leneve was, and in spirits, "Oh! she must be in spirits: why, she lives with Mr. Walpole, who is spirit of hartshorn!"

Princess Emily has been here: — Liked it? — Oh no! — I don't wonder; I never liked St. James's. She was so inquisitive and so curious in prying into the very offices and servants' rooms, that her Captain Bateman was sensible of it, and begged Catherine not to mention it. He addressed himself well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whispered to all the reeds, "Lord! that a princess should be such a gossip!" In short, Strawberry Hill is the puppet-show of the times.

I have lately bought two more portraits of personages in Grammont, Harry Jermyn[1] and Chiffinch[2]: my Arlington Street is so full of portraits, that I shall scarce find room for Mr. Müntz's works.

Wednesday, 11th.

I was prevented from finishing my letter yesterday, by what do you think? By no less magnificent a circumstance than a deluge. We have had an extraordinary drought, no grass, no leaves, no flowers; not a white rose for the festival of

[1] Youngest son of Thomas, elder brother of the Earl of St. Albans. He was created Baron Dover in 1685, and died without issue in 1708.—E.

[2] One of Charles the Second's confidential pages.—E.

yesterday![1] About four arrived such a flood, that we could not see out of the windows: the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat: presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty blue bedchamber, passed through ceilings and floors into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and *speech-gates*. I had but just time to collect two dogs, a couple of sheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold fish; for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland has fared still worse: it never came into my head before, that a rainbow-office for insuring against water might be very necessary. This is a true account of the late deluge.

Witness our hands,

HORACE NOAH.
CATHERINE NOAH, her ⋈ mark.
HENRY SHEM.
LOUIS JAPHET.
PETER HAM, &c.

I was going to seal my letter, and thought I should scarce have anything more important to tell you than the history of the flood, when a most extraordinary piece of news indeed arrived — nothing less than a new gunpowder plot — last Monday was to be the fatal day. There was a ball at Kew — Vanneschi and his son, directors of the Opera, two English lords, and two Scotch lords, are in confinement at Justice Fielding's. This is exactly all I know of the matter; and this weighty intelligence is brought by the waterman from my housemaid in Arlington Street, who sent Harry word that the town is in an uproar; and to confirm it, the waterman says he heard the same thing at Hungerford-stairs. I took the liberty to represent to Harry, that the ball at Kew was this

[1] The Pretender's birthday.

day se'nnight for the Prince's birthday; that, as the Duke was at it, I imagined the Scotch lords would rather have chosen that day for the execution of their tragedy; that I believed Vanneschi's son was a child; and that peers are generally confined at the Tower, not at Justice Fielding's; besides, that we are much nearer to Kew than Hungerford-stairs are: but Harry, who has not at all recovered the deluge, is extremely disposed to think Vanneschi very like Guy Fawkes; and is so persuaded that so dreadful a story could *not* be invented, that I have been forced to believe it too: and in the course of our reasoning and guessing, I told him, that though I could not fix upon all four, I was persuaded that the late Lord Lovat who was beheaded must be one of the Scotch peers, and Lord Anson's son, who is not begot, one of the English. I was afraid he would think I treated so serious a business too ludicrously, if I had hinted at the scene of distressed friendship that would be occasioned by Lord Hardwicke's examining his intimate Vanneschi. Adieu! my dear Sir. Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, and Lord and Lady Kildare, are to dine here to-day; and if they tell Harry or me any more of the plot, you shall know it.

Wednesday night.

Well, now for the plot: thus much is true. A laundry-maid of the Duchess of Marlborough, passing by the Cocoa-tree, saw two gentlemen go in there, one of whom dropped a letter; it was directed *to you.* She opened it. It was very obscure, talked of designs at Kew miscarried, of new methods to be taken; and as this way of correspondence had been repeated too often, another must be followed; and it told *you* that the next letter to him should be in a bandbox at such a house in the Haymarket. The Duchess concluded it related to a gang of street-robbers, and sent it to Fielding. He sent to the house named, and did find a box and a letter, which, though obscure, had treason enough in it. It talked of a design at Kew miscarried; that the Opera was now the only place, and consequently the scheme must be deferred till next season, especially as *a certain person* is abroad. For the other great person (the Duke), they are sure of him at

any time. There was some indirect mention, too, of gunpowder. Vanneschi and others have been apprehended; but a conclusion was made, that it was a malicious design against the lord high treasurer of the Opera and his administration, and so they have been dismissed. Macnamara,[1] I suppose you Jerseyans know, is returned with his fleet to Brest, leaving the transports sailing to America. Lord Thanet and Mr. Stanley are just gone to Paris, I believe to inquire after the war.

The weather has been very bad for showing Strawberry to the Kildares; we have not been able to stir out of doors; but, to make me amends, I have discovered that Lady Kildare is a true Sévignist. You know what pleasure I have in any increase of our sect; I thought she grew handsomer than ever as she talked with devotion of *Notre Dame des Rochers.* Adieu! my dear Sir.

P. S. Tell me if you receive this; for in these gunpowder times, to be sure, the clerks of the post-office are peculiarly alert.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your two letters relating to the Countess,[2] and wish you joy, since she will establish herself at Florence, that you are so well with her; but I could not help smiling at the goodness of your heart and your zeal for us: the moment she spared us, you gave *tête baissée* into all her histories against Mr. Shirley: his friends say, that there was a little slight-of-hand in her securing the absolute possession of her own fortune; it was very prudent, at least, if not quite sentimental. You should be at least as little the dupe of her affection for her son; the only proof of fondness she has ever given for him, has been expressing great concern at his wanting taste for Greek and Latin. Indeed, he has not much

[1] The French admiral.

[2] The Countess of Orford.

encouraged maternal yearnings in her: I should have thought him shocked at the chronicle of her life if he ever felt any impressions. But to speak freely to you, my dear Sir, he is the most particular young man I ever saw. No man ever felt such a disposition to love another as I did to love him: I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house; at least, not let it totally sink; but I am forced to give him up, and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you, if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming; he has more of the easy, genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw: though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable: he has a good-breeding and attention when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish —but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world, are nothing to him — he would not give himself the least trouble in the world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction; yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body — his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment and hush any complaint — I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business: engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world, without being the least interested: he loves nobody but himself, yet neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but was scarce decent to his rich old grandmother, when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has — none but of parade; he drinks without inclination — makes love without inclination — games without attention; is immeasurably obstinate, yet, like obstinate people, governed as a child. In short, it is impossible not to love him when one sees him; impossible to esteem him when one thinks on him!

Mr. Chute has found you a very pretty motto; it alludes to the goats in your arms, and not a little to you: *per ardua*

stabilis. All your friends approve it, and it is actually engraving.

You are not all more in the dark about the war than we are even here: Macnamara has been returned some time to Brest with his fleet, having left the transports to be swallowed up by Boscawen, as we do not doubt but they will be. Great armaments continue to be making in all the ports of England and France, and, as we expect next month accounts of great attempts made by our colonies, we think war unavoidable, notwithstanding both nations are averse to it. The French have certainly overshot themselves; we took it upon a higher style than they expected, or than has been our custom. The spirit and expedition with which we have equipped so magnificent a navy has surprised them, and does exceeding honour to my Lord Anson, who has breathed new life into our affairs. The minister himself has retained little or none of his brother's and of his own pusillanimity; and as the Duke[1] is got into the Regency, you may imagine our land-spirit will not be unquickened neither.

This is our situation; actual news there is none. All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets; Anglicè*, one-horse chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child:[2] they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, every thing is to be *en cabriolet;* the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women, who have gone all the winter without anything on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises. Adieu! my dear Sir.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.
[2] Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1755.

You vex me exceedingly. I beg, if it is not too late, that you would not send me these two new quarries of granite; I had rather pay the original price and leave them where they are, than be encumbered with them. My house is already a stone-cutter's shop, nor do I know what to do with what I have got. But this is not what vexes me, but your desiring me to traffic with Carter, and showing me that you are still open to any visionary project! Do you think I can turn broker and factor, and I don't know what? And at your time of life, do you expect to make a fortune by becoming a granite-merchant? There must be great demand for a commodity that costs a guinea a foot, and a month an inch to polish! You send me no drawings, for which you know I should thank you infinitely, and are hunting for everything that I would thank you for letting alone. In short, my dear Sir, I am determined never to be a projector, nor to deal with projects. If you will still pursue them, I must beg you will not only not employ me in them, but not even let me know that you employ anybody else. If you will not be content with my plain, rational way of serving you, I can do no better, nor can I joke upon it. I can combat any difficulties for your service but those of your own raising. Not to talk any more crossly, and to prevent, if I can, for the future, any more of these expostulations, I must tell you plainly, that with regard to my own circumstances, I generally drive to a penny, and have no money to spare for visions. I do and am doing all I can for you; and let me desire you once for all, not to send me any more persons or things without asking my consent, and staying till you receive it. I cannot help adding to the chapter of complaint * * * * * * *

These, my dear Sir, are the imprudent difficulties you draw me into, and which almost discourage me from proceeding in your business. If you anticipate your revenue, even while in Jersey, and build castles in the air before you have re-

passed the sea, can I expect that you will be a better œconomist either of your fortune or your prudence here? I beg you will preserve this letter, ungracious as it is, because I hope it will serve to prevent my writing any more such.

Now to Mr. Müntz: — Hitherto he answers all you promised and vowed for him: he is very modest, humble, and reasonable; and has seen so much, and knows so much, of countries and languages that I am not likely to be soon tired of him. His drawings are very pretty: he has done two views of Strawberry that please me extremely; his landscape and trees are much better than I expected. His next work is to be a large picture from your Mabland for Mr. Chute, who is much content with him: he goes to the Vine in a fortnight or three weeks. We came from thence the day before yesterday. I have drawn up an *inventionary* of all I propose he should do there; the computation goes a little beyond five thousand pounds; but he does not go half so fast as my impatience demands: he is so reasonable, and will think of dying, and of the gout, and of twenty disagreeable things that one must do and have, that he takes no joy in planting and future views, but distresses all my rapidity of schemes. Last week we were at my sister's, at Chaffont in Buckinghamshire, to see what we could make of it; but it wants so much of everything, and would require so much more than an inventionary of five thousand pounds, that we decided nothing, except that Mr. Chute has designed the prettiest house in the world for them. We went to see the objects of the neighbourhood, Bulstrode and Latimers. The former is a melancholy monument of Dutch magnificence: however, there is a brave gallery of old pictures, and a chapel with two fine windows of modern painted-glass. The ceiling was formerly decorated with the assumption, or rather *presumption*, of Chancellor Jeffries, to whom it belonged; but a very judicious fire hurried him somewhere else. Latimers belongs to Mrs. Cavendish. I have lived there formerly with Mr. Conway, but it is much improved since; yet the river stops short at an hundred yards just under your eye, and the house has undergone Batty Langley discipline: half the ornaments are

of his bastard Gothic, and half of Hallet's mongrel Chinese. I want to write over the doors of most modern edifices, "Repaired and beautified; Langley and Hallet churchwardens." The great dining-room is hung with the paper of my staircase, but not shaded properly like mine. I was much more charmed lately at a visit I made to the Cardigans at Blackheath. Would you believe that I had never been in Greenwich Park? I never had, and am transported! Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminished rays. Yet nothing is equal to the fashion of this village: Mr. Müntz says we have more coaches than there are in half France. Mrs. Pritchard has bought Ragman's Castle, for which my Lord Litchfield could not agree. We shall be as celebrated as Baiæ or Tivoli; and, if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people: Clive and Pritchard, actresses; Scott and Hudson, painters; my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H * * *, the impudent lawyer, that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead, the poet — and Cambridge, the every thing. Adieu! my dear Sir — I know not one syllable of news.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1755.

Our correspondence will revive: the war is begun. I cannot refer you to the Gazette, for it is so prudent and so afraid that Europe should say we began first, (and unless the Gazette tell, how should Europe know?) that it tells nothing at all. The case was; Captain Howe and Captain Andrews lay in a great fog that lasted near fifty hours within speech of three French ships and within sight of nine more. The commandant asked if it was war or peace? Howe replied he must wait for his admiral's signal, but advised the Frenchman to prepare for war. Immediately Boscawen gave the signal, and Howe attacked. The French, who lost one hundred and thirty men to our thirteen, soon struck; we took one large ship, one inconsiderable, and seven thousand pounds: the

third ship escaped in the fog. Boscawen detained the express ten days in hopes of more success; but the rest of our *new* enemies are all got safe into the river of Louisbourg. This is a great disappointment! We expect a declaration of war with the first fair wind. Make the most of your friendship with Count Lorenzi,[1] while you may.

I have received the cargo of letters and give you many thanks; but have not yet seen Mr. Brand; having been in the country while he was in town.

Your brother has received and sent you a dozen double prints of my eagle, which I have had engraved. I could not expect that any drawing could give a full idea of the noble spirit of the head, or of the masterly tumble of the feathers: but I think upon the whole the plates are not ill done. Let me beg Dr. Cocchi to accept one of each plate; the rest, my dear Sir, you will give away as you please.

Mr. Chute is such an idle wretch, that you will not wonder I am his secretary for a commission. At the Vine is the most heavenly chapel[2] in the world; it only wants a few pictures to give it a true Catholic air—we are so conscious of the goodness of our Protestantism, that we do not care how things look. If you can pick us up a tolerable Last Supper, or can have one copied tolerably and very cheap, we will say many a mass for the repose of your head-aches. The dimensions are, three feet eleven inches and three quarters wide, by two feet eight inches and a half high. Take notice of two essential ingredients; it must be cheap, and the colouring must be very light, for it will hang directly under the window.

I beg you will nurse yourself up to great strength; consider what German generals and English commodores you are again going to have to govern! On my side, not a Pretender shall land, nor a rebellion be committed, but you shall have timely notice. Adieu!

[1] A Florentine, but minister of France to the Great Duke.

[2] At Mr. Chute's seat of the Vine, in Hampshire, is a chapel built by Lord Sandys of the Vine, lord chamberlain to Henry VIII. In the painted glass windows, which were taken at Boulogne in that reign, are portraits of Francis I, his Queen, and sister.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

To be sure, war is a dreadful calamity, &c.! But then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters and writing history; and as one did not contribute to make it, why there is no harm in being a little amused with looking on; and if one can but keep the Pretender on t'other side Derby, and keep Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill from being carried to Paris, I know nobody that would do more to promote peace, or that will bear the want of it, with a better grace than myself. If I don't send you an actual declaration of war in this letter, at least you perceive I am the harbinger of it. An account arrived yesterday morning that Boscawen had missed the French fleet, who are got into Cape Breton; but two of his captains[1] attacked three of their squadron and have taken two, with scarce any loss. This is the third time one of the French captains has been taken by Boscawen.

Mr. Conway is arrived from Ireland, where the triumphant party are what parties in that situation generally are, unreasonable and presumptuous. They will come into no terms without a stipulation that the Primate[2] shall not be in the Regency. This is a bitter pill to digest, but must not it be swallowed? Have we heads to manage a French war and an Irish civil war too?

There are little domestic news. If you insist upon some, why, I believe I could persuade somebody or other to hang themselves; but that is scarce an article uncommon enough to send cross the sea. For example, the rich * * *, whose brother died of the smallpox a year ago, and left him four

[1] The two captains were the Honourable Captain Richard Howe of the Dunkirk, and Captain Andrews of the Defiance, who, on the 10th of June, off Cape Race, the southernmost part of Newfoundland, fell in with three men-of-war, part of the French fleet, commanded by M. Bois de la Motte; and, after a very severe engagement of five hours, succeeded in capturing the Alcide of sixty-four guns, and the Lys of sixty-four.—E.

[2] Dr. Stone.

hundred thousand pounds, had a fit of the gout last week, and shot himself. I only begin to be afraid that it should grow as necessary to shoot one's self here, as it is to go into the army in France. Sir Robert Browne has lost his last daughter, to whom he could have given eight thousand pounds a-year. When I tell these riches and madnesses to Mr. Müntz, he stares so, that I sometimes fear he thinks I mean to impose on him. It is cruel to a person who collects the follies of the age for the information of posterity to have one's veracity doubted; it is the truth of them that makes them worth notice. Charles Townshend marries the great dowager Dalkeith:[1] his parts and presumption are prodigious. He wanted nothing but independence to let him loose: I propose great entertainment from him; and now, perhaps, the times will admit it. There may be such things again as parties — odd evolutions happen. The ballad I am going to transcribe for you is a very good comment on so common-place a text. My Lord Bath, who was brought hither by my Lady Hervey's and Billy Bristow's reports of the charms of the place, has made the following stanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Doddington's Mrs. Strawbridge:—

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick-house
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

II.

Though Surry boasts its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so jim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;

[1] Eldest daughter and co-heiress of the great Duke of Argyle, and widow of the Earl of Dalkeith.—E.

For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the Craftsman[1] should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the Craftsman should write a panegyric on a house of mine?

I dined yesterday at Wanstead: many years have passed since I saw it. The disposition of the house and the prospect are better than I expected, and very fine: the garden, which they tell you cost as much as the house, that is, 100,000*l.* (don't tell Mr. Müntz) is wretched; the furniture fine, but totally without taste: such continences and incontinences of Scipio and Alexander, by I don't know whom! such flame-coloured gods and goddesses, by Kent! such family-pieces, by —I believe the late Earl himself, for they are as ugly as the children that he really begot! The whole great apartment is of oak, finely carved, unpainted, and has a charming effect.[2] The present Earl is the most generous creature in the world: in the first chamber I entered he offered me four marble tables that lay in cases about the room: I compounded, after forty refusals of every thing I commended, to bring away only a haunch of venison: I believe he has not had so cheap a visit a good while. I commend myself, as I ought; for, to be sure, there were twenty ebony chairs, and a couch, and a table, and a glass, that would have tried the virtue of a philosopher of double my size! After dinner we dragged a gold-fish pond[3]

[1] Franklin, who occupied the cottage in the enclosure which Mr. Walpole afterwards called the Flower-garden at Strawberry Hill. When he bought the ground on which this tenement stood, he allowed Franklin to continue to occupy it during his life.

[2] Arthur Young, in his "Six Weeks' Tour," gives the following description of Wanstead: "It is one of the noblest houses in England. The magnificence of having four state bed-chambers, with complete apartments to them, and the ball-room, are superior to anything of the kind in Houghton, Holkham, Blenheim, and Wilton: but each of these houses is superior to this in other particulars; and, to form a complete palace, something must be taken from all."—E.

[3] Evelyn, who visited Wanstead, March 16, 1682-3, says, "I went to see Sir Josiah Child's prodigious cost in planting walnut-trees about his

for my Lady Fitzroy and Lord S. I could not help telling my Lord Tilney, that they would certainly burn the poor fish for the gold, like old lace. There arrived a Marquis St. Simon, from Paris, who understands English, and who has seen your book of designs for Gray's Odes: he was much pleased at meeting me, to whom the individual cat[1] belonged, and you may judge whether I was pleased with him. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

Having done with building and planting, I have taken to farming; the first fruits of my proficience in that science I offer to you, and have taken the liberty to send you a couple of cheeses. If you will give yourself the trouble to inquire at Brackley for the coach, which set out this morning, you will receive a box and a roll of paper. The latter does not contain a cheese, only a receipt for making them. We have taken so little of the French fleet, that I fear none of it will come to my share, or I would have sent you part of the spoils. I have nothing more to send you, but a new ballad, which my Lord Bath has made on this place; you remember the old burden of it, and the last lines allude to Billy Bristow's having fallen in love with it.

I am a little pleased to send you this, to show you, that in summer we are a little pretty, though you will never look at us but in our ugliness. My best compliments to Miss Montagu, and my service to whatever baronet breakfasts with you

seat, and making fish-ponds many miles in circuit, in Epping Forest, in a barren spot, as oftentimes these suddenly monied men for the most part seat themselves. He, from a merchant's apprentice, and management of the East India Company's stock, being arrived to an estate ('tis said) of 200,000*l.*; and lately married his daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, late Marquis of Worcester, with 50,000*l.* portional present, and various expectations."

[1] Walpole's favourite cat Selima, on the death of which, by falling into a china tub with gold fishes in it, Gray wrote an Ode. After the death of the poet, Walpole placed the china vase on a pedestal at Strawberry Hill, with a few lines of the Ode written for its inscription.—E.

on *negus*. Have you heard that poor Lady Browne is so unfortunate as to have lost her last daughter; and that Mrs. Barnett is so lucky as to have lost her mother-in-law, and is Baroness Dacre of the South? I met the great Cû t'other day, and he asked me if I ever heard from you; that he never did: I told him that I did not neither; did not I say true?

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1755.

Who would not turn farmer, when their very first essay turns to so good account? Seriously, I am quite pleased with the success of my mystery, and infinitely obliged to you for the kind things you say about my picture. You must thank Mrs. Whetenhall, too, for her prepossession about my cheeses; I fear a real manufacturer of milk at Strawberry Hill would not have answered quite so well as our old commodities of paint and copper-plates.

I am happy for the recovery of Miss Montagu, and the tranquillity you must feel after so terrible a season of apprehension. Make my compliments to her, and if you can be honest on so tender a topic, tell her, that she will always be in danger, while you shut her up in Northamptonshire, and that with her delicate constitution she ought to live nearer friends and help; and I know of no spot so healthy or convenient for both, as the county of Twicks.

Charles Townshend is to be married next month: as the lady had a very bad husband before, she has chosen prudently, and has settled herself in a family of the best sort of people in the world, who will think of nothing but making her happy. I don't know whether the bridegroom won't be afraid of getting her any more children, lest it should prejudice those she has already! they are a wonderful set of people for good-natured considerations!

You know, to be sure, that Mr. Humberston[1] is dead, and

[1] Member for Brackley.—E.

your neighbouring Brackley likely to return under the dominion of its old masters. Lady Dysart[1] is dead too.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine. Your poor Cliquetis is still a banished man. I have a scheme for bringing him back, but can get Mrs. Tisiphone into no kind of terms, and without tying her up from running him into new debts, it is in vain to recover him.

I believe the declaration of war has been stopped at the Custom-house, for one hears nothing of it. You see I am very paragraphical, and in reality have nothing to say; so good night! Yours ever.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 4, 1755, between 11 and 12 at night.

I CAME from London to-day, and am just come from supping at Mrs. Clive's, to write to you by the fire-side. We have been exceedingly troubled for some time with St. Swithin's diabetes, and have not a dry thread in any walk about us. I am not apt to complain of this malady, nor do I: it keeps us green at present, and will make our shades very thick, against we are fourscore, and fit to enjoy them. I brought with me your two letters of July 30 and August 1; a sight I have not seen a long time!—But, my dear Sir, you have been hurt at my late letters. Do let me say thus much in excuse for myself. You know how much I value, and what real and great satisfaction I have in your drawings. Instead of pleasing me with so little trouble to yourself, do you think it was no mortification to receive every thing but your drawings? to find you full of projects, and, I will not say, with some imprudences? —But I have done on this subject—my friendship will always be the same for you; it will only act with more or less cheerfulness, as you use your common sense, or your disposition to chimerical schemes and carelessness. To give you all the present satisfaction in my power, I will tell you * * * * * *

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Granville.

I think your good-nature means to reproach me with having dropped any hint of finding amusement in contemplating a war. When one would not do any thing to promote it, when one would do any thing to put a period to it, when one is too insignificant to contribute to either, I must own I see no blame in thinking an active age more agreeable to live in, than a soporific one.—But, my dear Sir, I must adopt *your* patriotism—Is not it laudable to be revived with the revival of British glory? Can I be an indifferent spectator of the triumphs of my country? Can I help feeling a tattoo at my heart, when the Duke of Newcastle makes as great a figure in history as Burleigh or Godolphin—nay, as Queen Bess herself?—She gained no battles in person; she was only the actuating genius. You seem to have heard of a proclamation of war, of which we have not heard; and not to have come to the knowledge of taking of Beau Séjour[1] by Colonel Monckton. In short, the French and we seem to have crossed over and figured in, in politics.[2] Mirepoix complained grievously that the Duke of Newcastle had overreached him—but he is to be forgiven in so good a cause! It is the first person he ever deceived!—I am preparing a new folio for heads of the heroes that are to bloom in mezzotinto from this war. At present my chief study is West Indian history. You would not think me very ill-natured if you knew all I feel at the cruelty and villainy of European settlers: but this very morning I found that part of the purchase of Maryland from the savage proprietors (for *we* do not massacre, *we* are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews-harps!

Indeed, if I pleased, I might have another study; it is my fault if I am not a commentator and a corrector of the press.

[1] In June 1755, the French fort of Beau Séjour, in the Bay of Fundy, surrendered to Colonel Monckton, and two small forts, Gaspereau and Venango, also capitulated. These were the first conquests of the British arms in America during that war. He gave the name of Fort Cumberland to Beau Séjour.—E.

[2] This alludes to England and France not being at open war, though constantly committing aggressions against each other. The capture of these forts formed the first article of complaint against England, in the French declaration of war, in June 1756.—E.

The Marquis de St. Simon, whom I mentioned to you, at a very first visit proposed to me to look over a translation he had made of The Tale of a Tub: the proposal was soon followed by a folio, and a letter of three sides, to press me seriously to revise it. You shall judge of my scholar's competence. He translates *L'Estrange*, *Dryden*, and others, *l'etrange Dryden*, &c.[1] Then in the description of the tailor as an idol, and his goose as the symbol; he says in a note, that the *goose* means the dove, and is a concealed satire on the Holy Ghost. It put me in mind of the Dane, who talking of orders to a Frenchman, said, "Notre St. Esprit est un éléphant."

Don't think, because I prefer your drawings to every thing in the world, that I am such a churl as to refuse Mrs. Bentley's partridges: I shall thank her very much for them. You must excuse me, if I am vain enough to be so convinced of my own taste, that all the neglect that has been thrown upon your designs cannot make me think I have over-valued them. I must think that the states of Jersey who execute your town-house, have much more judgment than all our connoisseurs. When I every day see Greek, and Roman, and Italian, and Chinese, and Gothic architecture embroidered and inlaid upon one another, or called by each other's names, I can't help thinking that the grace and simplicity and truth of your taste, in whichever you undertake, is real taste. I go farther: I wish you would know in what you excel, and not be hunting after twenty things unworthy your genius. If flattery is my turn, believe this to be so.

Mr. Müntz is at the Vine, and has been some time. I want to know more of this history of the German: I do assure you, that I like both his painting and behaviour; but if any history of any kind is to accompany him, I shall be most willing to part with him. However I may divert myself as a spectator of broils, believe me I am thoroughly sick of having any thing to do in any. Those in a neigh-

[1] The Marquis de St. Simon did publish, in 1771, a translation of Pope's Essay on Man.—E.

bouring island are likely to subside—and, contrary to custom, the *priest*[1] himself is to be the *sacrifice.*

I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour. He affects to study my taste: I lay it all upon you—he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakspeare: I offered him this motto: "Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo tuum est!" Don't be surprised if you should hear of me as a gentleman coming upon the stage next winter for my diversion.—The truth is, I make the most of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Clivden* —you understand the conundrum, *Clive's den.*

Adieu, my dear Sir! Need I repeat assurances? If I need, believe that nothing that can tend to your recovery has been or shall be neglected by me. You may trust me to the utmost of my power — beyond that, what can I do? Once more, adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 15, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

Though I wrote to you so lately, and have certainly nothing new to tell you, I can't help scribbling a line to you to-night, as I am going to Mr. Rigby's for a week or ten days, and must thank you first for the three pictures. One of them charms me, the Mount Orgueil, which is absolutely fine; the sea, and shadow upon it, are masterly. The other two I don't, at least won't, take for finished. If you please, Elizabeth Castle shall be Mr. Müntz's performance: indeed I see nothing of you in it. I do reconnoitre you in the Hercules and Nessus; but in both, your colours are dirty, carelessly dirty: in your distant hills you are improved, and not hard. The figures are too large — I don't mean in the Elizabeth Castle, for there they are neat; but the centaur, though he dies as well as Garrick can, is outrageous. Hercules and Deianira are by no means so: he is sentimental, and she most

[1] The Primate of Ireland.

improperly sorrowful. However, I am pleased enough to beg you would continue. As soon as Mr. Müntz returns from the Vine, you shall have a supply of colours. In the mean time why give up the good old trade of drawing? Have you no Indian ink, no soot-water, no snuff, no coat of onion, no juice of any thing? If you love me, draw: you would if you knew the real pleasure you can give me. I have been studying all your drawings; and next to architecture and trees, I determine that you succeed in nothing better than animals. Now (as the newspapers say) the late ingenious Mr. Seymour is dead, I would recommend horses and greyhounds to you. I should think you capable of a landscape or two with delicious bits of architecture. I have known you execute the light of a torch or lanthorn so well, that if it was called Schalken, a housekeeper at Hampton-court or Windsor, or a Catherine at Strawberry Hill, would show it, and say it cost ten thousand pounds. Nay, if I could believe that you would ever execute any more designs I proposed to you, I would give you a hint for a picture that struck me t'other day in Péréfixe's Life of Henry IV.[1] He says, the king was often seen lying upon a common straw-bed among the soldiers, with a piece of brown bread in one hand, and a bit of charcoal in t'other, to draw an encampment, or town that he was besieging. If this is not character and a picture, I don't know what is.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is lord chamberlain, the other groom of the stole; and the wife of a secretary of state. This is being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you.—I like her exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too. I don't know how, he does not improve so

[1] Hardouin de Péréfixe's Histoire du Roi Henri le Grand appeared in 1661. He is stated, by the editors of the Biog. Univ., to be the best historian of that monarch, and the work has been translated into many languages. He was appointed preceptor to Louis XIV. in 1644, and archbishop of Paris in 1622. He died in 1670.—E.

fast upon me: there is a great deal of parts, and vivacity, and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burlesque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me abundantly; but unluckily I know it. I was accustomed to it enough when my father was first minister: on his fall I lost it all at once: and since that, I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir Charles Williams, who has no time from flattering himself; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me; with Mr. Conway, who is all sincerity; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. I don't know how, but I think I like all this as well—I beg his pardon, Mr. Raftor does flatter me; but I should be a cormorant for praise, if I could swallow it whole as he gives it me.

Sir William Yonge, who has been extinct so long, is at last dead; and the war, which began with such a flirt of vivacity, is I think gone to sleep. General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus. But why should I take pains to show you in how many ways I know nothing?—Why; I can tell it you in one word—why, Mr. Cambridge knows nothing!—I wish you good-night! Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Mistley, August 21, 1755.

I SHALL laugh at you for taking so seriously what I said to you about my Lady Orford. Do you think, my dear Sir, that at this time I can want to learn your zeal for us? or can you imagine that I did not approve for your own sake your keeping fair terms with the Countess? If I do not much forget, I even recommended it to you — but let us talk no more of her; she has engrossed more paragraphs in our letters than she deserves.

I promised you a brisk war: we have done our part, but can I help it, if the French will not declare it?—if they are backward, and cautious, and timorous; if they are afraid of

provoking too far so great a power as England, who threatens the liberties of Europe? — I laugh, but how not to laugh at such a world as this? Do you remember the language of last war? What were our apprehensions? Nay, at the conclusion of the peace, nothing was laid down for a maxim but the impossibility of our engaging in another war: that our national debt was at its *ne plus ultra;* and that on the very next discussion France must swallow us up! Now we are all insolent, alert, and triumphant: nay, the French talk of nothing but guarding against our piracies, and travel Europe to give the alarm against such an overbearing power as we are. On their coasts they are alarmed — I mean the common people; I scarce believe that they who know any thing, are in real dread of invasion from us! Whatever be the reason, they don't declare war: some think they wait for the arrival of their Martinico fleet.—You will ask why we should not attack that too? They tell one, that if we began hostilities in Europe, Spain would join the French. Some believe that the latter are not ready: certain it is, Mirepoix gave them no notice nor suspicion of our flippancy; and he is rather under a cloud — indeed this has much undeceived me in one point: I took him for the *ostensible* minister; but little thought that they had not some secret agent of better head, some priest, some Scotch or Irish Papist — or perhaps some English Protestant, to give them better intelligence.

But don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions? The Duke,[1] who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley,[2] that the Duke has

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] General Hawley, who behaved with great cruelty and brutality in the Scotch rebellion, which did not however prevent his being beaten by the rebels.—D. (See vol. ii. p. 95.)

found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines "To die is landing on some silent shore," &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, "Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced *to tuck herself up!*"[1] But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his Covent-Garden tragedy, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton, who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and showed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, "Let me see that." Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, "Did you mean to cheat me?" and never went near her more: — now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

We have some royal negotiations proceeding in Germany, which are not likely to give quite so much satisfaction to the Parliament of next winter, as our French triumphs give to the City, where nothing is so popular as the Duke of Newcastle. There is a certain Hessian treaty, said to be eighteen years long, which is arrived — at the Treasury, Legge refused peremptorily to sign it — you did not expect patriotism from thence? It will not make *him* popular; there is not a mob in England now capable of being the dupe of patriotism; the

[1] The story of this unfortunate young lady is told by Goldsmith, in his amusing Life of Beau Nash, introduced into the new and greatly enlarged edition of his "Miscellaneous Works," published by Mr. Murray, in 1837, in four volumes octavo. See vol. iii. p. 294. According to the poet, the lines, which were written on one of the panes of the window, were these:—

"O Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave."—E.

late body of that denomination have really so discredited it, that a minister must go great lengths indeed before the people would dread him half so much as a patriot! On the contrary, I believe nothing would make any man so popular, or conciliate so much affection to his ministry, as to assure the people that he never had nor ever would pretend to love his country. Legge has been frowned upon by the Duke of Newcastle ever since he was made chancellor of the exchequer by him, and would have been turned out long ago if Sir George Lee would have accepted the post.

I am sorry that just when Tuscany is at war with Algiers, your countrymen should lie under the odour of piracy too; it will give Richcourt opportunities of saying very severe things to you! — Barbarossa our Dey is not returned yet — we fear he is going to set his grandson[1] up in a seraglio; and as we have not, among other Mahometan customs, copied the use of the bowstring for repressing the luxuriancy of the royal branches, we shall be quite overrun with young Sultans! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

My last letter to you could not be got out of England, before I might have added a melancholy supplement. Accounts of a total defeat of Braddock and his forces are arrived from America: the purport is, that the General having arrived within a few miles of Fort du Quesne, (I hope you are perfect in your American geography?) sent an advanced party, under Lord Gage's brother: they were fired upon, invisibly, as they entered a wood; Braddock heard guns, and sent another party to support the former; but the first fell back in confusion on the second, and the second on the main body. The whole was in disorder, and it is said, the General himself, though exceedingly brave, did not retain

[1] The King had a mind to marry the Prince of Wales to a Princess of Brunswick.

all the *sang froid* that was necessary. The common soldiers in general fled; the officers stood heroically and were massacred: our Indians were not surprised, and behaved gallantly. The General had five horses shot under him, no bad symptoms of his spirit, and at last was brought off by two Americans, no English daring, though Captain Orme,[1] his aid-de-camp, who is wounded too, and has made some noise here by an affair of gallantry, offered sixty guineas to have him conveyed away. We have lost twenty-six officers, besides many wounded, and ten pieces of artillery. Braddock lived four days, in great torment.[2] What makes the rout more shameful is, that instead of a great pursuit, and a barbarous massacre by the Indians, which is always to be feared in these rencontres, not a black or white soul followed our troops, but we had leisure two day afterwards to fetch off our dead. In short, our American laurels are strangely blighted! We intended to be in great alarms for Carolina and Virginia, but the small number of our enemies had reduced this affair to a panic. We pretend to be comforted on the French deserting Fort St. John, and on the hopes we have from two other expeditions which are on foot in that part of the world — but it is a great drawback on English heroism! I pity you who represent the very flower of British courage ingrafted on a Brunswick stock!

I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few more words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's[3] brother, who had been his great friend: as they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good-humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter,) said, "Braddock, you are a poor dog! here take my purse; if you kill me you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you." Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all

[1] He married the sister of George Lord Townshend, without the consent of her family.

[2] Walpole, in his Memoires, says, that "he dictated an encomium on his officers, and expired."—D.

[3] Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pulteny, Earl of Bath.

his brutality, he has lately been Governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any Governor was endured before. Adieu! Pray don't let any detachment from Pannoni's [1] be sent against us—we should run away!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

Our piratic laurels, with which the French have so much reproached us, have been exceedingly pruned! Braddock is defeated and killed, by a handful of Indians and by the baseness of his own troops, who sacrificed him and his gallant officers. Indeed, there is some suspicion that cowardice was not the motive, but resentment at having been draughted from Irish regiments. Were such a desertion universal, could one but commend it? Could one blame men who should refuse to be knocked on the head for sixpence a day, and for the advantage and dignity of a few ambitious? But in this case one pities the brave young officers, who cannot so easily disfranchise themselves from the prejudices of glory! Our disappointment is greater than our loss: six-and-twenty officers are killed, who, I suppose, have not left a vast many fatherless and *widowless*, as an old woman told me to-day with great tribulation. The Ministry have a much more serious affair on their hands—Lord Lincoln and Lord Anson have had a dreadful quarrel! *Coquus teterrima belli causa!* When Lord Mountford shot himself, Lord Lincoln said, "Well, I am very sorry for poor Mountford! but it is the part of a wise man to make the best of every misfortune—I shall now have the best cook in England." This was uttered before Lord Anson. Joras,[2] who is a man of extreme punctilio, as cooks and officers ought to be, would not be hired till he knew whether this Lord Mountford would retain him. When it was decided that he would not, Lord Lincoln proposed to hire

[1] Pannoni's coffee-house of the Florentine nobility, not famous for their courage of late.

[2] The name of the cook in question.

Joras. Lord Anson had already engaged him. Such a breach of friendship was soon followed by an expostulation (there was jealousy of the Duke of Newcastle's favour already under the coals): in short, the nephew earl called the favourite earl such gross names, that it was well they were ministers! otherwise, as Mincing says, "I vow, I believe they must have fit." The public, that is half-a-dozen toad-eaters, have great hopes that the present unfavourable posture of affairs in America will tend to cement this breach, and that *we* shall all unite hand and heart against the common enemy.

I returned the night before last from my peregrination. It is very unlucky for me that no crown of martyrdom is entailed on zeal for antiquities; I should be a rubric martyr of the first class. After visiting the new salt-water baths at Harwich, (which, next to horse-racing, grows the most fashionable resource for people *who want to get out of town, and who love the country and retirement!*) I went to see Orford castle, and Lord Hertford's at Sudborn. The one is a ruin, and the other ought to be so. Returning in a one-horse-chair over a wild vast heath, I went out of the road to see the remains of Buttley abbey; which however I could not see: for, as the keys of Orford castle were at Sudborn, so the keys of Buttley were at Orford! By this time it was night; we lost our way, were in excessive rain for above two hours, and only found our way to be overturned into the mire the next morning going into Ipswich. Since that I went to see an old house built by Secretary Naunton.[1] His descendant, who is a strange retired creature, was unwilling to let us see it; but we did, and little in it worth seeing. The house never was fine, and is now out of repair; has a bed with ivory pillars and loose rings, presented to the secretary by some German prince or German artist; and a small gallery of indifferent portraits, among which there are scarce any worth notice but of the Earl of Northumberland, Anna Bullen's lover, and of Sir Antony Wingfield, who having his hand tucked into his girdle, the housekeeper told us, had had his fingers cut off by

[1] Sir Robert Naunton, master of the court of wards. He wrote Anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth and her favourites.

Harry VIII. But Harry VIII. was not a man *pour s'arrêter à ces minuties là!* While we waited for leave to see the house, I strolled into the church-yard, and was struck with a little door open into the chancel, through the arch of which I discovered cross-legged knights and painted tombs! In short, there are no less than eight considerable monuments, very perfect, of Wingfields, Nauntons, and a Sir John Boynet and his wife, as old as Richard the Second's time. But what charmed me still more, were two figures of Secretary Naunton's father and mother in the window in painted glass, near two feet high, and by far the finest painting on glass I ever saw. His figure, in a puffed doublet, breeches and bonnet, and cloak of scarlet and yellow, is absolutely perfect: her shoulder is damaged. This church, which is scarce bigger than a large chapel, is very ruinous, though containing such treasures! Besides these, there are brasses on the pavement, with a succession of all the wonderful head-dresses which our *plain virtuous* grandmothers invented to tempt our rude and simple ancestors.—I don't know what our nobles might be, but I am sure the milliners three or four hundred years ago must have been more accomplished in the arts, as Prynne calls them, of crisping, curling, frizzling, and frouncing, than all the tirewomen of Babylon, modern Paris, or modern Pall-Mall. Dame Winifred Boynet, whom I mentioned above, is accoutred with the coiffure called piked horns, which, if there were any signs in Lothbury and Eastcheap, must have brushed them about strangely, as their ladyships rode behind their gentlemen ushers! Adieu!

TO THE REV. HENRY ETOUGH.[1]

Woolterton, Sept. 10, 1755.

DEAR ETOUGH,

I CANNOT forbear any longer to acknowledge the many favours from you lately; your last was the 8th of this month.

[1] The Rev. Henry Etough, of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge. He received his education among the Dissenters, and Archbishop Secker and

His Majesty's speedy arrival among his British subjects is very desirable and necessary, whatever may be the chief motive for his making haste. As to Spain, I have from the beginning told my friends, when they asked, both in town and country, that I was not at all apprehensive that Spain would join with France against us; for this plain reason, because it could not possibly be the interest of the Spaniards to do it; for should the views of the French take place in making a line of forts from the Missisippi to Canada, and of being masters of the whole of that extent of country, Peru, and Mexico, and Florida, would be in more danger from them than the British settlements in America.

Mr. Fowle has made me a visit for a few days, and communicated to me your two pieces relating to my brother and Lord Bolingbroke, and I think you do great justice to them both in their very different and opposite characters; but you will give me leave to add with respect to Lord Orford, there are several mistakes and misinformations, of which I am persuaded I could convince you by conversation, but my observations are not proper for a letter. Of this more fully when I see you, but when that will be I can't yet tell. I am ever most affectionately yours, &c.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, September 18, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

After an expectation of six weeks, I have received a letter from you, dated August 23d. Indeed I did not impute any neglect to you; I knew it arose from the war; but Mr. S * * * tells me the pacquets will now be more regular.— Mr. S * * * tells me! — What, has he been in town, or at Strawberry? — No; but I have been at Southampton: I was at the Vine; and on the arrival of a few fine days, the first we have

Dr. Birch were among his schoolfellows. Through the interest of Sir Robert Walpole, he was presented to the rectory of Therfield, in Hertfordshire; where he died, in his seventieth year, in August 1757.—E.

had this summer, after a deluge, Mr. Chute persuaded me to take a jaunt to Winchester and Netley abbey, with the latter of which he is very justly enchanted.

I was disappointed in Winchester: it is a paltry town, and small: King Charles the Second's house is the worst thing I ever saw of Sir Christopher Wren, a mixture of a town-hall and an hospital; not to mention the bad choice of the situation in such a country; it is all *ups* that should be *downs*. I talk to you as supposing that you never have been at Winchester, though I suspect you have, for the entrance of the cathedral is the very idea of that of Mabland. I like the smugness of the cathedral, and the profusion of the most beautiful Gothic tombs. That of Cardinal Beaufort is in a style more free and of more taste than any thing I have seen of the kind. His figure confirms me in my opinion that I have struck out the true history of the picture that I bought of Robinson; and which I take for the marriage of Henry VI. Besides the monuments of the Saxon Kings, of Lucius, William Rufus, his brother, &c. there are those of six such great or considerable men as Beaufort, William of Wickham, him of Wainfleet, the Bishops Fox and Gardiner, and my Lord Treasurer Portland.— How much power and ambition under half-a-dozen stones! I own, I grow to look on tombs as lasting mansions, instead of observing them for curious pieces of architecture! — Going into Southampton, I passed Bevismount, where my Lord Peterborough

"Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate;"[1]

but General Mordaunt was there, and we could not see it. We walked long by moon-light on the terrace along the beach — Guess, if we talked of and wished for you! The town is crowded; sea-baths are established there too. But how shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you, that it is the spot in the world for which Mr. Chute and I wish.

[1] "Our Gen'rals now, retired to their estate,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gate."

Pope, in this couplet, is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's lawn at Bevismount.—E.

The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy — many trees are sprouted up amongst the walls, and only want to be increased with cypresses! A hill rises above the abbey, encircled with wood: the fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistering with silver and vessels; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot castle; and the Isle of Wight rising above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise.— Oh! the purple abbots, what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have *retired into* the world.[1]

I know nothing of the war, but that we catch little French ships like crawfish. They have taken one of ours with Governor Lyttelton[2] going to South Carolina. He is a very worthy young man, but so stiffened with Sir George's old fustian, that I am persuaded he is at this minute in the citadel of Nantes comparing himself to Regulus.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an Ode,[3] which, if he finishes equally, will, I think, inspirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I. putting to death the Welsh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Rosa, and Nicolo Poussin, can paint up to the expressive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you; all I would say is, that now the two latter are dead, you must of necessity be Gray's painter. In order to keep your talent

[1] Gray, who visited Netley abbey in the preceding month, calls it "a most beautiful ruin in as beautiful a situation."—E.

[2] William Henry, brother of Sir George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton. The man-of-war in which he was proceeding to South Carolina was captured by the French squadron under Count Guay, and sent into Nantz, but was shortly after restored.—E.

[3] "The Bard" was commenced in this year, but was for some time left unfinished; but the accident of seeing a blind harper (Mr. Parry) perform on a Welsh harp, again put his Ode in motion, and brought it at last to a conclusion. See Works, vol. i. p. xxxiii.—E.

alive, I shall next week send you flake white, brushes, oil, and the enclosed directions from Mr. Müntz, who is still at the Vine, and whom, for want of you, we labour hard to form. I shall put up in the parcel two or three prints of my eagle, which, as you never would draw it, is very moderately performed; and yet the drawing was much better than the engraving. I shall send you too a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, which is done with copper-plates. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, where I cannot say any works go on in proportion to my impatience. I have left him an *inventionary* of all I want to have done there; but I believe it may be bound up with the century of projects of that foolish Marquis of Worcester, who printed a catalogue of titles of things, which he gave no directions to execute, nor I believe could.[1] Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1755.

DEAR HARRY,

NEVER make me excuses for a letter that tells me so many agreeable things as your last; that you are got well to Dublin;[2] that you are all well, and that you have accommodated all your politics to your satisfaction—and I may be allowed to say, greatly to your credit. What could you tell me that would please me so much?

When I have indulged a little my joy for your success and honour, it is natural to consider the circumstances you have told me; and you will easily excuse me if I am not quite as much satisfied with the conduct of your late antagonists, as I am with yours. You have tranquillized a nation, have repaired your master's honour, and secured the peace of your administration;—but what shall one say to the Speaker, Mr. Malone and the others? Don't they confess that they have

[1] See note, vol. ii. p. 237.—E.

[2] Mr. Conway was now secretary of state to the Marquis of Hartington, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

gone the greatest lengths, and risked the safety of their country on a mere personal pique? If they did not contend for profit, like our patriots (and you don't tell me that they have made any lucrative stipulations), yet it is plain that their ambition had been wounded, and that they resented their power being crossed. But I, who am Whig to the backbone, indeed in the strictest sense of the word, feel hurt in a tenderer point, and which you, who are a minister, must not allow me: I am offended at their agreeing to an address that avows such deference for prerogative, and that is to protest so deeply against having intended to attack it. However rebel this may sound at your court, my Gothic spirit is hurt; I do not love such loyal expressions from a Parliament. I do not so much consider myself writing to Dublin castle, as from Strawberry castle, where you know how I love to enjoy my liberty. I give myself the airs, in my nutshell, of an old baron, and am tempted almost to say with an old Earl of Norfolk, who was a very free speaker at least, if he was not an excellent poet,

> "When I am in my castle of Bungey,
> Situate upon the river Waveney,
> I ne care for the King of Cockney."

I have been roving about Hampshire, have been at Winchester and Southampton and twenty places, and have been but one day in London—consequently know as little news as if I had been shut up in Bungey castle. Rumours there are of great bickerings and uneasinesses; but I don't believe there will be any bloodshed of places, except Legge's, which nobody seems willing to take—I mean as a sinecure. His Majesty of Cockney is returned exceedingly well, but grown a little out of humour at finding that we are not so much pleased with all the Russians and Hessians that he has hired to recover the Ohio. We are an ungrateful people!

Make a great many compliments for me to my Lady Ailesbury. I own I am in pain about Missy. As my lady is a little coquette herself, and loves crowds and admiration and a court life, it will be very difficult for her to keep a strict eye

upon Missy. The Irish are very forward and bold:—I say no more; but it would hurt you both extremely to have her marry herself idly; and I think my Lord Chancellor has not extended his matrimonial foresight to Ireland. However, I have much confidence in Mrs. Elizabeth Jones:[1] I am sure, when they were here, she would never let Missy whisper with a boy that was old enough to speak.

Adieu! As the winter advances, and plots thicken, I will write you letters that shall have a little more in them than this. In the mean time I am going to the Bath, not for my health, you know I never am ill, but for my amusement. I never was there, and at present there are several of my acquaintance. The French Academy have chosen my Lord Chesterfield, and he has written them a letter of thanks, that is the finest composition in the world: indeed, I was told so by those who have not seen it; but they would have told me so if they had seen it, whether it was the finest or the worst; suffices it to be his! Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

It is not I that am perjured for not writing to you oftener, as I promised; the war is forsworn. We do all we can; we take, from men-of-war and Domingo-men, down to colliers and cock-boats, and from California into the very Bay of Calais. The French have taken but one ship from us, the Blandford, and that they have restored—but I don't like this drowsy civil lion; it will put out a talon and give us a cursed scratch before we are aware. Monsieur de Seychelles, who grows into power, is labouring at their finances and marine: they have struck off their *sous-fermiers*, and by a reform in what they call the King's pleasures, have already saved 1,200,000*l.* sterling a year. Don't go and imagine that 1,200,000*l.* was all sunk in the gulph of Madame Pompadour, or even in suppers and hunting; under the word the King's

[1] Miss Conway's nurse.

pleasures, they really comprehended his civil list; and in that light I don't know why our civil list might not be called *another King's pleasures*[1] too, though it is not all entirely squandered. In short, the single article of coffee for the Mesdames[2] amounted to 3000*l.* sterling a year—to what must their rouge have amounted?—but it is high time to tell you of other wars, than the old story of France and England. You must know, not in your ministerial capacity, for I suppose that is directed by such old geographers as Sanson and De Lisle, who imagined that Herenhausen was a town in Germany, but according to the latest discoveries, there is such a county in England as Hanover, which lying very much exposed to the incursions of the French and Prussians (the latter are certain hussars in the French army), it has been thought necessary to hire Russians, and Hessians, and all the troops that lie nearest to the aforesaid weak part of Great Britain called Hanover, in order to cover this frontier from any invasion. The expedience of this measure was obvious; yet many people who could not get over the prejudice of education, or who having got over those prejudices have for certain reasons returned to them, these Ptolemaic geographers will not be persuaded that there is any such county in England as Hanover, and not finding it in their old maps, or having burnt their new ones in a passion—(Mr. Legge, indeed, tore his at the very treasury board the day that the warrant for the Hessian subsidy came thither)—they determined that England had no occasion for these mercenaries. Besides Legge, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker, Sir George Lee, and one Mr. William Pitt, a man formerly remarkable for disputing the new geography, declared strongly against the system of treaties.[3] Copernicus no sooner re-

[1] Alluding to the King's love of money.

[2] The daughters of Louis the Fifteenth.—D.

[3] The following is from Dodington's Diary:—"Sept. 3. Mr. Pitt told me, that he had painted to the Duke of Newcastle all the ill consequences of this system of subsidies in the strongest light that his imagination could furnish him with: he had deprecated his Grace not to complete the ruin which the King had nearly brought upon himself by his journey to Hanover, which all people should have prevented, *even with their bodies*. A King abroad, at this time, without one man about him

turned from Germany, than the Duke of Newcastle, who had taken the alarm, frightened him out of his wits. In short, they found that they should have no Professor to defend the new system in Parliament. Everybody was tried—when everybody had refused, and the Duke of Newcastle was ready to throw up the cards, he determined to try Fox,[1] who, by the mediation of Lord Granville, has accepted the seals, is to be secretary of state, is to have the conduct of the House of Commons, and is, I think—very soon to be first minister—or what one has known happen to some who of very late years have joined to support a tottering administration, is to be ruined. Indeed, he seems sensible of the alternative, professes no cordiality to Duke Trinculo, who is viceroy over him, but is listing Bedfords, and whoever will list with him, as fast as he can. One who has been his predecessor in suffering by such an alliance, my Lord Chesterfield, told him, "Well, the Duke of Newcastle has turned out everybody else, and now he has turned out himself." Sir Thomas Robinson is to return to the great wardrobe, with an additional pension on Ireland of 2000*l.* a year. This is turning a cypher into figures indeed! Lord Barrington is to be secretary at war. This change, however, is not to take place till after the Parliament is met, which is not till the 13th of next month, because Mr. Fox is to preside at the Cock-pit the night before the House opens. How Mr. Legge will take this deposition is not known. He has determined not to resign, but to be turned out; I should think this would satisfy his scruples, even if he had made a vow against resigning.

that has one English sentiment, and to bring home a whole set of subsidies! That he was willing to promote the King's service; but if this was what he was sent for to promote, few words were best—nothing in the world should induce him to consent to these subsidies."—E.

[1] "Fox must again be treated with; for the session of Parliament approached, and it was become a general maxim, that the House of Commons had been so much accustomed to have a minister of its own, they would not any longer be governed by deputy. Fox insisted on being made secretary of state, much against the King's inclination, as well as the Duke of Newcastle's: for though his Majesty preferred Fox to Pitt, he liked Sir Thomas Robinson better than either of them; for Sir Thomas did as he was directed, understood foreign affairs, and pretended to nothing further. However, Fox carried his point." Waldegrave's Memoirs, p. 51.—E.

As England grows turbulent again, Ireland grows calm again. Mr. Conway, who has gone thither secretary to Lord Hartington, has with great prudence and skill pacified that kingdom: you may imagine that I am not a little happy at his acquiring renown. The Primate is to be the peace-offering.

If there were any private news, as there are none, I could not possibly to-day step out of my high historical pantoufles to tell it you. Adieu! You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and *Knaves* of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent whatever is trumps!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[1]

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

I SHOULD not answer your letter *so soon, as you write so often*, if I had not something particular to tell you. Mr. Fox is to be secretary of state. The history of this event, in short, is this: George Elector of Hanover, and Thomas King of England, have been exceedingly alarmed. By some misapprehension, the Russian and Hessian treaties, the greatest blessings that were ever calculated for this country, have been totally, and almost universally disapproved. Mr. Legge grew *conscientious* about them; the Speaker, constitutional; Mr. Pitt, patriot; Sir George Lee, scrupulous; Lord Egmont, uncertain; the Duke of Devonshire, something that he meant for some of these; and my uncle, I suppose, *frugal* — how you know. Let a Parliament be ever so ready to vote for anything, yet if everybody in both Houses is against a thing, why the Parliament itself can't carry a point against both Houses. This made such a dilemma, that, after trying everybody else, and being ready to fling up themselves, King Thomas and his Chancellor offered Mr. Fox the honour of defending and saving them. He, who is all Christian charity, and forgiving everybody but himself and those who dissuaded

[1] Now first printed.

him, for not taking the seals before, consented to undertake the cause of the treaties, and is to have the management of the House of Commons as long as he can keep it. In the mean time, to give his new friends all the assistance he can, he is endeavouring to bring the Bedfords to court; and if any other person in the world hates King Thomas, why Mr. Fox is very willing to bring them to court too. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt is scouring his old Hanoverian trumpet and Mr. Legge is to accompany him with his hurdy-gurdy.

Mr. Mann did not tell me a word of his intending you a visit. The reason the Dacres have not been with you is, they have been at court; and as at present there are as many royal hands to kiss as a Japanese idol has, it takes some time to slobber through the whole ceremony.

I have some thoughts of going to Bath for a week; though I don't know whether my love for my country, while my country is in a quandary, may not detain me hereabouts. When Mr. Müntz has done, you will be so good as to pacquet him up, and send him to Strawberry. I rather wish you would bring him yourself; I am impatient for the drawing you announce to me. A commission has passed the seals, I mean of secrecy, (for I don't know whether they must not be stole,) to get you some swans; and as in this age one ought not to despair of anything where robbery is concerned, I have some hopes of succeeding. If you should want any French ships for your water, there are great numbers to be had cheap, and small enough. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Sept. 30, 1755.

Solomon says somewhere or other, I think it is in Castelvetro's, or Castelnuovo's edition — is not there such a one? — that the infatuation of a nation for a foolish minister is like that of a lover for an ugly woman: when once he opens his eyes, he wonders what the devil bewitched him. This is the text to the present sermon in politics, which I shall

not divide under three heads, but tell you at once, that no minister was ever nearer the precipice than ours has been. I did tell you, I believe, that Legge had refused to sign the warrant for the Hessian subsidy: in short, he heartily resented the quick coldness that followed his exaltation, waited for an opportunity of revenge, found this; and, to be sure, no vengeance ever took speedier strides. All the world revolted against subsidiary treaties; nobody was left to defend them but Murray, and he did not care to venture. Offers of graciousness, of cabinet councillor, of chancellor of the exchequer, were made to right and left. Dr. Lee was conscientious; Mr. Pitt might be brought, in compliment to his Majesty, to digest one — but a system of subsidies — impossible! In short, the very first ministership was offered to be made over to my Lord Granville. He begged to be excused — he was not fit for it. Well, you laugh — all this is fact. At last we were forced to strike sail to Mr. Fox: he is named for secretary of state, with not only the lead, but the power of the House of Commons. You ask, in the room of which secretary? What signifies of which? Why, I think, of Sir Thomas Robinson, who returns to his wardrobe; and Lord Barrington comes into the war-office. This is the present state of things in this grave reasonable island: the union hug like two cats over a string; the rest are arming for opposition. But I will not promise you any more warlike winters; I remember how soon the campaign of the last was addled.

In Ireland, Mr. Conway has pacified all things: the Irish are to get as drunk as ever to the glorious and immortal memory of King George, and the prerogative is to be exalted as high as ever, by being obliged to give up the Primate. There! I think I have told you volumes: yet I know you will not be content, you will want to know something of the war, and of America; but, I assure you, it is not the *bon-ton* to talk of either this week. We think not of the former, and of the latter we should think to very little purpose, for we have not heard a syllable more; Braddock's defeat still remains in the situation of the longest battle that

ever was fought with nobody. Content your English spirit with knowing that there are very near three thousand French prisoners in England, taken out of several ships.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 7, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nobody living feels more for you than I do: nobody knows better either the goodness and tenderness of your heart, or the real value of the person you have lost.[1] I cannot flatter myself that anything I could say would comfort you under an affliction so well founded; but I should have set out, and endeavoured to share your concern, if Mrs. Trevor had not told me that you were going into Cheshire. I will only say, that if you think change of place can contribute at all to divert your melancholy, you know where you would be most welcome; and whenever you will come to Strawberry Hill, you will, at least, if you do not find a comforter, find a most sincere friend that pities your distress, and would do anything upon earth to alleviate your misfortune. If you can listen yet to any advice, let me recommend to you to give up all thoughts of Greatworth; you will never be able to support life there any more: let me look out for some little box for you in my neighbourhood. You can live nowhere where you will be more beloved; and you will there always have it in your power to enjoy company or solitude, as you like. I have long wished to get you so far back into the world, and now it is become absolutely necessary for your health and peace. I will say no more, lest too long a letter should be either troublesome or make you think it necessary to answer; but do not, till you find it more agreeable to vent your grief this way than in any other. I am, my good Sir, with hearty concern and affection, yours most sincerely.

[1] His sister, Miss Harriet Montagu.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1755.

Do you love royal quarrels? You may be served — I know you don't love an invasion — nay, that even passes my taste; *it will make too much party.* In short, the lady dowager Prudence begins to step a little over the threshold of that discretion which she has always hitherto so sanctimoniously observed. She is suspected of strange whims; so strange, as neither to like more German subsidies or more German matches. A strong faction, professedly against the treaties,[1] openly against Mr. Fox, and covertly under the banners of the aforesaid *lady Prudence*, arm from all quarters against the opening of the session. Her ladyship's eldest boy declares violently against being *bewolfenbuttled*[2]—a word

[1] Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, of the 4th of this month, says, "the next session, which now draws very near, will, I believe, be a very troublesome one; and I really think it very doubtful whether the subsidiary treaties with Russia and Cassel will be carried or not. To be sure, much may be said against both; but yet I dread the consequences of rejecting them by Parliament, since they are made." —E.

[2] This is an allusion to a contemplated marriage between the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third, and a daughter of the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle. The following is Lord Waldegrave's account of this project:—"An event happened about the middle of the summer, which engaged Leicester House still deeper in faction than they at first intended. The Prince of Wales was just entering into his eighteenth year; and being of a modest, sober disposition, with a healthy, vigorous constitution, it might reasonably be supposed that a matrimonial companion might be no unacceptable amusement. The Duchess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, with her two unmarried daughters, waited on his Majesty at Hanover. The elder, both as to person and understanding, was a most accomplished Princess: the King was charmed with her cheerful, modest, and sensible behaviour, and wished to make her his grand-daughter, being too old to make her his wife. I remember his telling me, with great eagerness, that had he been only twenty years younger, she would never have been refused by a Prince of Wales, but should at once have been Queen of England. Now, whether his Majesty spoke seriously is very little to the purpose; his grandson's happiness was undoubtedly his principal object; and he was desirous the match might he concluded before his own death, that the Princess of Wales should have no temptation to do a job for her relations, by marrying her son to one of the Saxe Gotha family, who might not have the amiable accomplishments of the Princess of Wolfenbuttle. The King's intentions, it may easily be imagined, were not agreeable to the Princess

which I don't pretend to understand, as it is not in Mr. Johnson's new dictionary. There! now I have been as enigmatic as ever I have accused you of being; and hoping you will not be able to expound my German hieroglyphics, I proceed to tell you in plain English that we are going to be invaded. I have within this day or two seen grandees of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds a-year, who are in a mortal fright; consequently, it would be impertinent in much less folk to tremble, and accordingly they don't. At court there is no doubt but an attempt will be made before Christmas. I find valour is like virtue: impregnable as they boast themselves, it is discovered that on the first attack both lie strangely open! They are raising more men, camps are to be formed in Kent and Sussex, the Duke of Newcastle is frightened out of his wits, which, though he has lost so often, you know he always recovers, and as fresh as ever. Lord Egmont despairs of the commonwealth; and I am going to fortify my castle of Strawberry, according to an old charter I should have had for embattling and making a deep ditch. But here am I laughing when I really ought to cry, both with my public eye and my private one. I have told you what I think ought to sluice my public eye; and your private eye too will moisten, when I tell you that poor Miss Harriet Montagu is dead. She died about a fortnight ago; but having nothing else to tell you, I would not send a letter so far with only such melancholy news — and so, you will say, I staid till I could tell still more bad news. The truth is, I have for some time had two letters of yours to answer:

of Wales. She knew the temper of the Prince her son; that he was by nature indolent, hated business, but loved a domestic life, and would make an excellent husband. She knew also that the young Princess, having merit and understanding equal to her beauty, must in a short time have the greatest influence over him. In which circumstances, it may naturally be concluded that her Royal Highness did every thing in her power to prevent the match. The Prince of Wales was taught to believe that he was to be made a sacrifice merely to gratify the King's private interest in the electorate of Hanover. The young Princess was most cruelly misrepresented; many even of her perfections were aggravated into faults; his Royal Highness implicitly believing every idle tale and improbable aspersion, till his prejudice against her amounted to aversion itself." Memoirs, p. 39.—E.

it is three weeks since I wrote to you, and one begins to doubt whether one shall ever be to write again. I will hope all my best hopes; for I have no sort of intention at this time of day of finishing either as a martyr or a hero. I rather intend to live and record both those professions, if need be; and I have no inclination to scuttle barefoot after a Duke of Wolfenbuttle's army, as Philip de Comines says he saw their graces of Exeter and Somerset trudge after the Duke of Burgundy's. The invasion, though not much in fashion yet, begins, like Moses's rod, to swallow other news, both political and *suicidical*. Our politics I have sketched out to you, and can only add, that Mr. Fox's ministry does not as yet promise to be of long duration. When it was first thought that he had got the better of the Duke of Newcastle, Charles Townshend said admirably, that he was sure the Duchess, like the old Cavaliers, would make a vow not to shave her beard till the restoration.

I can't recollect the least morsel of a fess or chevron of the Boynets: they did not happen to enter into any extinct genealogy for whose welfare I interest myself. I sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is still under his own vine: Mr. Müntz is still with him, recovering of a violent fever. Adieu! If memoirs don't grow too memorable, I think this season will produce a large crop.

P.S. I believe I scarce ever mentioned to you last winter the follies of the Opera: the impertinences of a great singer were too old and too common a topic. I must mention them now, when they rise to any improvement in the character of national folly. The Mingotti, a noble figure, a great mistress of music, and a most incomparable actress, surpassed any thing I ever saw for the extravagance of her humours.[1] She never sung above one night in three, from a fever upon her

[1] The following is Dr. Burney's account:—"Upon the success of Jomelli's 'Andromaca' a damp was thrown by the indisposition of Mingotti, during which Frasi was called upon to play her part in that opera; when suspicion arising, that Mingotti's was a mere dramatic and political cold, the public was much out of humour, till she resumed her function in Metastasio's admirable drama of 'Demofoonte,' in which she acquired more applause, and augmented her theatrical consequence beyond any period of her performance in England."—E.

temper: and never would act at all when Ricciarelli, the first man, was to be in dialogue with her.[1] Her fevers grew so high, that the audience caught them, and hissed her more than once: she herself once turned and hissed again — Tit pro tat geminat τον δ' απαμειβομενη—Well, among the treaties which a secretary of state has negotiated this summer, he has contracted for a *succedaneum* to the Mingotti. In short, there is a woman hired to sing when the other shall be out of humour!

Here is a "World" by Lord Chesterfield:[2] the first part is very pretty, till it runs into witticism. I have marked the passages I particularly like.

You would not draw Henry IV. at a siege for me: pray don't draw Louis XV.[3]

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[4]

Arlington Street, October 20, 1755.

You know, my dear Sir, that I do not love to have you taken unprepared: the last visit I announced to you was of the Lord Dacre of the South and of the Lady Baroness, his spouse: the next company you may expect will be composed of the Prince of Soubise and twelve thousand French; though, as winter is coming on, they will scarce stay in the country, but hasten to London. I need not protest to you I believe, that I am serious, and that an invasion before Christmas will certainly be attempted; you will believe me at the first word. It is a little hard, however! they need not envy us General Braddock's laurels; they were not in such quantity!

[1] "Ricciarelli was a neat and pleasing performer, with a clear, flexible, and silver-toned voice; but so much inferior to Mingotti, both in singing and acting, that he was never in very high favour." Burney.—E.

[2] No. 146, Advice to the Ladies on their return to the country.—E.

[3] Alluding to the subject Mr. Walpole had proposed to him for a picture, in the letter of the 15th of August, and to the then expected invasion of England by Louis XV.

[4] Now first printed.

Parliamentary and subsidiary politics are in great ferment. I could tell you much if I saw you; but I will not while you stay there — yet, as I am a true friend and not to be changed by prosperity, I can't neglect offering you my services when I am *censé* to be well with a minister. It is so long since I was, and I believe so little a while that I shall be so, (to be sure, I mean that he will be minister,) that I must *faire valoir* my interest, while I have any—in short, shall I get you one of these new independent companies? — Hush! don't tell Mr. Müntz how powerful I am: his warlike spirit will want to coincide with my ministerial one; and it would be very inconvenient to the Lords Castlecomers to have him knocked on the head before he had finished all the strawberries and vines that we lust after.

I had a note from Gray, who is still at Stoke; and he desired I would tell you, that he has continued pretty well. Do come. Adieu!

Lottery tickets rise: subsidiary treaties under par — I don't say, no price. Lord Robert Bertie, with a company of the Guards, has thrown himself into Dover castle; don't they sound very war-full?

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1755.

When the newspapers swarm with our military preparations at home, with encampments, fire-ships, floating castles at the mouths of the great rivers, &c. in short, when we expect an invasion, you would chide, or be disposed to chide me, if I were quite silent — and yet, what can I tell you more than that an invasion is threatened? that sixteen thousand men are about Dunkirk, and that they are assembling great quantities of flat-bottomed boats! Perhaps they will attempt some landing; they are certainly full of resentment; they broke the peace, took our forts and built others on our boundaries; we did not bear it patiently; we retook two

forts, attacked or have been going to attack others, and have taken vast numbers of their ships: this is the state of the provocation — what is more provoking, for once we have not sent twenty or thirty thousand men to Flanders on whom they might vent their revenge. Well! then they must come here, and perhaps invite the Pretender to be of the party; not in a very popular light for him, to be brought by the French in revenge of a national war. You will ask me, if we are alarmed? the people not at all so: a minister or two, who are subject to alarms, are — and that is no bad circumstance. We are as much an island as ever, and I think a much less exposed one than we have been for many years. Our fleet is vast; our army at home, and ready, and two-thirds stronger than when we were threatened in 1744; the season has been the wettest that ever has been known, consequently the roads not very invadeable: and there is the additional little circumstance of the late rebellion defeated; I believe I may reckon too, Marshal Saxe dead. You see our situation is not desperate: in short, we escaped in '44, and when the rebels were at Derby in '45; we must have bad luck indeed, if we fall now!

Our Parliament meets in a fortnight; if no French come, our campaign there will be warm; nay, and uncommon, the opposition will be chiefly composed of men in place. You know we always refine; it used to be an imputation on our senators, that they opposed to get places. They now oppose to get better places! We are a comical nation (I speak with all due regard to our gravity!) — it were a pity we should be destroyed, if it were only for the sake of posterity; we shall not be half so droll, if we are either a province to France, or under an absolute prince of our own.

I am sorry you are losing my Lord Cork; you must balance the loss with that of Miss Pitt,[1] who is a dangerous

[1] Elizabeth Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham. She had been maid of honour to Augusta Princess of Wales; then lived openly with Lord Talbot as his mistress; went to Italy, turned Catholic, and married; came back, wrote against her brother, and a trifling pamphlet recommending magazines of corn, and called herself Clara Villiers Pitt.

inmate. You ask me if I have seen Lord Northumberland's Triumph of Bacchus;[1] I have not: you know I never approved the thought of those copies, and have adjourned my curiosity till the gallery is thrown open with the first masquerade. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, October 31, 1755.

As the invasion is not ready, we are forced to take up with a victory. An account came yesterday, that General Johnson[2] had defeated the French near the lake St. Sacrement, had killed one thousand, and taken the lieutenant-general who commanded them prisoner; his name is Dieskau, a Saxon, an esteemed *elève* of Marshal Saxe. By the printed account, which I enclose, Johnson showed great generalship and bravery. As the whole business was done by irregulars, it does not lessen the faults of Braddock, and the panic of his troops. If I were so disposed, I could conceive that there are heroes in the world who are not quite pleased with this extra-martinette success[3] — but we won't blame those Alexanders, till they have beaten the French in Kent! You know it will be time enough to abuse them, when they have done all the service they can! The other enclosed paper is another World,[4] by my Lord Chesterfield; not so pretty, I think, as the last; yet it has merit. While England and France are at war, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt going to war, his lordship is

[1] Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, bespoke at a great price five copies of capital pictures in Italy, by Mentz, Pompeo, Battoni, &c. for his gallery at Northumberland House.

[2] In the following month created Sir William Johnson, Bart. Parliament was so satisfied with his conduct on this occasion, that it voted him the sum of £5000. He afterwards distinguished himself as a negotiator with the Indian tribes, and was ultimately chosen colonel of the Six Nations, and superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern parts of America. He became well acquainted with the manners and language of the Indians, and, in 1772, sent to the Royal Society some valuable communications relative to them. He died in 1774.—E.

[3] Alluding to the Duke of Cumberland.

[4] No. 148, On Civility and Good-breeding.—E.

coolly amusing himself at picquet at Bath with a Moravian baron, who would be in prison, if his creditors did not occasionally release him to play with and cheat my Lord Chesterfield, as the only chance they have for recovering their money!

We expect the Parliament to be thronged, and great animosities. I will not send you one of the eggs that are laid; for so many political ones have been addled of late years, that I believe all the state game-cocks in the world are impotent.

I did not doubt but you would be struck with the death of poor Bland.[1] I, t'other night, at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very — very remarkable wager-book: "Lord Mountford[2] bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber!" How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well: "'Faith," said he, "it is very well that I look at all!"— I shall thank you for the Ormer shells and roots; and shall desire your permission to finish my letter already. As the Parliament is to meet so soon, you are likely to be overpowered with my dispatches. — I have been thinning my wood of trees, and planting them out more into the field: I am fitting up the old kitchen for a china-room: I am building a bedchamber for myself over the old blue-room, in which I intend to die, though not yet; and some trifles of this kind, which I do not specify to you, because I intend to reserve a little to be quite new to you. Adieu!

[1] Sir John Bland, member for Luggershall. The event took place on the road between Calais and Paris.—E.

[2] Lord Mountford would have been the winner. Colley Cibber died in 1757; Beau Nash survived till 1761. A very entertaining Memoir of the King of Bath will be found in Mr. Murray's enlarged and elegant edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. It is matter of surprise, that so many pieces, from the pen of the delightful author of the Vicar of Wakefield, should have so long remained uncollected.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

You oblige me extremely by giving me this commission; and though I am exceedingly unlike Solomon in every thing else, I will at least resemble him in remembering you to the Hiram from whom I obtained my cedars of Libanus. He is by men called Christopher Gray, nurseryman at Fulham. I mention cedars first, because they are the most beautiful of the evergreen race, and because they are the dearest; half a guinea a-piece in baskets. The arbutus are scarce a crown a-piece, but they are very beautiful: the lignum-vitæ I would not recommend to you; they stink abominably if you touch them, and never make a handsome tree: the Chinese arbor-vitæ is very beautiful. I have a small nursery myself, scarce bigger than *one of those pleasant gardens* which Solomon describes, and which if his *fair one* meant *the church*, I suppose must have meant the *church-yard*. Well, out of this little *parsley-bed* of mine, I can furnish you with a few plants, particularly three Chinese arbor-vitæs, a dozen of the New England or Lord Weymouth's pine, which is that beautiful tree that we have so much admired at the Duke of Argyle's for its clean straight stem, the lightness of its hairy green, and for being feathered quite to the ground: they should stand in a moist soil, and care must be taken every year to clear away all plants and trees round them, that they may have free air and room to expand themselves. Besides these I shall send you twelve stone or Italian pines, twelve pinasters, twelve black spruce firs, two Caroline cherries, thirty evergreen cytisus, a pretty shrub that grows very fast, and may be cut down as you please, fifty Spanish brooms, and six acacias, the genteelest tree of all, but you must take care to plant them in a first row, and where they will be well sheltered, for the least wind tears and breaks them to pieces. All these are ready, whenever you will give me directions, how, and where to send them. They are exceedingly small, as I have but lately

taken to propagate myself; but then they will travel more safely, will be more sure of living, and will grow faster than larger. Other sorts of evergreens, that you must have, are silver and Scotch firs; Virginia cedars, which should stand forwards and have nothing touch them; and above all cypresses, which, I think, are my chief passion; there is nothing so picturesque, where they stand two or three in a clump, upon a little hillock, or rising above low shrubs, and particularly near buildings. There is another bit of picture, of which I am fond, and that is a larch or a spruce fir planted behind a weeping willow, and shooting upwards as the willow depends. I think for courts about a house, or winter gardens, almond trees mixed with evergreens, particularly with Scotch firs, have a pretty effect, before any thing else comes out; whereas almond trees, being generally planted among other trees, and being in bloom before other trees have leaves, have no ground to show the beauty of their blossoms. Gray at Fulham sells cypresses in pots at half a crown a-piece; you turn them out of the pot with all their mould, and they never fail. I think this is all you mean; if you have any more garden-questions or commissions, you know you command my little knowledge.

I am grieved that you have still any complaints left. Dissipation, in my opinion, will be the best receipt; and I do not speak merely for my own sake, when I tell you, how much I wish to have you keep your resolution of coming to town before Christmas. I am still more pleased with the promise you make to Strawberry, which you have never seen in its green coat since it cut its teeth. I am here all alone, and shall stay till Tuesday, the day after the birth-day. On Thursday begins our warfare, and, if we may believe signs and tokens, our winter will be warlike: I mean at home; I have not much faith in the invasion. Her Royal Highness and his Royal Highness[1] are likely to come to an open rupture. His grace of Newcastle, who, I think, has gone under every nickname, waits I believe to see to which he will cling. There have been two Worlds by my Lord Chesterfield lately, very pretty, the rest very indifferent.

[1] The Princess Dowager and the Duke of Cumberland.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1755.

I PROMISED you histories, and there are many people that take care I should have it in my power to keep my word. To begin in order, I should tell you, that there were 289 members at the Cockpit meeting, the greatest number ever known there: but Mr. Pitt, who is too great a general to regard numbers, especially when there was a probability of no great harmony between the commanders, did not, however, postpone giving battle. The engagement was not more decisive than long: we sat till within a quarter of five in the morning; an uninterrupted serious debate from before two. Lord Hillsborough moved the address, and very injudiciously supposed an opposition. Martin, Legge's secretary, moved to omit in the address the indirect approbation of the treaties, and the direct assurances of protection to Hanover. These questions were at length divided; and against Pitt's inclination, the last, which was the least unpopular, was first decided by a majority of 311 against 105. Many then went away; and on the next division the numbers were 290 to 89. These are the general outlines. The detail of the speeches, which were very long, and some extremely fine, it would be impossible to give you in any compass. On the side of the opposition (which I must tell you by the way, though it set out decently, seems extremely resolved) the speakers (I name them in their order) were: the 3d Colebrook, Martin, Northey, Sir Richard Lyttelton, Doddington, George Grenville, Sir F. Dashwood, Beckford, Sir G. Lee, Legge, Potter, Dr. Hay, George Townshend, Lord Egmont, Pitt, and Admiral Vernon: on the other side were, Lord Hillsborough, Obrien, young Stanhope,[1] Hamilton, Alstone, Ellis, Lord Barrington, Sir G. Lyt-

[1] Son of the Earl of Chesterfield; who upon this occasion addressed the House for the first time. "His father," says Dr. Maty, "took infinite pains to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker. The young man seems to have succeeded tolerably well upon the whole, but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument

telton, Nugent, Murray, Sir T. Robinson, my uncle, and Mr. Fox. As short as I can, I will give you an account of them. Sir Richard, Beckford, Potter, G. Townshend, the Admiral of course, Martin, Stanhope, and Ellis, were very bad: Doddington was well, but very *acceding*: Dr. Hay by no means answers his reputation; it was easy, but not striking. Lord Egmont was doubling, absurd, and obscure. Sir G. Lee and Lord Barrington were much disliked; I don't think so deservedly. Poor Alstone was mad, and spoke ten times to order. Sir George,[1] our friend, was dull and timid. Legge was the latter. Nugent roared, and Sir Thomas rumbled. My uncle did justice to himself, and was as wretched and dirty as his whole behaviour for his coronet has been. Mr. Fox was extremely fatigued, and did little. Geo. Grenville's was very fine and much beyond himself, and very pathetic. The Attorney-general[2] in the same style, and very artful, was still finer. Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton[3] who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection: his speech was set, and full of antithesis, but those antitheses were full of argument: indeed his speech was the most argumentative of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides: he ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough, crushed

in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage to make some other attempt; but I have not heard that Mr. Stanhope ever spoke again in the House."—E.

[1] Sir George Lyttelton.

[2] William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield.

[3] William Gerard Hamilton. It was this speech which, not being followed, as was naturally expected, by repeated exhibitions of similar eloquence, acquired for him the name of *single-speech* Hamilton.

poor Sir George, terrified the Attorney, lashed my Lord Granville, painted my Lord of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke.[1] A few of the Scotch were in the minority, and most of the Princess's people, not all: all the Duke of Bedford's in the majority. He himself spoke in the other House for the address (though professing incertainty about the treaties themselves), against my Lord Temple and Lord Halifax, without a division. My Lord Talbot was neuter; he and I were of a party: my opinion was strongly with the opposition; I could not vote for the treaties; I would not vote against Mr. Fox. It is ridiculous perhaps, at the end of such a debate, to give an account of my own silence; and as it is of very little consequence what I did, so it is very unlike me to justify myself. You know how much I hate *professions* of integrity; and my pride is generally too great to care what the generality of people say of me: but your heart is good enough to make me wish you should think well of mine.

You will want to know what is to be the fate of the ministry in opposition: but that I can't tell you. I don't believe they have determined what to do, more than oppose, nor that it is determined what to do with them. Though it is clear that it is very humiliating to leave them in place, you may conceive several reasons why it is not eligible to dismiss them. *You* know where you are, how easy it is to buy an opposition who have not places; but tell us what to do with an opposition that has places? If you say, Turn them out; I answer, That is not the way to quiet any opposition, or a ministry so constituted as ours at present. Adieu!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, November 16, 1755.

NEVER was poor invulnerable immortality so soon brought to shame! Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain have

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

persuaded myself that it was a sprain; and, then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry Hill: but none of my evasions will do! I was, certainly, lame for two days; and though I repelled it — first, by getting wet-shod, and then by spirits of camphire; and though I have since tamed it more rationally by leaving off the little wine I drank, I still know where to look for it whenever I have an occasion for a political illness.—Come, my constitution is not very much broken, when, in four days after such a mortifying attack, I could sit in the House of Commons, full as possible, from two at noon till past five in the morning, as we did but last Thursday. The new opposition attacked the address.—Who are the new opposition?—Why, the old opposition: Pitt and the Grenvilles; indeed, with Legge instead of Sir George Lyttelton. Judge how entertaining it was to me to hear Lyttelton answer Grenville, and Pitt Lyttelton! The debate, long and uninterrupted as it was, was a great deal of it extremely fine: the numbers did not answer to the merit: the new friends, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, had 311 to 105. The bon-mot in fashion is, that the staff was very good, but they wanted private men. Pitt surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured, cabinet orations, make *vis-à-vis* his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence: the most admired part was a comparison he drew of the two parts of the new administration, to the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone; "the latter a gentle, feeble, languid stream, languid but not deep; the other a boisterous and overbearing torrent; but they join at last; and long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and happiness of this nation!" I hope you are not mean-spirited enough to dread an invasion, when the senatorial contests are reviving in the temple of Concord.—*But will it make a party?* Yes, truly; I never saw so promising a prospect. Would not it be cruel, at such a period, to be laid up?

I have only had a note from you to promise me a letter; but it is not arrived: — but the partridges are, and well; and I thank you.

England seems *returning:*[1] for those who are not in Parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury-lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being Opera night, the galleries were victorious.[2]

Montagu writes me many kind things for you: he is in Cheshire, but comes to town this winter. Adieu! I have so much to say, that I have time to say but very little.

P. S. George Selwyn hearing much talk of a sea-war or a continent, said, "I am for a sea-war and a *continent* admiral."

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

I HAVE received a letter from you of Oct 25th, full of expectation of the invasion I announced to you — but we have got two new parties erected, and if you imagine that the invasion is attended to, any more than as it is played off by both those parties, you know little of England. The Parliament met three days ago: we have been so un-English lately as to have no parties at all, have now got what never was seen before, an opposition in administration. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and their adherents, no great number, have declared open and unrelenting war with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox; and on the address, which hinted approbation of the late treaties, and promised direct support of Hanover, we sat till five the next morning. If eloquence could convince, Mr. Pitt would have had more than 105 against 311; but it is long

[1] Walpole means the disposition towards mobs and rioting at public places, which was then common among young men, and had been a sort of fashion in his early youth.—E.

[2] A spectacle brought out by Garrick, in the beginning of this month, at Drury-lane gave great offence to the public, in consequence of the number of foreigners employed in it; and, on the sixth representation, a violent riot took place, by which a damage to the theatre was incurred of several thousand pounds.—E.

since the arts of persuasion were artful enough to persuade — rhetoric was invented before places and commissions! The expectation of the world is suspended, to see whether these gentlemen will resign or be dismissed: perhaps neither; perhaps they may continue in place and opposition; perhaps they may continue in place and not oppose. Bossuet wrote "L'Histoire des Variations de l'Eglise" — I think I could make as entertaining a history, though not so well written, "des Variations de l'Etât:" I mean of changes and counter-changes of party. The Duke of Newcastle thought himself undone, beat up all quarters for support, and finds himself stronger than ever. Mr. Fox was thought so unpopular, that his support was thought as dangerous as want of defence; everything bows to him. The Tories hate both him and Pitt so much, that they sit still to see them worry one another; they don't seem to have yet found out that while there are parts and ambition, they will be obliged to follow and to hate by turns every man who has both.

I don't at all understand my Lady Orford's politics; but that is no wonder, when I am sure she does not understand ours. Nobody knows what to make of the French inactivity: if they intend some great stroke, the very delay and forbearance tells us to prepare for it, and a surprise prepared for loses much of its value. For my own part, I have not prophetic sagacity enough to foresee what will be even the probable event either of our warlike or domestic politics. I desired your brother to write you an account of General Johnson's victory; the only great circumstance in our favour that has happened yet. The greatest mystery of all is the conduct of Admiral Boscawen; since he left England, though they write private letters to their friends, he and all his officers have not sent a single line to the Admiralty; after great pain and uncertainty about him, a notion prevailed yesterday, how well-founded I know not, that without any orders he is gone to attack Louisbourgh — considering all I have mentioned, he ought to be very sure of success. Adieu! my dear Sir, I have told you the heads of all I know, and have not time to be more particular.

P. S. I am glad to be able to contradict an untruth, before I send it away: Admiral Boscawen and his fleet are arrived, and have brought along with them a French man-of-war of seventy-four guns.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, November 25, 1755.

I HAVE been so hurried since I came to town, and so enclosed in the House of Commons, that I have not been able to write a line sooner. I now write, to notify that your plants will set out according to your direction next Monday, and are ordered to be left at Namptwich.

I differ with the doctors about planting evergreens in spring; if it happens to be wet weather, it may be better than exposing them to a first winter; but the cold dry winds, that generally prevail in spring, are ten times more pernicious. In my own opinion, the end of September is the best season, for then they shoot before the hard weather comes. But the plants I send you are so very small, that they are equally secure in any season, and would bear removing in the middle of summer; a handful of dung will clothe them all for the whole winter.

There is a most dreadful account of an earthquake in Lisbon,[1] but several people will not believe it. There have been lately such earthquakes and waterquakes, and rocks rent, and other strange phenomena, that one would think the world exceedingly out of repair. I am not prophet enough to believe that such convulsions relate solely to the struggles between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, or even portend any between the Georges and James's. You have already heard, I suppose, that Pitt, Legge, and George Grenville, are dismissed, and that Sir George Lyttelton is chancellor of the exchequer.

[1] The dreadful earthquake, on the 1st of November, which laid nearly the whole city in ruins. The number of inhabitants who lost their lives was variously reported, but generally estimated at about ten thousand. —E.

My Lord Temple says that Sir George Lyttelton said he would quit his place when they did, and that he has kept his word! The world expects your cousin to resign; but I believe all efforts are used to retain him. *Joan, the fair maid of Saxe-Gotha*, did not speak to Mr. Fox or Sir George when they kissed her hand last Sunday. No more places are vacated or filled up yet.

It is an age since I have heard from Mr. Bentley; the war or the weather have interrupted all communication. Adieu! let me know, at your leisure, when one is likely to see you.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 4, 1755.

Long before you receive this, my dear Sir, you will have learned general, if not particular accounts of the dreadful desolation at Lisbon: the particulars indeed are not yet come hither; all we have heard hitherto is from France, and from Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid. The catastrophe is greater than ever happened even in your neighbourhood, Naples. Our share is very considerable, and by some reckoned at four millions. We are dispatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want everything. There have been Kings of Spain who would have profited of such a calamity; but the present monarch has only acted as if he had a title to Portugal, by showing himself a father to that people.[1]

We are settled, politically, into a regular opposition. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and George Grenville have received their dismissions, and oppose regularly. Sir George Lyttelton, who last year broke with that connection, is made chancellor of the exchequer. As the subsidies are not yet voted, and as the opposition, though weak in numbers, are very strong in speakers, no other places will be given away till Christmas, that the re-elections may be made in the holidays.

[1] The Spanish monarch did not long preserve that spirit of justice.

There are flying reports that General Johnson, our only hero at present, has taken Crown-point, but the report is entirely unconfirmed by any good authority. The invasion that I announced to you, is very equivocal; there is some suspicion that it was only called in as an ally to the subsidiary treaties: many that come from France say, that on their coasts they are dreading an invasion from us. Nothing is certain but their forbearance and good-breeding — the meaning of that is very uncertain.

Shall I send away a letter with only these three paragraphs! I must, if I write at all. There are no private news at all; the earthquake, the opposition, and the war, are the only topics; each of those topics will be very fruitful, and you shall hear of their offspring — at present, good night!

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17, 1755.

After an immense interval, I have at last received a long letter from you, of a very old date (November 5th), which amply indemnifies my patience; nay, almost makes me amends for your blindness; for I think, unless you had totally lost your eyes, you would not refuse me a pleasure so easy to yourself as now and then sending me a drawing. I can't call it laziness; one may be too idle to amuse one's self, but sure one is never so fond of idleness as to prefer it to the power of obliging a person one loves! And yet I own your letter has made me amends, the wit of your pen recompenses the stupidity of your pencil; the *cæstus* you have taken up supplies a little the *artem* you have relinquished. I could quote twenty passages that have charmed me: the picture of Lady Prudence and her family; your idol that gave you hail when you prayed for sunshine; misfortune the teacher of superstition; unmarried people being the fashion in heaven; the *Spectator-hacked* phrases; Mr. Spence's blindness to Pope's mortality; and, above all, the criticism on the Queen in Hamlet, is most delightful. There never was so good a

ridicule of all the formal commentators on Shakspeare, nor so artful a banter on him himself for so improperly making her Majesty deal in *double-entendrês* at a funeral. In short, I never heard as much wit, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate t'other day on the treaties. His antagonists endeavour to disarm him, but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better; I never suspected him of such an universal armoury—I knew he had a Gorgon's head, composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate on these famous treaties, last Wednesday, Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt (and hereafter perhaps against Fox), attacked the former for *eternal invectives.* Oh! since the last philippic of Billingsgate memory you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned — Hume Campbell was annihilated! Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think how charming a ridicule must that be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half! Some day or other, perhaps you will see some of the glittering splinters that I gathered up. I have written under his print these lines, which are not only full as just as the original, but have not the tautology of *loftiness* and *majesty:*

> "Three orators in distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
> The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
> The next in language, but in both the last:
> The power of Nature could no farther go;
> To make a third, she join'd the former two."

Indeed, we have wanted such an entertainment to enliven and make the fatigue supportable. We sat on Wednesday till ten at night; on Friday till past three in the morning; on Monday till between nine and ten.[1] We have profusion of ora-

[1] Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles of the 19th, says, "The House of Commons sits three or four times a week till nine or ten at night, and sometimes till four or five in the morning; so atten-

tors, and many very great, which is surprising so soon after the leaden age[1] of the late Right Honourable Henry Saturnus![2] The majorities are as great as in Saturnus's *golden* age.

Our changes are begun; but not being made at once, our very changes change. Lord Duplin and Lord Darlington are made joint paymasters: George Selwyn says, that no act ever showed so much the Duke of Newcastle's absolute power as his being able to make Lord Darlington *a paymaster*. That so often *repatrioted* and *reprostituted* Doddington is again to be treasurer of the navy; and he again drags out Harry Furnese into the treasury. The Duke of Leeds is to be cofferer, and Lord Sandwich emerges so far as to be chief justice in eyre. The other parts by the comedians; I don't repeat their names, because perhaps the fellow that to-day is designed to act Guildenstern, may to-morrow be destined to play *half* the part of the second grave-digger.[3] However, they are all to kiss hands on Saturday. Mr. Pitt told me to-day that he should not go to Bath till next week. I fancy, said I, you scarce stay to kiss hands.

With regard to the invasion, which you are so glad to be allowed to fear, I must tell you that it is quite gone out

tive are they to the good of their dear country. That zeal has of late transported them into much personal abuse. Even our insignificant House sat one day last week till past ten at night upon the Russian and Hessian treaties; but I was not able to sit it out, and left it at seven, more than half dead: for I took it into my head to speak upon them for near an hour, which fatigue, together with the heat of the house, very nearly annihilated me. I was for the Russian treaty, as a prudent eventual measure at the beginning of a war, and probably preventive even of a war in that part of the world; but I could not help exposing, though without opposing, the Hessian treaty, which is, indeed, the most extraordinary one I ever saw."—E.

[1] "Here, pleased, behold her mighty wings outspread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead." *Dunciad.*—E.

[2] Mr. Pelham.

[3] "Places," writes Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles on the 19th, "are emptying and filling every day. The patriot of Monday is the courtier of Tuesday, and the courtier of Wednesday is the patriot of Thursday. This, indeed, has more or less been long the case, but I really think never so impudently and so profligately as now. The power is all falling from his Grace's into Fox's hands; which, you may remember, I told you long ago would happen."—E.

of fashion again, and I really believe was dressed up for a vehicle (as the apothecaries call it) to make us swallow the treaties. All along the coast of France they are much more afraid of an invasion than we are.

As obliging as you are in sending me plants, I am determined to thank you for nothing but drawings. I am not to be bribed to silence, when you really disoblige me. Mr. Müntz has ordered more cloths for you. I even shall send you books unwillingly; and, indeed, why should I? As you are stone-blind, what can you do with them? The few I shall send you, for there are scarce any new, will be a pretty dialogue by Crébillon; a strange imperfect poem, written by Voltaire when he was very young, which with some charming strokes has a great deal of humour *manqué* and of impiety *estropiée;* and an historical romance, by him too, of the last war, in which is so outrageous a lying anecdote of old Marlborough, as would have convinced her, that when poets write history they stick as little to truth in prose as in verse. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1755.

I AM very much pleased that you are content with what are to be trees a thousand years hence, though they were the best my Libanus afforded. I was afraid you would think I had sent you a bundle of picktooths, instead of pines and firs: may you live to chat under their shade! I am still more pleased to hear that you are to be happy in some good fortune to the Colonel: he deserves it; but, alas! what a claim is that! Whatever makes him happy, makes you so, and consequently me.

A regular opposition, composed of immense abilities, has entertained us for this month. George Grenville, Legge, a Dr. Hay, a Mr. Elliot, have shone; Charles Townshend lightened; Pitt has rode in the whirlwind, and directed the storm with abilities beyond the common reach of the genii of a tempest. As soon as that storm has a little spent its

fury, the dew of preferments begins to fall and fatten the land. Moses and Aaron differ indeed a little in which shall dispense the manna, and both struggle for their separate tribes. Earl Gower is privy seal, the Lords Darlington and Duplin joint paymasters, Lord Gage paymaster of the pensions, Mr. O'Brien in the treasury. That old rag of a dishclout ministry, Harry Furnese, is to be the other lord. Lord Bateman and Dick Edgecumbe[1] are the new admirals; Rigby, Soame Jennings, and Talbot the Welsh judge, lords of trade; the Duke of Leeds cofferer, Lord Sandwich chief justice in eyre, Ellis and Lord Sandys (*autre* dishclout) divide the half of the treasury of Ireland, George Selwyn paymaster of the board of works, Arundel is to have a pension in Ireland, and Lord Hillsborough succeeds him as treasurer of the chambers, though I thought he was as fond of his white staff as my Lord Hobart will be, who is to have it. There, if you love new politics! You understand, to make these vacancies, that Charles Townshend and John Pitt are added to the dismissed and dead.

My Lord Townshend is dying; the young Lord Pembroke marries the charming Lady Betty Spenser.[2] The French are thought to have *passed eldest* as to England, and to intend *to take in* Hanover. I know an old potentate who had rather have the gout in his stomach than in that little toe. Adieu! I have sent your letter; make my compliments, and come to town.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1755.

I AM glad, my dear Sir, that you have not wasted many alarms on the invasion; it does not seem to have been ever intended by the French. Our ministers, who are not apt to have any intelligence, have now only had bad: they spread the idea; it took for some days, but is vanished. I believe we tremble more really for Hanover; I can't say I do; for

[1] Lord Edgecumbe.

[2] Second daughter of Charles second Duke of Marlborough.—E.

while we have that to tremble for, we shall always be to tremble. Great expectations of a peace prevail; as it is not likely to be good, it is not a season for venturing a bad one. The opposition, though not numerous, is now composed of very determined and very great men; more united than the ministry, and at least as able. The resistance to the treaties has been made with immense capacity: Mr. Pitt has shone beyond the greatest horizon of his former lustre. The holidays are arrived, and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deserters, old cashiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition. The Duke of Newcastle and his coadjutor Mr. Fox squabble twice for agreeing once: as I wish so well to the latter, I lament what he must wade through to real power, if ever he should arrive there. Underneath I shall catalogue the alterations, with an additional letter to each name, to particularize the corps to which each belongs.

		In the room of
Sir George Lyttelton, N.	Chancellor of the Exchequer.	Mr. Legge, dismissed.
Duke of Leeds, N.	Cofferer.	Sir George Lyttelton.
Mr. T. Brudenell, N.	Deputy.	Mr. Clare.
Mr. Doddington, F.	Treasurer of the Navy.	Mr. G. Grenville, dismissed.
Lords Darlington, N. and Duplin, N.	Joint Paymasters.	Mr. Pitt, dismissed.
Duke of Marlborough, F.	Master of the Ordnance.	Long vacant.
Earl Gower, F.	Lord Privy Seal.	Duke of Marlborough.
Lord Gage, N.	Paymaster of Pensions.	Mr. Compton, dead.
Mr. Obrien, N. Mr. Henry Furnese,	Lords of the Treasury.	Lord Darlington. Lord Duplin.
Lord Bateman, F. Mr. Edgcumbe, F.	Lords of the Admiralty.	Mr. C. Townshend, dismissed. Mr. Ellis.
Judge Talbot, Mr. S. Jennings, N. Mr. Rigby, F.	Lords of Trade.	Mr. J. Grenville, resigd. Mr. T. Pitt, dismissed. Mr. Edgcumbe.
Mr. Arundel, N.	Pension on Ireland.	
Lord Hilsborough, F.	Treasurer of Chambers.	Mr. Arundel.
Lord Hobart, N.	Comptroller of the Household.	Lord Hilsborough.
Mr. George Selwyn, F.	Paymaster of the Board of Works.	Mr. Denzil Onslow.
Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Sandwich, F. Mr. Ellis, F.	who had half before. To divide Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.	Sir W. Yonge, deceased.
Lord Berkeley of Stratton, F.	Treasurer of the Household.	Lord Fitzwalter, dying.
Lord Sandys, N.	Chief Justice in Eyre.	Duke of Leeds.

As numerous as these changes are, they are not so extraordinary as the number of times that each designation has been changed. The four last have not yet kissed hands, so I do not give you them for certain. You will smile at seeing Doddington again revolved to the court, and Lord Sandys and Harry Furnese, two of the most ridiculous objects in the succession to my father's ministry, again dragged out upon the stage: perhaps it may not give you too high an idea of the stability or dignity of the new arrangement; but as the Duke of Newcastle has so often turned in and out all men in England, he *must* employ some of the same dupes over again. In short, I don't know whether all this will make your ministerial gravity smile, but it makes me laugh out. Adieu!

P. S. I must mention the case of my Lord Fitzwalter,[1] which all the faculty say exceeds anything known in their practice: he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce ever more sense than he has at present; he has lived many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four-and-twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week. What will Dr. Cocchi, with his *Vitto Pittagorico*, say to this?

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1755.

As I know how much you are my friend and take part in my joy, I cannot help communicating to you an incident that has given much pleasure. You know how much I love Mr. Mann—well, I won't enter into that, nor into a detail of many hardships that he has suffered lately, which made me still more eager to serve him. As some regiments have been just given away, I cast my eyes about to see if I could not help him to clothing. Among the rest, there was one new

[1] Charles Mildmay, Earl Fitzwalter, so created May 14, 1730. He died without issue, Feb. 29, 1756, when his earldom became extinct; and the old barony of Fitzwalter fell into abeyance among females.—D.

colonel,[1] whom I could not assume enough to call my friend, but who is much connected with one that is so. As the time passed, I did not stay to go round about, but addressed myself directly to the person himself — but I was disappointed; the disaster was, that he had left his quarters and was come to town. Though I immediately gave it up in my own mind, knew how incessantly he would be pressed from much more powerful quarters, concluded he would be engaged, I wrote again; that letter was as useless as the first, and from what reason do you think? Why this person, in spite of all solicitations, nay previous to any, had already thought of Mr. Mann, had recollected it would oblige me and my friend in the country, and had actually given his clothing to Mr. Mann, before he received either of my letters. Judge how agreeably I have been surprised, and how much the manner has added to my obligation! You will be still more pleased when you hear the character of this officer, which I tell you willingly, because I know you country gentlemen are apt to contract prejudices, and to fancy that no virtues grow out of your own shire; yet by this one sample, you will find them connected with several circumstances that are apt to nip their growth. He is of as good a family as any in England, yet in this whole transaction he has treated me with as much humility as if I was of as good a family, and as if I had obliged him, not he me. In the next place, I have no power to oblige him; then, though he is young and in the army, he is as good, as temperate, as meek, as if he was a curate on preferment; and yet with all these meek virtues, nobody has distinguished themselves by more personal bravery — and what is still more to his praise, though he has so greatly established his courage, he is as regular in his duty, and submits as patiently to all the tedious exiles and fatigues of it, as if he had no merit at all; but I will say no more, lest you imagine that the present warmth of my gratitude makes me exaggerate. No, you will not, when you know that all I

[1] Colonel Charles Montagu, this day appointed to the command of the 59th regiment of foot.—E.

have said relates to your own brother, Colonel Charles Montagu. I did not think he could have added still to my satisfaction; but he has, by giving me hopes of seeing you in town next week — till then, adieu! Yours as entirely as is consistent with my devotedness to your brother.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 6, 1756.

I AM quite angry with you; you write me letters so entertaining that they make me almost forgive your not drawing: now, you know, next to being disagreeable, there is nothing so shocking as being too agreeable. However, as I am a true philosopher, and can resist anything I like, when it is to obtain anything I like better, I declare, that if you don't coin the vast ingot of colours and cloth that I have sent you, I will burn your letters unopened.

Thank you for all your concern about my gout, but I shall not mind you; it shall appear in my stomach before I attempt to keep it out of it by a fortification of wine: I only drank a little two days after being very much fatigued in the House, and the worthy pioneer began to cry *swear* from my foot the next day. However, though I am determined to feel young still, I grow to take the hints age gives me: I come hither oftener, I leave the town to the young; and though the busy turn that the world has taken draws me back into it, I excuse it to myself, and call it retiring into politics. From hence I must retire, or I shall be drowned; my cellars are four feet under water, the Thames gives itself Rhone airs, and the meadows are more flooded than when you first saw this place and thought it so dreary. We seem to have taken out our earthquake in rain: since the third week in June, there have not been five days together of dry weather. They tell us that at Colnbrook and Stains they are forced to live in the first floor. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, but I don't expect to hear from him: no post but a dove can get from

thence. Every post brings new earthquakes; they have felt them in France, Sweden, and Germany: what a convulsion there has been in nature!? Sir Isaac Newton, somewhere in his works, has this beautiful expression, "The globe will want *manum emendatricem*."

I have been here this week with only Mr. Müntz; from whence you may conclude I have been employed — Memoirs thrive apace. He seems to wonder (for he has not a little of your indolence, I am not surprised you took to him) that I am continually occupied every minute of the day, reading, writing, forming plans: in short, you know me. He is an inoffensive, good creature, but had rather ponder over a foreign gazette than a pallet.

I expect to find George Montagu in town to-morrow: his brother has at last got a regiment. Not content with having deserved it, before he got it, by distinguished bravery and indefatigable duty, he persists in meriting it still. He immediately, unasked, gave the chaplainship (which others always sell advantageously) to his brother's parson at Greatworth. I am almost afraid it will make my commendation of this really handsome action look interested, when I add, that he has obliged me in the same way by making Mr. Mann his clothier, before I had time to apply for it. Adieu! I find no news in town.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1756.

As my Lady Ailesbury is so taken up with turnpike-bills, Popish recusants, and Irish politics, and you are the only idle person in the family (for Missy I find is engaged too), I must return to correspond with you. But my letters will not be quite so lively as they have been: the Opposition, like schoolboys, don't know how to settle to their books again after the holidays. We have not had a division; nay, not a debate. Those that like it, are amusing themselves with the

[1] Now first printed.

Appleby election. Now and then we draggle on a little militia. The recess has not produced even a pamphlet. In short, there are none but great outlines of politics: a memorial in French Billingsgate has been transmitted hither, which has been answered very laconically. More agreeable is the guarantee signed with Prussia: M. Michel[1] is as fashionable as ever General Wall was. The Duke of Cumberland has kept his bed with a sore leg, but is better. Oh! I forgot, Sir Harry Erskine is dismissed from the army, and if you will suffer so low a pun as upon his face, is a rubric martyr for his country: bad as it is, this is the best *bon-mot* I have to send you: Ireland, which one did not suspect, is become the staple of wit, and, I find, coins *bons-mots* for our greatest men. I might well not send you Mr. Fox's repartee, for I never heard it, nor has anybody here: as you have, pray send it me. Charles Townshend t'other night hearing somebody say, that my Lady Falmouth, who had a great many diamonds on, had a very fine stomach, replied, "By God! my lord has a better." You will be entertained with the riot Charles makes in the sober house of Argyle: t'other night, on the Duchess's bawling to my Lady Suffolk,[2] he in the very same tone cried out, "Large stewing oysters!" When he takes such liberties with his new parent, you may judge how little decency he observes with his wife: last week at dinner at Lord Strafford's, on my Lady Dalkeith's mentioning some dish that she loved, he replied before all the servants, "Yes, my Lady Dalkeith, you love it better than any thing but one!"

We were to have had a masquerade to-night, but the Bishops, who you know have always persisted in God's hating dominos, have made an earthquake point of it, and postponed it till after the fast.

Your brother has got a sixth infanta; at the christening t'other night, Mr. Trail had got through two prayers before anybody found out that the child was not brought down stairs. You see by my *pauvreté* how little I have to say. Do

[1] The Prussian chargé d'affaires.
[2] The Countess of Suffolk was very deaf.—E.

accept the enclosed World[1] in part of payment for the remainder of a letter. I must conclude this with telling you, that though I know her but little, I admire my Lady Kildare as much as you do. She has writ volumes to Lady Caroline Fox in praise of you and your Countess: you are a good soul —I can't say so much for Lady Ailesbury. As to Missy, I am afraid I must resign my claim: I never was very proper to contest with an Hibernian hero; and I don't know how, but I think my merit does not improve. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1756.

Oh! Sir, I shall take care how I ever ask favours of you again! It was with great reluctance that I brought myself to ask this: you took no notice of my request; and I flattered myself that I was punished for having applied to you so much against my inclination. Just as I grew confirmed in the pride of being mortified, I hear that you have outgone my application, and in the kindest manner in the world have given the young man a pair of colours. It would have been unpleasant enough to be refused; but to obtain more than one asked is the most provoking thing in the world! I was prepared to be very grateful if you had done just what I desired; but I declare I have no thanks ready for a work of supererogation. If there ever was a saint that went to heaven for mere gratitude, which I am persuaded is a much more uncommon qualification than martyrdom, I must draw upon his hoard of merit to acquit myself. You will at least get thus much by this charming manner of obliging me: I look upon myself as doubly obliged; and when it cost me so much to ask one favour, and I find myself in debt for two, I shall scarce run in tick for a third.

What adds to my vexation is, that I wrote to you but the

[1] No. 160. On attacks upon Licentiousness.—Story of Sir Eustace Drawbridge-court; written by Walpole.

night before last. Unless I could return your kindness with equal grace, it would not be very decent to imitate you by beginning to take no notice of it; and therefore you must away with this letter upon the back of the former.

We had yesterday some history in the House: Beckford produced an accusation in form against Admiral Knowles on his way to an impeachment. Governor Verres was a puny culprit in comparison! Jamaica indeed has not quite so many costly temples and ivory statues, &c. as Sicily had: but what Knowles could not or had not a propensity to commit in rapine and petty larceny, he has made up in tyranny. The papers are granted, and we are all going to turn jurymen. The rest of the day was spent in a kind of avoirdupoise war. Our friend Sir George Lyttelton opened the budget; well enough in general, but was strangely bewildered in the figures; he stumbled over millions, and dwelt pompously upon farthings. Pitt attacked him pretty warmly on mortgaging the sinking fund: Sir George kept up his spirit, and returned the attack on his eloquence. It was entertaining enough, but ended in high compliments; and the division was 231 to 56.

Your friend Lady Petersham, not to let the town quite lapse into politics, has entertained it with a new scene. She was t'other night at the play with her court; viz. Miss Ashe, Lord Barnard, M. St. Simon, and her favourite footman Richard, whom, under pretence of keeping places, she always keeps in her box the whole time to see the play at his ease. Mr. Stanley, Colonel Vernon, and Mr. Vaughan arrived at the very end of the farce, and could find no room, but a row and a half in Lady Caroline's box. Richard denied them entrance very impertinently. Mr. Stanley took him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the passage, and thrashed him. The heroine was outrageous—the heroes not at all so.[1] She sent Richard to Fielding for a warrant. He would not grant it

[1] Lady Hervey, in a letter of the 23rd of March, thus alludes to this story:—"This is the time of year you used to come to town. Come and hear a little what is going forward: you will be alarmed with invasions which are never intended; you will hear of ladies of quality who uphold footmen in insulting gentlemen; nay, you will hear of ladies who steal not only hearts, but gold boxes."—E.

—and so it ended—And so must I, for here is company. Adieu!

My letter would have been *much cleverer*, but George Montagu has been chattering by me the whole time, and insists on my making you his compliments.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 25, 1756.

I AM troubled to think what anxiety you have undergone! yet your brother Gal. assures me that he has never missed writing one week since he began to be ill. Indeed, had I in the least foreseen that his disorder would have lasted a quarter of the time it has, I should have given you an account of it; but the distance between us is so great, that I could not endure to make you begin to be uneasy, when, in all probability, the cause would be removed before my letter reached you. This tenderness for you has deceived me: your brother, as his complaint is of the asthmatic kind, has continued all the time at Richmond. Our attendance in Parliament has been so unrelaxed, the weather has been so bad, and the roads so impracticable by astonishing and continued deluges of rain, that, as I heard from him constantly three or four times a week, and saw your brother James, who went to him every week, I went to see him but twice; and the last time, about a fortnight ago, I thought him extremely mended: he wrote me two very comfortable notes this week of his mending, and this morning Mr. Chute and I went to see him, and to scold him for not having writ oftener to you, which he protests he has done constantly. I cannot flatter you, my dear child, so much as to say I think him mended; his shortness of breath continues to be very uneasy to him, and his long confinement has wasted him a good deal. I fear his case is more consumptive than asthmatic; he begins a course of quicksilver to-morrow for the obstruction in his breast. I shall go to him again the day after to-morrow, and pray as fervently as you yourself do, my dear Sir, for his recovery.

You have not more obligations to him, nor adore him more than I do. As my tenderness and friendship is so strong for you both, you may depend on hearing from me constantly; but a declining constitution, you know, will not admit of very rapid recovery. Though he is fallen away, he looks well in the face, and his eyes are very lively: the weather is very warm, he wants no advice, and I assure you no solicitude for his health; no man ever was so beloved, and so deservedly! Besides Dr. Baker, the physician of Richmond, who is much esteemed, he has consulted Dr. Pringle, who is in the first repute, and who is strongly for the quicksilver. I enter into these particulars, because, when one is anxious, one loves to know the most minute. Nothing is capable of making me so happy, as being able soon to send you a better account.

Our politics wear a serener face than they have done of late: you will have heard that our nephew of Prussia—I was going to say, has asked blessing—begging our dignity's pardon, I fear he has given blessing! In short, he guarantees the empire with us from all foreign troops. It is pleasant to think, that at least we shall be to fight for ourselves. Fight we must, France says; but when she said so last, she knew nothing of our cordiality with the court of Berlin. Monsieur Rouillé very lately wrote to Mr. Fox, by the way of Monsieur Bonac in Holland, to say his master ordered the accompanying Mémoire to be transmitted to his Britannic Majesty in person; it is addressed to nobody, but after professing great disposition to peace, and complaining in harsh terms of our *brigandages* and *pirateries*, it says, that if we will restore their ships, goods, &c. they shall *then* be ready to treat. We have returned a squab answer, retorting the infraction of treaties, professing a desire of peace too, but declare we cannot determine upon restitution *comme préliminaire*. If we do not, the Mémoire says, they shall look upon it *comme déclaration de guerre la plus authentique*. Yet, in my own opinion, they will not declare it; especially since the King of Prussia has been Russianed out of their alliance. They will probably attempt some stroke; I think not succeed in it, and then lie by for an opportunity when they shall be stronger. They can

only go to Holland, attempt these islands, or some great *coup* in America.[1] Holland they may swallow when they will; yet, why should they, when we don't attempt to hinder them? and it would be madness if we did. For coming hither, our fleet is superior; say, but equal: our army and preparations greater than ever—if an invasion were still easy, should we be yet to conquer, when we have been so long much more exposed? In America we are much stronger than they, and have still more chances of preventing their performing any action of consequence.

The opposition is nibbling, but is not popular, nor have yet got hold of any clue of consequence. There is not the vivacity that broke forth before the holidays.

I condole with you for Madame Antinori,[2] and Madame Grifoni; but I know, my dear child, how much too seriously your mind will be occupied about your dear brother, to think that romantic grief will any longer disquiet you. Pray Heaven! I may send you better and better news. Adieu!

P. S. I forgot to thank you for your history of the war with Lucca in your last but one.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 5, 1756.

I THINK I can give you a little better account of your brother, who is so dear to both of us; I put myself on a foot with you, for nothing can love him better than I do. I have

[1] "A formal declaration of war from France," writes Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles on the 23rd, "seems to be the natural consequence of M. Rouillé's memorial. I am not so fond of war as I find many people are. *Mark the end on't.* Our treaty lately concluded with Russia is a fortunate event, and secures the peace of the empire; and is it possible that France can invade the Low Countries, which are the dominions of the Empress Queen, only because Admiral Boscawen has taken two of their ships in America? I see but two places where France can annoy us; in America, by slipping over in single ships a considerable number of troops, and next by keeping us in a state of fear and expense at home, with the threats and appearances of an intended invasion."—E.

[2] A Florentine lady, whom Sir Horace admired, and who was just dead: she was sister of Madame Grifoni.

been a week at Strawberry Hill, in order to watch and see him every day. The Duke's physician, Dr. Pringle, who now attends him, has certainly relieved him much: his cough is in a manner gone, his fever much abated, his breath better. His strength is not yet increased; and his stitches, which they impute to wind, are not removed. But both his physicians swear that his lungs are not touched. His worst symptom is what they cannot, but *I* must and will remove: in short, his wife is killing him, I can scarce say slowly. Her temper is beyond imagination, her avarice monstrous, her madness about what she calls cleanliness, to a degree of distraction; if I had not first, and then made your brother Ned interpose in form, she would once or twice a week have the very closet *washed* in which your brother sleeps after dinner. It is certainly very impertinent to interfere in so delicate a case, but your brother's life makes me blind to every consideration: in short, we have made Dr. Pringle declare that the moment the weather is a little warmer, and he can be moved, change of air is absolutely necessary, and I am to take him to Strawberry Hill, where you may imagine he will neither be teased nor neglected: the physicians are strong for his going abroad, but I find that will be a very difficult point to carry even with himself. His affairs are so extensive, that as yet he will not hear of leaving them. Then the exclusion of correspondence by the war with France would be another great objection with him to going thither; and to send him to Naples by sea, if we could persuade him, would hardly be advisable in the heat of such hostilities. I think by this account you will judge perfectly of your brother's situation: you may depend upon it, it is not desperate, and yet it is what makes me very unhappy. Dr. Pringle says, that in his life he never knew a person for whom so many people were concerned. I go to him again tomorrow.

The war is reckoned inevitable, nay begun, though France does not proceed to a formal declaration, but contents herself with Monsieur Rouillé's conditional declaration. All intercourse is stopped. We, who two months ago were in terrors about a war on the continent, are now more frightened about

having it at home. Hessians and Dutch are said to be, and, I believe, are sent for. I have known the time when we were much less prepared and much less alarmed. Lord Ravensworth moved yesterday to send *par préférence* for Hanoverians, but nobody seconded him. The opposition cavil, but are not strong enough to be said to oppose. This is exactly our situation.

I must beg, my dear Sir, that you will do a little for my sake, what I know and hear you have already done from natural goodness. Mr. Dick, the consul at Leghorn, is particularly attached to my old and great friend Lady Harry Beauclerc, whom you have often heard me mention; she was Miss Lovelace: it will please me vastly if you will throw in a few civilities more at my request.

Adieu! Pray for your brother: I need not say talk him over and over with Dr. Cocchi, and hope the best of the war.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 12, 1756.

I WILL not write to my Lady Ailesbury to-night, nor pretend to answer the prettiest letter in the world, when I am out of spirits. I am very unhappy about poor Mr. Mann, who I fear is in a deep consumption: the doctors do not give him over, and the symptoms are certainly a little mended this week; but you know how fallacious that distemper is, and how unwise it would be to trust to it! As he is at Richmond, I pass a great deal of my time out of town to be near him, and so may have missed some news; but I will tell you all I know.

The House of Commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox—one even begins to want Admiral Vernon again for variety. Sometimes it is a little *piquant;* in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. These three or four last days we have been solely upon the Pennsylvanian regiment, bickering, and but once dividing, 165 to 57. We are got but past the first reading

yet. We want the French to put a little vivacity into us. The Duke of Newcastle has expected them every hour: he was terribly alarmed t'other night; on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words, "Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day." It was plainly some secret friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the servants, ransacked the whole house to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensberry to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord Charles Douglas. Don't it put you in mind of my Lord Treasurer Portland in Clarendon, *Remember Cæsar!*

The French have promised letters of *noblesse* to whoever fits out even a little privateer. I could not help a melancholy smile when my Lady Ailesbury talked of coming over soon. I fear major-general *you* will scarce be permitted to return to your plough at Park-place, when we grudge every man that is left at the plough. Between the French and the earthquakes, you have no notion how good we are grown; nobody makes a suit of clothes now but of sackcloth turned up with ashes. The fast was kept so devoutly, that Dick Edgecumbe, finding a very lean hazard at White's, said with a sigh, "Lord, how the times are degenerated! Formerly a fast would have brought everybody hither; now it keeps everybody away!" A few nights before, two men walking up the Strand, one said to t'other, "Look how red the sky is! Well, thank God! there is to be no masquerade!"

My Lord Ashburnham[1] does not keep a fast; he is going to marry one of the plump Crawleys:—they call him the noble lord upon the woolsack.

The Duchess of Norfolk has opened her new house: all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and

[1] John second Earl of Ashburnham. On the 28th of June he married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Ambrose Crawley, Esq.—E.

novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would you could be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's, what was there? He said, "Oh! there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company."—It was not a bad picture.

My Lady Ailesbury flatters me extremely about my "World," but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute *Sir Eustace*. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the Princess in a former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it: I mentioned it one night to my Lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed.

I beg you will tell my Lady Ailesbury, that I am sorry she could not discover any *wit* in Mrs. Hussey's making a sept-leva. I know I never was so vain of any wit in my life as in winning a thousand leva and two five hundred levas.

You would laugh if you saw in the midst of what trumpery I am writing. Two porters have just brought home my purchases from Mrs. Kennon the midwife's sale: Brobdignag combs, old broken pots, pans, and pipkins, a lantern of scraped oyster-shells, scimitars, Turkish pipes, Chinese baskets, &c. &c. My servants think my head is turned: I hope not: it is all to be called the personal estate and moveables of my great-great-grandmother, and to be reposited at Strawberry. I believe you think my letter as strange a miscellany as my purchases.

P. S. I forgot, that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1756.

I CAN tell you with as much truth as pleasure that your brother assuredly mends, and that his physician, Dr. Pringle, who is the Duke's, has told his Royal Highness, who expresses great concern, that he now will live. He goes out to take the air every day; that is not very bad: Mr. Chute and I went to see him yesterday, and saw a real and satisfactory alteration. I don't say this to flatter you; on the contrary, I must bid you, my dear child, not be too sanguine, for Dr. Cocchi will tell you that there is nothing more fallacious than a consumptive case; don't mistake me, it is not a consumption, though it is a consumptive disposition. His spirits are evidently better.

You will have heard, before you receive this, that the King of France and Madame Pompadour are gone into devotion. Some say, that D'Argenson, finding how much her inclinations for peace with us fell in with the monarch's humanity, (and which indeed is the only rational account one can give of their inactivity,) employed the Cardinal de la Rochfoucault and the Confessor to threaten the most Christian King with an earthquake if he did not communicate at Easter; and that his Majesty accordingly made over his mistress to his wife, by appointing the former *dame du palais:* others, who refine more, pretend that Madame Pompadour, perceiving how much the King's disposition veered to devotion, artfully took the turn of humouring it, desired to be only his soul's concubine, and actually sent to ask pardon of her husband, and to offer to return to him, from which he begged to be excused—the point in dispute is whether she has or has not left off rouge. In our present hostile state we cannot arrive at any certainty on this important question; though our fate seems to depend on it!

We have had nothing in Parliament but most tedious and long debates on a West Indian regiment, to be partly composed of Swiss and Germans settled in Pennsylvania, with

some Dutch officers. The opposition neither increase in numbers or eloquence; the want of the former seems to have damped the fire of the latter. The reigning fashion is expectation of an invasion; I can't say I am fashionable; nor do I expect the earthquake, though they say it is *landed* at Dover.

The most curious history that I have to tell you, is a malicious, pretty successful, and yet most clumsy plot executed by the Papists, in which number you will not be surprised at my including some Protestant divines, against the famous Bower,[1] author of the History of the Popes. Rumours were spread of his being discovered in correspondence with the Jesuits; some even said the correspondence was treasonable, and that he was actually in the hands of a messenger. I went to Sir George Lyttelton, his great friend, to learn the truth; he told me the story: that Sir Harry Bedingfield, whom I know for a most bigoted Papist in Norfolk, pretended to have six letters from Bower (signed A. B.) in his hands, addressed to one Father Sheldon, a Jesuit, under another name, in which A. B. affected great contrition and desires of reconciliation to that church, lamenting his living in fornication with a woman, by whom he had a child, and from whom he had got fifteen hundred pounds, which he had put into Sheldon's hands, and which he affirmed he must have again if he broke off the commerce, for that the woman insisted on having either him or her money; and offering all manner of submission to holy church, and to be sent wherever she should please; for *non mea voluntas sed tua fiat*:—the last letter grieved at not being able to get his money, and to be forced to continue in sin, and concluded with telling the Jesuit that something would happen soon which would put an end to their correspondence—this is supposed to allude to his history. The similitude of hands is very great—but you know how little that can weigh! I know that Mr. Conway and my Lady Ailesbury write so alike, that I never receive a

[1] Bower was a man of very bad character, and it is now generally believed that he intended to cheat the Jesuits out of a sum of money. —D. [See vol. ii. p. 336.]

letter from either of them that I am not forced to look at the name to see from which it comes; the only difference is that she writes legibly, and he does not. These letters were shown about privately, and with injunctions of secrecy: it seems Hooke, the Roman historian, a convert to Popery, and who governs my Lord Bath and that family, is deep in this plot. At last it got to the ears of Dr. Birch, a zealous but simple man, and of Millar the bookseller, angry at Bower for not being his printer—they trumpeted the story all over the town. Lord Pultney was one who told it me, and added, "a Popish gentleman and an English clergyman[1] are upon the scent;" he told me Sir H. Bedingfield's name, but would not the clergyman's. I replied, then your lordship must give me leave to say, as I don't know his name, that I suppose our Doctor is as angry as Sir Harry at Bower for having written against the church of Rome. Sir G. Lyttelton went to Sir Harry, and demanded to see the letters, and asked for copies, which were promised. He soon observed twenty falsehoods and inconsistencies, particularly the mention of a patent for a place, which Sir George obtained for him, but never thought of asking till a year and a half after the date of this letter; to say nothing of the inconsistence of his taking a place as a Protestant, at the same time he was offering to go whithersoever the Jesuits would send him; and the still more glaring improbability of his risking himself again under their power! Sir George desired the woman might be produced—Sir Harry shuffled, and at last said he believed it was a lie of Bower. When he was beaten out of every point, he said, he would put it on this single fact, "Ask Mr. Bower if he was not reconciled to the church of Rome in the year '44." The whole foundation proves to be this: Bower, who is a very child in worldly matters, was weak enough, for good interest, to put fifteen hundred pounds into the hands of one Brown, a Jesuit here in London, and from that correspondence they have forged his hand; and finding the minds of men alarmed

[1] Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, an intimate friend of Lord Bath. He had detected sundry errors in Bower's Lives of the Popes.—D.

and foolish about the invasion and the earthquake, they thought the train would take like wildfire. I told Bower, that though this trusting a Jesuit did great honour to his simplicity, yet it certainly did none to his judgment. Sir George begged I would advise them what to do — they were afraid to enter into a controversy, which Hooke might manage. I told him at once that their best way would be to advertise a great reward for discovery of the forgery, and to communicate their intention to Sir H. Bedingfield. Sir George was pleased with the thought — and indeed it succeeded beyond expectation. Sir Harry sent word that he approved the investigation of truth, be the persons concerned of what profession they would; that he was obliged to go out of town next day for his health, but hoped at his return Sir George would give him leave to cultivate an acquaintance which this *little affair* had renewed. Sir George answered with great propriety and spirit, that he should be very proud of his acquaintance, but must beg leave to differ with him in calling *a little affair* what tended to murder a man's character, but he was glad to see that it was the best way that Rome had of answering Mr. Bower's book. You see, Sir Harry is forced to let the forgery rest on himself, rather than put a chancellor of the exchequer upon the scent after priests! He has even hesitated upon giving Bower copies of the letters.

Since I began my letter, we hear that France is determined to try a numerous invasion in several places in England and Ireland, *coute qui coute*, and knowing how difficult it is. We are well prepared and strong; they have given us time. If it were easy to invade us, we should not have waited for an attack till the year 1756. I hope to give you a good account both of England and your brother. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1756.

DEAR HARRY,

I HAVE received so kind and so long a letter from you, and so kind too because so long, that I feel I shall remain much in your debt, at least for length. I won't allow that I am in your debt for warmth of friendship. I have nothing worth telling you: we are hitherto conquered only in threat: for my part, I have so little expectation of an invasion, that I have not buried a single enamel, nor bought a pane of painted glass the less: of the two panics in fashion, the French and the earthquake, I have not even made my option yet. The opposition get ground as little as either: Mr. Pitt talks by Shrewsbury clock, and is grown almost as little heard as that is at Westminster. We have had full eight days on the Pennsylvanian regiment. The young Hamilton has spoken and shone again; but nothing is luminous compared with Charles Townshend:—he drops down dead in a fit, has a resurrection, thunders in the Capitol, confounds the treasury-bench, laughs at his own party, is laid up the next day, and overwhelms the Duchess and the good women that go to nurse him! His brother's Militia-bill[1] does not come on till next week: in the mean time, he adorns the shutters, walls, and napkins of every tavern in Pall Mall with caricatures of the Duke[2] and Sir George Lyttelton, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox. Your friend Legge has distinguished himself exceedingly on the supplies and taxes, and retains all the dignity of chancellor of the exchequer. I think I never heard so complete a scene of ignorance as yesterday on the new duties! Except Legge, you would not have thought there was a man in the House had learned troy-weight: Murray quibbled—

[1] On the 12th of March, Mr. George Townshend brought in a bill for better ordering the militia. It passed the House of Commons on the 10th of May.—E.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland. Mr. George Townshend was very skilful at drawing caricatures, and published a set of twelve; to which he affixed the name of Austin.—E.

at Hume Campbell the House groaned! Pitt and Fox were lamentable; poor Sir George never knew prices from duties, nor drawbacks from premiums! The three taxes proposed were on plate, on bricks and tiles, on cards and dice. The earthquake has made us so good, that the ministry might have burned the latter in Smithfield if they had pleased. The bricks they were forced to give up, and consented graciously to accept 70,000*l.* on ale-houses, instead of 30,000*l.* on bricks. They had nearly been forced to extend the duty on plate beyond 10*l.* carrying the restriction by a majority of only two.

An embargo is laid on the shipping, to get sailors. The young court lords were going to raise troops of light-horse, but my Lord Gower (I suppose by direction of the Duke) proposed to the King that they should rather employ their personal interest to recruit the army; which scheme takes place, and, as George Townshend said in the House, they are all turning recruiting serjeants. But notwithstanding we so much expect a storm from France, I am told that in France they think much more of their own internal storms than of us. Madame Pompadour wears devotion, whether forced or artful is not certain: the disputes between the King and the Parliament run very high, and the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conti have set themselves at the head of the latter. Old Nugent came fuddled to the Opera last week, and jostled an ancient Lord Irwin, and then called him fool for being in his way: they were going to fight; but my Lord Talbot, professing that he did not care if they were both hanged, advised them to go back and not expose themselves. You will stare perhaps at my calling Nugent *old:* it is not merely to distinguish him from his son; but he is such a champion and such a lover, that it is impossible not to laugh at him as if he was a Methuselah! He is *en affaire reglée* with the young Lady Essex. At a supper there a few nights ago of two-and-twenty people, they were talking of his going to Cashiobury to direct some alterations: Mrs. Nugent in the softest infantine voice called out, "My Lady Essex, don't let him do anything out of doors; but you will find him delightful within!"

I think I have nothing else to tell you but a *bon-mot* or two; with that sort of news I think I take care to supply you duly. I send you constantly the best that London affords. Dick Edgecumbe has said that his last child was born on *All-gamesters'-day;* Twelfth-night.

This chapter shall conclude with an epigram; the thought was George Selwyn's, who, you know, serves all the epigram-makers in town with wit. It is on Miss Chudleigh crying in the drawing-room on the death of her mother:—

> "What filial piety! what mournful grace,
> For a lost parent, sits on Chudleigh's face!
> Fair virgin, weep no more, your anguish smother!
> You in this town can never want a mother."

I have told poor Mr. Mann how kind you are to him: indeed I have been exceedingly frightened and troubled for him, and thought him in immediate danger. He is certainly much mended, though I still fear a consumption for him: he has not been able to move from Richmond this whole winter: I never fail to visit him twice or thrice a week. I heartily pity the fatigue and dulness of your life; nor can I flatter you with pretending to believe it will end soon: I hope you will not be forced to gain as much reputation in the camp as you have in the cabinet! — You see I must finish.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 18, 1756.

I AM not surprised to find by your letters of 21st and 28th of February how much you have been alarmed for your brother. You have not felt more than I have: but I have the satisfaction of seeing him mend, while you undergo the terrible suspense of waiting for posts. He has been pulled much back by the operation of his quicksilver, which flung him into a severe looseness and kind of salivation: it weakened him much and kept him from the air; but it brought off a great load of black stuff from his stomach, and his spirits are exceedingly better. He is to go to the Bath as soon as he is

able. Would to Heaven I could prevail for his going to Italy, but he will not listen to it. You may be confident that I do not stop at mere decency in checking his domestic torment — it is terrible; but when I saw him in so much danger, I kept no measures — I went lengths that would be inexcusable in any other situation. No description can paint the madness, (and when I call it madness, I know I flatter,) the preposterous unreasonableness and infernal temper of that little white fiend! His temper, which is equal to yours, bears him up under it. I am with him two or three mornings every week, and think I shall yet preserve him for you. The physicians are positive that his lungs are not touched.

We proceed fiercely in armaments — yet in my own opinion, and I believe the ministry think so too, the great danger is for Portmahon. Admiral Byng sails directly for the Mediterranean. The Brest fleet that slipped away, is thought on its progress to Nova Scotia. The Dutch have excused sending us their troops on the imminence of their own danger. The parliamentary campaign is almost over; you know I persist in believing that we shall not have any other here.

Thank you much for your kindness to Mr. Dick; I will repay you on your brother, though I don't know how to place him to any account but my own. If I could be more anxious than I am about him, it would be, my dear child, on what you say to me on yourself; but be comforted, all will yet be well.

Mr. Chute's picture is not yet arrived; when it comes, he shall thank you himself. I must now give you a new commission, and for no less a minister than the chancellor of the exchequer. Sir George Lyttelton desires you will send him for his hall the jesses of the Venus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo Medicis, (I think there is a cast of it,) the Mercury, and some other female statue, at your choice: he desires besides three pair of Volterra vases, of the size to place on tables, and different patterns. Consign the whole to me, and draw the bill of lading on me.

I have nothing more to tell you but a *naïveté* of my Lady Coventry; the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are no masquerades this year — (for you must know we have

sacrificed them to the idol earthquake,) — she said, no, she was tired of them; she was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see — and that was a coronation! The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good-humour. Adieu! my dear child.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, March 25, 1756.

Instead of being sorry, as I certainly ought to be, when your letters are short, I feel quite glad; I rejoice that I am not much in your debt, when I have not wherewithal to pay. Nothing happens worth telling you: we have had some long days in the House, but unentertaining; Mr. Pitt has got the golut in his oratory, I mean in his head, and does not come out: we are sunk quite into argument — but you know, when anything is as it should be, it is not worth talking of. The plate-tax has made some noise; the ministry carried one question on it but by nine. The Duke of Newcastle, who reserves all his heroism for the war, grew frightened, and would have given up the tax; but Mr. Fox bolstered up his courage and mustered their forces, and by that and softening the tax till it was scarce worth retaining, they carried the next question by an hundred. The day before yesterday the King notified the invasion to both Houses, and his having sent for Hessians. There were some dislikes expressed to the latter; but, in general, fear preponderated so much, that the cry was for Hanoverians too. Lord George Sackville, in a very artful speech, a little maliciously even proposed them and noblemen's regiments; which the Duke had rejected. Lord Ravensworth, in the other House, moved in form for Hanoverians; the Duke of Newcastle desired a few days to consider it, and they are to go upon it in the Lords to-morrow. The militia, which had been dropped for next year, is sprouted up again out of all this, and comes on to-day. But we should not be English, if we did not become still more intent

[1] Now first published.

on a very trifle: we are. A new road through Paddington[1] has been proposed to avoid the stones: the Duke of Bedford, who is never in town in summer, objects to the dust it will make behind Bedford House, and to some buildings proposed, though, if he was in town, he is too short-sighted to see the prospect. The Duke of Grafton heads the other side: this is carried! *you* can imagine it — you could compose the difference! *you*, grand corrupter, you who can bribe pomp and patriotism, virtue and a *Speaker*,[2] you that have pursued uprightness even to the last foot of land on the globe, and have disarmed Whiggism almost on the banks of its own Boyne — don't you return hither, we shall have you attempt to debauch even Mr. Onslow, who has preserved his chastity, while all the band of chosen youths, while every Pultney, Pitt, and Lyttelton have fallen around him. I could not help laughing at the picture of Malone bribed out of his virtue and mobbed into it again!

Now I am in a serious strain, I will finish my letter with the only other serious history I know. My Lady Lincoln has given a prodigious assembly to show the Exchequer House.[3] She sent to the porter to send cards to all she visited: he replied, he could easily do that, for his lady visited nobody but Lady Jane Scott. As she has really neglected everybody, many refusals were returned. The Duchess of Bedford was not invited, and made a little opposition-supper, which was foolish enough. As the latter had refused to return my Lady Falmouth's visit, my Lady Lincoln singled her out, visited and invited her. The dignity of the assembly was great: Westminster Hall was illuminated for chairs; the passage from it hung with green baize and lamps, and matted. The cloister was the prettiest sight in the world, lighted with lamps and Volterra vases. The great apartment is magnificent. Sir Thomas Robinson, the Long, who you know is

[1] The Paddington or New Road, which the Duke of Bedford opposed as making a dust behind Bedford House, and from some intended buildings being likely to interrupt his prospect. The Duke of Grafton warmly espoused the other side of the question.

[2] The Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

[3] Lord Lincoln was at this time auditor of the exchequer.- E.

always propriety itself, told me how much the house was improved since it was my brother's. The Duchess of Norfolk gives a great ball next week to the Duke of Cumberland: so you see that she does not expect the Pretender, at least this fortnight. Last night, at my Lady Hervey's, Mrs. Dives was expressing great panic about the French: my Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said with great softness, "I don't know, I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of." Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1756.

You wrong me very much in thinking I omit writing because I don't hear from you as often as you have a mind I should: you are kinder to me in that respect than I have reason, considering your numerous occupations, to expect: the real and whole truth is, that I have had nothing to tell you; for I could not tire either you or myself with all the details relating to this foolish road-bill, which has engrossed the whole attention of everybody lately. I have entered into it less than anybody. What will you say when you are told that proxies have been sent for to Scotland? that my Lord Harrington has been dragged into the House of Lords from his coffin, and Lord Arran[1] carried thither to take the oaths, who I believe has not appeared there since the Revolution? In short, it has become quite a trial for power; and though the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford have lent their names and their vehemence, you will guess what has been the engine behind the curtain.

The French are so obliging as to wait till we have done with these important squabbles: the House of Commons takes care too not to draw off the attention of the nation. The Militia-bill has passed through that solitude, but I hear will be stopped in the House of Lords. I have lived lately in a

[1] Charles Butler, second son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, created Earl of Arran in 1693. At his death, in 1759, his title became extinct.—E.

round of great disagreeable suppers, which you know are always called for my Lady Yarmouth, as if the poor woman loved nothing but cramming: I suppose it will so much become the etiquette, that in the next reign there will be nothing but suppers for my Lord Bute. I am now come hither to keep *my* Newmarket, but the weather is cold and damp: it is uncertain whether the Duke makes that campaign, or against the French. As the road-bill extinguished the violence about the two operas of next year, and they made the invasion forgot, and the invasion the earthquake, I foresee — and I go almost upon as sure grounds as prophets that take care to let the event precede the prediction — I foresee that the Hanoverians will swallow up all: they have already a general named, who ranks before any one of ours; and there are to be two Hanoverian *aide-de-camps!*

You will hear by this post of the death of Sir William Lowther, whose vast succession falls to Sir James, and makes him Crœsus: he may hire the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough for led captains. I am sorry for this young man, though I did not know him; but it is hard to be cut off so young and so rich: old rich men seldom deserve to live, but he did a thousand generous acts. You will be diverted with a speech of Lord Shelburne,[1] one of those second-rate fortunes who have not above five-and-thirty thousand pounds a year. He says, everybody may attain some one point if they give all their attention to it; for his part, he knows he has no great capacity, he could not make a figure by his parts; he shall content himself with being one of the richest men in England! I literally saw him t'other day buying pictures for two-and-twenty shillings, that I would not hang in my garret; while I, who certainly have not made riches my sole point of view, was throwing away guineas, and piquing myself for old tomb-

[1] John, fifth son of Thomas Fitzmaurice, first Earl of Kerry. He inherited, pursuant to the will of his uncle, Henry Petty, Earl of Shelburne, his lordship's opulent fortune, and assumed his surname in 1751. He was created Earl of Shelburne in the kingdom of Ireland; and, in 1760, was raised to the dignity of a British peer, by the title of Lord Wycombe. He died in 1761.—E.

stones against your father-in-law the General.[1] I hope Lady Ailesbury will forgive my zeal for Strawberry against Coombank! Are you ever to see your Strawberry Hill again? Lord Duncannon flatters us that we shall see you in May. If I did not hope it, I would send you the only two new fashionable pieces; a comic elegy[2] by Richard Owen Cambridge, and a wonderful book by a more wonderful author, Greville.[3] It is called "Maxims and Characters:" several of the former are pretty: all the latter so absurd, that one in particular, which at the beginning you take for the character of a man, turns out to be the character of a post-chaise.

You never tell me now any of Missy's *bons-mots*. I hope she has not resided in Ireland till they are degenerated into bulls! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 18, 1756.

I WISH I could send you accounts of your brother's amendment in proportion to your impatience, and to my own: he does mend certainly, but it is slowly: he takes the air every day, and they talk of his riding, though I don't think him strong enough yet to sit a horse: when he has rid a little, he is to go to the Bath. I wish it much; for though he is at Richmond, there is no keeping him from doing too much business. Dr. Cocchi has showed his usual sagacity; the case is pronounced entirely asthmatic. As they have

[1] General John Campbell, who, upon the death of Archibald Duke of Argyle, succeeded to that title.

[2] An Elegy on an Empty Assembly-room.—E.

[3] Fulke Greville, Esq. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, dated Louvere, Oct. 9, 1757, says, "We have had many English here. Mr. Greville, his lady, and her suite of adorers deserved particular notice: he was so good as to present me with his curious book: since the days of the Honourable Edward Howard, nothing has ever been published like it. I told him the age wanted an Earl of Dorset to celebrate it properly; and he was so well pleased with that speech, that he visited me every day, to the great comfort of Madame, who was entertained, meanwhile, with parties of pleasure of another kind, though I fear I lost his esteem at last, by refusing to correspond with him."—E.

acquitted him of a consumption, I feel easy, though the complaint he has is so uneasy to himself. You must not be discouraged by my accounts; for I see your brother so very often, that it is not possible for me to discern the progress of alteration in him.

You will not believe how little we have thought of the French lately! We are engaged in a civil war — not between St. James's and Leicester House, but between the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, about a new turnpike-road on the back of the town: as you may imagine, it grows politics; and if it is not compromised during the recess, the French may march deep into the kingdom before *they* become greater politics.

We think them not ready for Minorca, and that we shall be prepared to receive them there. The Hessians are expected immediately; and soon after them, the Hanoverians; and soon after them, many jealousies and uneasinesses.

These are all the politics I can tell you; and I have as little else to tell you. Poor Lady Drumlanrig,[1] whose lord perished so unfortunately about a year and a half ago, is dead of a consumption from that shock; and Sir William Lowther, one of the two heirs of old Sir James, died two days ago of a fever. He was not above six-and-twenty, master of above twenty thousand pounds a-year: sixteen of which comes to young Sir James, who was equally rich: think what a fortune is here assembled — will any Florentine believe this when reduced to sequins or scudi?

I receive such packets of thanks from Lady Harry Beauclerc, transmitted to her from Mr. Dick, that you must bear to have some of them returned to you. I know you enough to believe that you will be still better pleased with new trouble than with my gratitude, therefore I will immediately flounce into more recommendation; but while I do recommend, I must send a bill of discount at the same time: in short, I have been pressed to mention a Sir Robert Davers to you; but as I have never seen him, I will not desire much more than your usual civility for him; sure, he may be con-

[1] Daughter of the Earl of Hopton. See *antè*, p. 61.—E.

tent with that! I remember Sir William Maynard,[1] and am cautious.

Since I began this, I receive yours of April 2nd, full of uneasiness for your brother's quicksilver and its effects. I did not mention it to you, because, though it put him back, his physicians were persuaded that he would not suffer, and he has not. As to reasoning with them, my dear child, it is impossible: I am more ignorant in physic than a child of six years old; if it were not for reverence for Dr. Cocchi, and out of gratitude to Dr. Pringle, who has been of such service to your brother, I should say, I am as ignorant as a physician. I am really so sensible of the good your brother has received from this doctor, that I myself am arrived so far towards being ill, that I now know, if I was to be ill, who should be my physician. The weather has been so wet and cold that your brother has received very little benefit from it: he talked to me again this morning of riding, but I don't yet think him able; if you had seen him as I saw him the day I wrote my first letter to you, you would be as happy as I am now; without that, I fear you would be shocked to see how he is emaciated; but his eyes, his spirits, his attention, give me great hopes, though I absolutely think it a tedious asthmatic case. Adieu! my dear child; be in better spirits, and don't expect either sudden amendment or worse change.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1756.

Your steward called on me just as I was going to keep my Newmarket at Strawberry Hill; he promised to leave me the direction to the statuary, but as I have not heard from him, I wish you would send it me.

The cold and the wet have driven me back to London, empty London! where we are more afraid of the deluge than of the invasion. The French are said to be sailed for Mi-

[1] Whom Mr. Walpole recommended to Sir H. Mann, to whom Sir William, who was a Jacobite, behaved very impertinently.

norca, which I hold to be a good omen of their not coming hither; for if they took England, Port-Mahon, I should think, would scarcely hold out.

Pray don't die, like a country body, because it is the fashion for gentlefolks to die in London; it is the *bon ton* now to die; one can't show one's face without being a death's head. Mrs. Bethel and I are come strangely into fashion; but true critics in mode object to our having underjaws, and maintain that we are not dead *comme il faut.* The young Lady Exeter[1] died almost suddenly, and has handsomely confirmed her father's will, by leaving her money to her lord only for his life, and then to Thomas Townshend.[2] Sir William Lowther has made a charming will, and been as generous at his death as he was in his short life; he has left thirteen legacies of five thousand pounds each to friends; of which you know by sight, Reynolds,[3] Mrs. Brudenel's son,[4] and young Turner. He has given seventeen hundred pounds a-year; that is, I suppose, seventeen hundred pounds, to old Mrs. Lowther.[5] What an odd circumstance! a woman passing an hundred years to receive a legacy from a man of twenty-seven: after her it goes to Lord George Cavendish. Six hundred pounds per year he gives to another Mrs. Lowther, to be divided afterwards between Lord Frederick and Lord John. Lord Charles, his uncle, is residuary legatee. But what do you think of young Mr. James Lowther, who not of age becomes master of one or two and forty thousand pounds a-year? England will become a heptarchy, the property of six or seven people! The Duke of Bedford is fallen to be not above the fourth rich man in the island.

Poor Lord Digby[6] is likely to escape happily at last, after

[1] Daughter and heir of Horatio, son of the first Viscount Townshend.

[2] The Honourable Thomas Townshend, second son of Charles second Viscount Townshend, member for the University of Cambridge.—E.

[3] Francis Reynolds, of Strangeways, Esq.—E.

[4] George Brudenel, Esq. afterwards member for Rutlandshire, and equerry to George the Second.—E.

[5] Hannah, youngest daughter of Alderman Lowther. She had been maid of honour to Queens Mary and Anne, and died in 1757, at the age of a hundred and three.—E.

[6] Edward sixth Lord Digby. He died in the following year.—E.

being cut for the stone, and bearing the preparation and execution with such heroism, that waking with the noise of the surgeons, he asked if that was to be the day? "Yes." —"How soon will they be ready?"—"Not for some time." —"Then let me sleep till they are?" He was cut by a new instrument of Hawkins, which reduces an age of torture to but one minute.

The Duke had appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde Park with my Lady Coventry; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully![1] I hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter. At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best-humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry: she said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*. "Lord!" said Lady Mary Coke, "what is that?"—"Oh! it is Irish for *sentimental*."

There is a new Morocco ambassador, who declares for Lady Caroline Petersham, preferably to Lady Coventry. Lady Caroline Fox says he is the best bred of all the foreign ministers, and at one dinner said more obliging things than Mirepoix did during his whole embassy. He is so fashionable, that George Selwyn says he is sure my Lady Winchelsea will ogle him instead of Haslang.

I shall send you soon the fruits of my last party to Strawberry; Dick Edgcumbe, George Selwyn, and Williams were with me; we composed a coat of arms for the two clubs at White's, which is actually engraving from a very pretty painting of Edgcumbe, whom Mr. Chute, as Strawberry king at arms, has appointed our chief herald painter; here is the blazon:

Vert (for card-table), between three paroli's proper on a chevron table (for hazard-table) two rouleaus in saltire between two dice proper; in a canton, sable, a white ball (for election) argent.

Supporters. An old knave of *clubs* on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side; both accoutred proper.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Bolingbroke.—E.

Crest. Issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington) an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper.

Motto. (Alluding to the crest,) *Cogit amor nummi.* The arms encircled by a claret bottle ticket, by way of order.

By the time I hope to see you at Strawberry Hill, there will be a second volume of the Horatiana ready for the press; or A full and true account of the bloody civil wars of the house of Walpole, being a narrative of the unhappy differences between Horatio and Horace Walpoles; in short, the old wretch, who aspires to be one of the heptarchy, and who I think will live as long as old Mrs. Lowther, has accomplished such a scene of abominable avarice and dirt, that I, notwithstanding my desire to veil the miscarriages of my race, have been obliged to drag him and all his doings into light — but I won't anticipate. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 12.

Don't imagine I write to you for anything but form; there is nothing like news, except the Prussian victories, which you see in the papers: by next courier we expect he will send us at least a leg or an arm of the Empress Queen.

Our domestic politics are far from settled. The King is gone to Kensington, and when any ministry can be formed, it is to be sent after him. The Parliament draggles on, till any two of the factions can unite. I have not got my tickets yet, but will certainly reserve what you want. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1756.

You will hear with great satisfaction that your brother rides out every day, and bears it pretty well. I sent to him yesterday morning, and my Swiss boy told me with great joy at his return, that he saw your brother's servant cutting a

plate of bread and butter for him, big enough, said he, for you, Sir, and Mr. Bentley, and Mr. Müntz — who is a Swiss painter that I keep in the house — you perceive I deal much in Swiss. I saw your brother this morning myself; he does not mend so fast as I wish, but I still attribute it to the weather. I mentioned to him Dr. Cocchi's desire of seeing his case and regimen in writing by Dr. Pringle, but I found he did not care for it; and you may imagine I would not press it. I sifted Dr. Pringle himself, but he would not give me a positive answer; I fear he still thinks that it is not totally an asthma. If you had seen him so much worse, as I have, you would be tolerably comforted now. Lord Malpas[1] saw him to-day for the first time, and told me alone that he found him much better than he expected. His spirits and attention to everything are just as good as ever, which was far from being the case three months ago.

I read the necessary part of your letter to Sir George Lyttelton, who thinks himself much obliged, and leaves the vases entirely to your taste, and will be fully content with the five jesses you name.

We have nothing new; the Parliament rises the 25th; all our attention is pointed to Minorca, of which you must be much better and sooner informed than we can. Great dissatisfactions arise about the defenceless state in which it was left; it is said, some account arrived from Commodore Edgcumbe[2] the night before last, but it is kept very secret, which at least specifies the denomination of it. I hope to find Mr. Conway in town to-morrow night, whither he is just returned from Ireland; he has pacified that country to the standard of his own tranquillity.

I have read the poem you mention, the Pucelle, and am by no means popular, for I by no means like it — it is as tiresome as if it was really an heroic poem. The four first cantos

[1] George, eldest son of George third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole: he died before his father, and was father of George the fourth earl.

[2] George, second son of Richard Lord Edgecumbe, succeeded his brother in the title, and was by George III. created Viscount Mount Edgecumbe.

are by much the best, and throughout there are many vivacities; but so absurd, perplexed a story is intolerable; the humour often missed, and even the parts that give most offence, I think very harmless.

P. S. We are to declare war this week; I suppose, in order to make peace, as we cannot make peace till we have made war.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1756.

NOTHING will be more agreeable to me than to see you at Strawberry Hill; the weather does not seem to be of my mind, and will not invite you. I believe the French have taken the sun. Among other captures, I hear the King has taken another English mistress, a Mrs. Pope, who took her degrees in gallantry some years ago. She went to Versailles with the famous Mrs. Quon: the King took notice of them; he was told they were not so rigid as *all* other English women are — mind, I don't give you any part of this history for authentic; you know we can have no news from France but what we run. I have rambled so that I forgot what I intended to say; if ever we can have spring, it must be soon; I propose to expect you any day you please after Sunday se'nnight, the 30th: let me know your resolution, and pray tell me in what magazine is the Strawberry ballad? I should have proposed an earlier day to you, but next week the Prince of Nassau is to breakfast at Strawberry Hill, and I know your aversion to clashing with grandeur.

As I have already told you one mob story of a king, I will tell you another: *they say*, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* sent Schutz[1] for his German cook, and said, "Get me a very good supper; get me all de varieties; I don't mind expense."

I tremble lest his Hanoverians should be encamped at

[1] Augustus Schutz, a German, master of the robes to the King, and his favourite attendant.—E.

Hounslow; Strawberry would become an inn; all the Misses would breakfast there, to go and see the camp!

My Lord Denbigh[1] is going to marry a fortune, I forget her name; my Lord Gower asked him how long the honeymoon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvest moon with me." Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 27, 1756.

Your brother is determined to go to Bristol in ten days: our summer, which nobody but the almanack has the confidence to say is not winter, is so cold that he does not advance at all. If his temper was at all in the power of accidents, it would be affected enough just now to affect his health! What a figure he would make in a catalogue of philosophers or martyrs! His wife's aunt, Mrs. Forth, who has always promised him the half of her fortune, which is at least thirty thousand pounds, is dead, and has left him only two thousand pounds. He sent for your brother Ned this morning to talk to him upon some other business, and it was with such unaffected cheerfulness, that your eldest brother concluded he was reserving the notification of a legacy of at least ten thousand pounds for the *bonne bouche;* but he can bear his wife, and then what are disappointments? Pray, my dear child, be humble, and don't imagine that yours is the *only best* temper in the world. I pretend so little to a good one, that it is no merit in me to be out of all patience.

My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at last; he is a peer.[2] Lord Chief Justice Ryder, who was to have kissed hands with him on Monday, was too ill, and died on Tuesday;[3] but I believe his son will save the peerage.

[1] Basil sixth Earl of Denbigh. In the following year he married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Bruce Cotton.—E.

[2] Through the zeal of his friend Lord Hardwicke, and the influence of the Cavendish party, the repugnance of the King was overcome, and Horatio Walpole, on the 1st of June, was elevated to the peerage, by the title of Lord Walpole of Wolterton.—E.

[3] On the 24th of May, the King signed a warrant for raising Sir Dudley Ryder to the peerage, but he died before the patent was completed.—E.

We know nothing yet of Minorca, and seem to think so little of our war, that to pass away his time, Mars is turned Impresario; in short, the Duke has taken the Opera-house for the ensuing season. There has been a contest between the manager Vanneschi and the singers Mingotti and Ricciarelli;[1] the Duke patronizes the Mingotti, and lists under her standard. She is a fine singer, an admirable actress; I cannot say her temper is entirely so sweet as your brother's.

May 30th, Arlington Street.

See what a country gentleman I am! One cannot stir ten miles from London without beginning to believe what one hears, and without supposing that whatever *should* be done, will be done. The Opera-house is still in dispute between Signor Guglielmo and Signor Vanneschi — and Mr. Ryder[2] will not get the peerage; for coronets are not forfeited by worthlessness, but by misfortune. My Lord Chief Justice misses one by only dying, my uncle gets one by living!

I this moment receive your letter of the 15th. We had picked up by scrambling accounts pretty much what you tell me of Minorca; but hitherto we only live on comparing dates.

I can add nothing to what I have said in the article of your brother. I am going to send the papers to Lord Macclesfield.[3] Adieu!

P. S. It is uncertain who will be Chief Justice; Murray could have no competitor, but the Duke of Newcastle cannot part with him from the House of Commons.[4]

[1] "Vanneschi's difference with Mingotti occasioned as many private quarrels and public feuds as the disputed abilities of Handel and Bononcini, or the talents of Faustina and Cuzzoni, had done thirty years before. *On a toujours tort* in these disputes; and addressing the town is but making bad worse: for not a word which either party says is believed. These squabbles ended in Vanneschi's being a bankrupt, a prisoner in the Fleet, and afterwards a fugitive; and in Mingotti's acquiring for a while the sovereignty in the Opera kingdom, by which gratification of ambition they were soon brought to the brink of ruin, as others had been before them." Burney.—E.

[2] In 1776, Mr. Ryder was created Baron Harrowby.—E.

[3] George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield, president of the Royal Society. He died in 1764.—D.

[4] Mr. Potter, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the 4th of June, says, "Upon the death of the Chief Justice, all the Attorney-general's private friends

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.[1]

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM not sorry to be paving my way to Wentworth Castle by a letter, where I suppose you are by this time, and for which I waited: it is not that I stayed so long before I executed my embassy *auprès de Milord* Tylney. He has but one pair of gold pheasants at present, but promises my Lady Strafford the first fruits of their loves. He gave me hopes of some pied peacocks sooner, for which I asked directly, as one must wait for the lying-in of the pheasants. If I go on *negotiating* so successfully, I may hope to arrive at a peerage a little sooner than my uncle has.

As your lordship, I know, is so good as to interest yourself in the calamities of your friends, I will, as shortly as I can, describe and grieve your heart with a catastrophe that has happened to two of them. My Lady Ailesbury, Mr. Conway, and Miss Rich passed two days last week at Strawberry Hill. We were returning from Mrs. Clive's through the long field, and had got over the high stile that comes into the road; that is, three of us. It had rained, and the stile was wet. I could not let Miss Rich straddle across so damp a palfrey, but took her in my arms to lift her over. At that instant I saw a coach and six come thundering down the hill from my house; and hurrying to set down my charge, and stepping backwards, I missed the first step, came down headlong with the nymph in my arms; but turning quite round as we rushed to the ground, the first thing that touched the earth was Miss Rich's head. You must guess in how

thought the office, on every account, so fit for him, that it would be infatuation to decline it, and that the Attorney-general himself was of the same opinion, but the Duke of Newcastle was frightened at the thoughts of what was to become of the House of Commons." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 159.—E.

[1] William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford, of the second creation. He married Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter of John, second Duke of Argyle, and died in 1791.—E.

improper a situation we fell; and you must not tell my Lady Strafford before anybody that every petticoat, &c. in the world were canted—high enough indeed! The coach came on, and never stopped. The apprehension that it would run over my Chloe made me lie where I was, holding out my arm to keep off the horses, which narrowly missed trampling us to death. The ladies, who were Lady Holderness, Miss Pelham, and your sister Lady Mary Coke, stared with astonishment at the theatre which they thought I had chosen to celebrate our loves; the footmen laughed; and you may imagine the astonishment of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, who did not see the fall, but turned and saw our attitude. It was these spectators that amazed Miss Pelham, who described the adventure to Mrs. Pitt, and said, "What was most amazing, there were Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury looking on!" I shall be vexed to have told you this long story, if Lady Mary has writ it already; only tell me honestly if she has described it as decently as I have.

If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious, and some very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné. I am quite glad to find that they do *not* continue equally agreeable. The extreme misery to which France was reduced at the end of Queen Anne's war, is more striking than one could conceive. I hope it is a debt that they are not going to pay, though the news that arrived on Wednesday have but a black aspect. The consternation on the behaviour of Byng,[1] and on the amazing council of war at Gibraltar,[2] is

[1] The Hon. John Byng, fourth son of Admiral Byng; a distinguished officer, who, for his eminent services, was created Viscount Torrington in 1721.—E.

[2] A council of war was held at Gibraltar, to decide upon a request made by Admiral Byng for a reinforcement of troops from that garrison

extreme: many think both next to impossibilities. In the mean time we fear the loss of Minorca. I could not help smiling t'other day at two passages in Madame Maintenon's Letters relating to the Duc de Richelieu, when he first came into the world: "Jamais homme n'a mieux réussi à la cour, la première fois qu'il y a paru: c'est réellement une très-jolie créature!" Again:—"C'est la plus aimable poupée qu'on puisse voir." How mortifying that this "jolie poupée" should be the avenger of the Valoises!

Adieu! my lord. I don't believe that a daughter of the Duke of Argyle[1] will think that the present I have announced in the first part of my letter balances the inglorious article in the end. I wish you would both renew the breed of heroes, which seems scarcer than that of gold pheasants!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[2]

Arlington Street, June 8, 1756.

MY DEAR SIR,

PRAY have a thousand masses said in your divine chapel *à l'intention* of your poor country. I believe the occasion will disturb the founder of it, and make him shudder in his shroud for the ignominy of his countrymen. By all one learns, Byng, Fowke, and all the officers at Gibraltar, were infatuated! They figured Port-Mahon lost, and Gibraltar a-going! a-going! Lord Effingham, Cornwallis, Lord Robert Bertie, all, all signed the council of war, and are in as bad odour as possible. The King says it will be his death, and that he neither eats nor sleeps—all our trust is in Hanoverians.

The Prince has desired to be excused living at Kensington, but accepts of 40,000*l.* a year; 5,000*l.* is given to Prince

for the defence of Minorca; where M. de la Galissonière, with thirteen sail of the line and several transports, had, towards the end of April, landed a large body of land-forces under the command of the Duc de Richelieu.—E.

[1] Lady Strafford was the youngest daughter of John Duke of Argyle.

[2] Now first printed.

Edward, and an establishment is settling; but that too will meet with difficulties. I will be more circumstantial when we meet.[1]

My uncle has chose no motto nor supporters yet: one would think there were fees to pay for them! Mr. Fox said to him, "Why don't you take your family motto?" He replied, "Because my *nephew* would say I think I speak as well as my brother." *I believe he means me.* I like his awe. The Duke of Richmond, taking me for his son, reproached himself to Lady Caroline Fox for not wishing me joy. She is so sorry she undeceived him! Charles Townshend has turned his artillery upon his own court: he says, "Silly fellow for silly fellow, I don't see why it is not as well to be governed by my uncle with a blue riband, as by my cousin with a green one."

I have passed to-day one of the most agreeable days of my life; your righteous spirit will be offended with me—but I must tell you: my Lord and Lady Bath carried my Lady Hervey and me to dine with my Lady Allen at Blackheath. What added to the oddness of the company in which I found myself was her sister Mrs. Cleveland, whose bitterness against my father and uncle for turning out her husband you have heard—but she is very agreeable. I had a little private satisfaction in very naturally telling my Lord Bath how happy I have made his old printer, Franklyn. The Earl was in extreme good-humour, repeated epigrams, ballads, anecdotes, stories, which, as Madame Sévigné says, puts one in mind "de sa défunte veine." The Countess was not in extreme good-humour, but in the best-humoured ill-humour in the world; contested everything with great drollery, and combated Mrs. Cleveland on Madame Maintenon's character, with as much satire and knowledge of the world as ever I heard in my life.

[1] "June 6. I heard that a message in writing had been sent to the Prince, from the King, offering him an allowance of 40,000*l.* a year, and an apartment in the palaces of Kensington and St. James's. The answer was full of high gratitude for the allowance, but declining the apartment, on account of the mortification it would be to his mother; though it is well known that he does not live with her, either in town or country." Dodington, p. 345.—E.

I told my Lord Bath General Wall's foolish vain motto, "Aut Cæsar aut nihil." He replied, "He is an impudent fellow: he should have taken 'Murus aheneus.'" Doddington has translated well the motto on the caps of the Hanoverians, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." *They never mean to go back again.*

Saunders, the new admiral, told the King yesterday in a very odd phrase, that they *should screw his heart out*, if Byng is not now in the harbour of Mahon. The world condemns extremely the rashness of superseding admirals on no information but from our enemies. The ministry tremble for Thursday se'nnight (inter alia), when the King is to desire the Parliament to adjourn again. I believe altogether it will make a party. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1756.

Our affairs have taken a strange turn, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you last at the end of May; we have been all confusion, consternation, and resentment! At this moment we are all perplexity! When we were expecting every instant that Byng would send home Marshal Richelieu's head to be placed upon Temple-bar, we were exceedingly astonished to hear that the governor and garrison of Gibraltar had taken a panic for themselves, had called a council of war, and in direct disobedience to a positive command, had refused Byng a battalion from thence. This council was attended, and their resolution signed, by all the chief officers there, among whom are some particular favourites, and some men of the first quality. Instead of being shocked at this disappointment, Byng accompanied it with some wonderfully placid letters, in which he notified his intention of retiring under the cannon of Gibraltar, in case he found it dangerous to attempt the relief of Minorca! These letters had scarce struck their damp here, before D'Abreu, the Spanish minister, received an account from France, that Galissonière had sent word that the English fleet had been peeping about him, with exceeding

caution, for two or three days; that on the 20th of May they had scuffled for about three hours, that night had separated them, and that to his great astonishment, the English fleet, of which he had not taken one vessel, had disappeared in the morning. If the world was scandalized at this history, it was nothing to the exasperation of the court, who, on no other foundation than an enemy's report, immediately ordered Admiral Hawke and Saunders [created an admiral on purpose] to bridle and saddle the first ship at hand, and post away to Gibraltar, and to hang and drown Byng and West, and then to send them home to be tried for their lives: and not to be too partial to the land, and to be as severe upon good grounds as they were upon scarce any, they dispatched Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure upon the like errand over the Generals Fowke and Stuart. This expedition had so far a good effect, that the mob itself could not accuse the ministry of want of rashness; and luckily for the latter, in three days more the same canal confirmed the disappearance of the English fleet for four days after the engagement — but behold! we had scarce had time to jumble together our sorrow for our situation, and our satisfaction for the dispatch we had used to repair it, when yesterday threw us into a new puzzle. Our spies, the French, have sent us intelligence that Galissonière is disgraced, recalled, and La Motte sent to replace him, and that Byng has reinforced the garrison of St. Philip's[1] with — 150 men! You, who are nearer the spot, may be able, perhaps, to unriddle or unravel all this confusion; but you have no notion how it has put all our politics a-ground!

This is not our only quandary! A message of 40,000*l.* a-year, with an intention of an establishment for a court, and an invitation of coming to live at Kensington, has been sent to Leicester-fields. The money was very kindly received — the proposal of leaving our lady-mother refused in most sub-

[1] In the month of June 1756, the Marshal de Richelieu, at the head of sixteen thousand men, landed in Minorca, and almost immediately obtained possession of the whole island, as well as of the fortress of St. Philip and Port-Mahon, the population joining him; and the garrison, commanded by General Blakeney, being very weak, and not having received the expected succours from Admiral Byng.—D.

missive terms. It is not easy to enforce obedience; yet it is not pleasant to part with our money for nothing—and yet it is thought that will be the consequence of this ill-judged step of authority. My dear child, I pity you who are to represent and to palliate all the follies of your country!

My uncle has got his peerage; but just when the patent was ready, my Lord Privy Seal Gower went out of town, on which the old baby wrote him quite an abusive letter, which my Lord Gower answered with a great deal of wit and severity. Lord Ilchester[1] and Lord Falconberg[2] are created earls.

General Isemberg of the Hessians has already diverted us: he never saw the tide till he came to Southampton; he was alarmed, and seeing the vessel leaning on the shore, he sent for his master of the horse, and swore at him for overturning the ship in landing the horses. Another of them has challenged a Hampshire justice, for committing one of his soldiers; but hitherto both Hessians and Hanoverians are rather popular.

Your brother, whom, if anything, I think better, is set out this morning for Bristol. You cannot pray more for its restoring his health than I do. I have just received yours of May 28th, to which I make no answer, as all the events I have mentioned are posterior to your accounts. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

June 18.

The two drawings of the Vine and Strawberry, which you desired, are done and packed up in a box; tell me how I must send them. The confusion about the ministry is not yet settled; at least it was not at noon to-day; but, for fear that confusion should ever finish, all the three factions are

[1] Stephen first Earl of Ilchester, eldest surviving son of Sir Stephen Fox. His titles were given him, with remainder, in failure of issue male of himself, to his younger brother Henry Fox.—D.

[2] Thomas Belasyse, fourth Viscount and first Earl of Fauconberg. He died in 1774.—D.

likely to come into place together. Poor Mr. Chute has had another bad fit; he took the air yesterday for the first time. I came to town but last night, and return to my *château* this evening, knowing nothing but that we are on the crisis of battles and ministries. Adieu!

P. S. I just hear that your cousin Halifax has resigned, on Pitt's not letting him be secretary of state for the West Indies.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1756.

I RECEIVE with great satisfaction all your thanks for my anxiety about your brother: I love you both so much, that nothing can flatter me more, than to find I please the one by having behaved as I ought to the other—oh, yes! I could be much more rejoiced, if this other ceased to want my attentions. Bristol began to be of service to him, but he has caught cold there, and been out of order again: he assures me it is over. I will give you a kind of happiness: since he was there, he tells me, that if he does not find all the benefit he expects, he thinks of going abroad. I press this most eagerly, and shall drive it on, for I own if he stays another winter in England, I shall fear his disorder will fix irremovably. I will give you a commission, which, for his sake, I am sure, you will be attentive to execute in the perfectest manner. Mr. Fox wants four vases of the Volterra alabaster, of four feet high each. I choose to make over any merit in it to you, and though I hate putting you to expense, at which you always catch so greedily, when it is to oblige, yet you shall present these. Choose the most beautiful patterns, look to the execution, and send them with rapidity, with such a letter as your turn for doing civil things immediately dictates.

There is no describing the rage against Byng; for one day we believed him a real Mediterranean Byng.[1] He has not

[1] His father, Lord Torrington, had made a great figure there against the Spaniards.

escaped a sentence of abuse, by having involved so many officers in his disgrace and his councils of war: one talks coolly of their being broke, and that is all. If we may believe report, the siege is cooled into a blockade, and we may still save Minorca, and, what I think still more of, dear old Blakeney.[1] What else we shall save or lose I know not. The French, we hear, are embarked at Dunkirk—rashly, if to come hither; if to Jersey or Guernsey, uncertain of success—if to Ireland, *ora pro nobis!* The Guards are going to encamp. I am sorry to say, that with so much serious war about our ears, we can't help playing with crackers. Well, if the French do come, we shall at least have something for all the money we have laid out on Hanoverians and Hessians! The latter, on their arrival, asked *bonnement* where the French camp was. They could not conceive being sent for if it was no nearer than Calais.

The difficulties in settling the Prince's family are far from surmounted; the council met on Wednesday night to put the last hand to it, but left it as unsettled as ever.

Pray do dare to tell me what French and Austrians say of their treaty: we are angry—but when did subsidies purchase gratitude? I don't think we have always found that they even purchased temporary assistance. France declared, Sweden and Denmark allied to France, Holland and Austria neuter, Spain not quite to be depended on, Prussia—how sincerely reconciled! Would not one think we were menaced with a league of Cambray? When this kind of situation was new to me, I did not like it—I have lived long enough, and have seen enough, to consider all political events as mere history, and shall go and see the camps with as unthinking curiosity as if I were a simpleton or a new general. Adieu!

[1] It was at that time believed that General Blakeney had acted with great spirit; but it appeared afterwards that he had been confined to his bed, and had not been able to do anything.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1756.

When I have told you that Mr. Müntz has finished the drapery of your picture, and the copy of it, and asked you whither and how they must be sent, I think I have done all the business of my letter; except telling you, that if you think of conveying them through Moreland, he is gone a soldiering. All the world is going the same road, except Mr. Müntz, who had rather be knocked on the head for fame, than paint for it. He goes to-morrow to Kingston, to see the great drum pass by to Cobham, as women go to take a last look of their captains. The Duke of Marlborough and his grandfather's triumphal car are to close the procession. What would his grandame, if she were alive, say to this pageant? If the war lasts, I think well enough of him to believe he will earn a sprig; but I have no passion for trying on a crown of laurel, before I had acquired it. The French are said to be embarked at Dunkirk — lest I should seem to know more than any minister, I will not pretend to guess whither they are bound. I have been but one night in town, and my head sung ballads about Admiral Byng all night, as one is apt to dream of the masquerade minuet: the streets swarm so with lampoons, that I began to fancy myself a minister's son again.

I am going to-morrow to Park-place; and the first week in August into Yorkshire. If I hear that you are at Greatworth, that is, if you will disclose your motions to me for the first fortnight of that month, I will try if I cannot make it in my road either going or coming. I know nothing of roads, but Lord Strafford is to send me a route, and I should be glad to ask you how you do for one night — but don't expect me, don't be disappointed about me, and of all things don't let so uncertain a scheme derange the least thing in the world that you have to do. There are going to be as many camps and little armies, as when England was a heptarchy. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 24, 1756.

Because you desire it, I begin a letter to-day, but I don't think I shall be able to fill to the bottom of this side. It is in answer to your long one of the 3rd. — In answer? — no; you must have patience till next session before your queries can be resolved, and then I believe you will not be very communicative of the solutions. In short, all your questions of, Why was not Byng sent sooner? Why not with more ships? Why was Minorca not supported earlier? All these are questions which all the world is asking as well as you, and to which all the world does not make such civil answers as you must, and to which I shall make none, as I really know none.[1] The clamour is extreme, and I believe how to reply in Parliament will be the chief business that will employ our ministry for the rest of the summer — perhaps some such home and personal considerations were occupying their thoughts in the winter, when they ought to have been thinking of the Mediterranean. We are still in the dark; we have nothing but the French accounts of the surrender of St. Philip's: we are humbled, disgraced, angry. We know as little of Byng, but hear that he sailed with the reinforcement before his successor reached Gibraltar. If shame, despair, or any human considerations can give courage, he will surely contrive to achieve some great action, or to be knocked on the head — a cannon-ball must be a pleasant quietus, compared to being torn to pieces by an English mob or a House of Commons. I know

[1] "However the case may be with regard to Byng," writes Mr. George Grenville to Mr. Pitt, on the first intelligence of the disaster, "what can be the excuse for sending a force, which at the utmost is scarcely equal to the enemy, upon so important and decisive an expedition? Though, in the venality of this hour, it may be deemed sufficient to throw the whole blame upon Byng, yet I will venture to say, the other is a question that, in the judgment of every impartial man, now and hereafter, will require a better answer, I am afraid, than can be given. I believe he was not reckoned backward in point of personal courage, which makes this affair the more extraordinary, and induces me to wait for his own account of it, before I form an opinion of it." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 163.—E.

no other alternative, but withdrawing to the Queen of Hungary, who would fare little better if she were obliged to come hither — we are extremely disposed to massacre somebody or other, to show we have any courage left. You will be pleased with a cool sensible speech of Lord Granville to Coloredo, the Austrian minister, who went to make a visit of excuses. My Lord Granville interrupted him, and said, "Sir, this is not necessary; I understand that the treaty is only of neutrality; but what grieves me is, that our people will not understand it so; and the prejudice will be so great, that when it shall become necessary again, as it will do, for us to support your mistress, nobody will then dare to be a Lord Granville."

I think all our present hopes lie in Admiral Boscawen's intercepting the great Martinico fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, convoyed by five men-of-war; Boscawen has twenty. I see our old friend Prince Beauvau behaved well at Mahon. Our old diversion, the Countess,[1] has exhibited herself lately to the public exactly in a style you would guess. Having purchased and given her lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she has been there at the public act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. Do but figure her; her dress had all the tawdry poverty and frippery with which you remember her, and I dare swear her tympany, scarce covered with ticking, produced itself through the slit of her scowered damask robe. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricasee French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica. Adieu! I trust by his and other accounts that your brother mends.

[1] Of Pomfret.

P. S. The letters I mentioned to you, pretended to be Bower's, are published, together with a most virulent pamphlet, but containing affidavits, and such strong assertions of facts, as have staggered a great many people. His escape and account of himself in Italy is strongly questioned. I own I am very impatient for the answer he has promised. I admire his book so much, and see such malice in his accusers, that I am strongly disposed to wish and think him a good man. Do, for my private satisfaction, inquire and pick up all the anecdotes you can relating to him, and what is said and thought of him in Italy. One accusation I am sure is false, his being a plagiary; there is no author from whom he could steal that ever wrote a quarter so well.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1756.

As you were so kind as to interest yourself about the issue of my journey, I can tell you that I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first — besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postillions with the wheel upon his body; he came off with making his nose bleed. My castle, like a little ark, is surrounded with many waters, and yesterday morning I saw the Blues wade half way up their horses through Teddington-lane.

There is nothing new but what the pamphlet shops produce; however it is pleasant to have a new print or ballad every day — I never had an aversion to living in a *Fronde*. The enclosed cards are the freshest treason; the portraits by George Townshend are droll — the other is a dull obscure thing as can be. The "Worlds" are by Lord Chesterfield on Decorum, and by a friend of yours and mine, who sent it before he went to Jersey; but this is a secret: they neglected it till now, so preferable to hundreds they have published — I suppose Mr. Moore finds, what everybody else has found long, that he is a-ground. I saw Lovel to-day; he is very far ad-

vanced, and executes to perfection; you will be quite satisfied; I am not discontent with my own design, now I see how well it succeeds. It will certainly be finished by Michaelmas, at which time I told him he might depend on his money, and he seemed fully satisfied. My compliments to your brother, and adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, August 29, 1756.

A JOURNEY of amusement into Yorkshire would excuse my not having writ to you above this month, my dear Sir, but I have a better reason,—nothing has happened worth telling you. Since the conquest of Minorca, France seems to have taken the wisest way for herself, and a sure one too of ruining us, by sitting still, and yet keeping us upon our guard, at an outrageous expense. Gazettes of all countries announce, as you say, almost a league of Cambray against us; but the best heads think, that after all Europe has profited of our profusion, they will have the sense only to look on, while France and we contend which shall hereafter be the Universal Merchant of Venal Princes. If *we* reckon at all upon the internal commotions in France, *they* have still a better prospect from ours: we ripen to faction fast. The dearness of corn has even occasioned insurrections: some of these the Chief Justice Willes has quashed stoutly. The rains have been excessive just now, and must occasion more inconveniences. But the warmth on the loss of Minorca has opened every sluice of opposition that has been so long dammed up. Even Jacobitism perks up those fragments of asses' ears which were not quite cut to the quick. The city of London and some counties have addressed the King and their members on our miscarriages. Sir John Barnard, who endeavoured to stem the torrent of the former, is grown almost as unpopular as Byng. That poor simpleton, confined at Greenwich, is ridiculously easy and secure, and has even summoned on his behalf a Captain Young, his warmest accuser. Fowke, who of two

contradictory orders chose to obey the least spirited, is broke. Pamphlets and satirical prints teem; the courts are divided; the ministers quarrel — indeed, if they agreed, one should not have much more to expect from them! the fair situation!

I do not wonder that you are impertinenced by Richcourt;[1] there is nothing so catching as the insolence of a great proud woman[2] by a little upstart minister: the reflection of the sun from brass makes the latter the more troublesome of the two.

Your dear brother returns from Bristol this week; as I fear not much recovered, I shall have good reason to press his going abroad, though I fear in vain. I will tell you faithfully, after I have seen him a few days, what I think of him.

I never doubt your zeal in executing any commission I give you. The bill shall be paid directly; it will encourage me to employ you; but you are generally so dilatory in that part of the commission, that I have a thousand times declined asking your assistance. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Wentworth Castle, August.

I ALWAYS dedicate my travels to you. My present expedition has been very amusing, sights are thick sown in the counties of York and Nottingham; the former is more historic, and the great lords live at a prouder distance: in Nottinghamshire there is a very heptarchy of little kingdoms elbowing one another, and the barons of them want nothing but small armies to make inroads into one another's parks, murder deer, and massacre park-keepers. But to come to particulars: the great road as far as Stamford is superb; in any other country it would furnish medals, and immortalize any drowsy monarch in whose reign it was executed. It is continued much farther, but is more rumbling. I did not

[1] Count Richcourt, a Lorrainer, prime minister at Florence for the Great Duke.

[2] The Empress Queen, wife of the Great Duke.

stop at Hatfield[1] and Burleigh[2] to see the palaces of my great-uncle-ministers, having seen them before. Bugden palace[3] surprises one prettily in a little village; and the remains of Newark castle, seated pleasantly, began to open a vein of historic memory. I had only transient and distant views of Lord Tyrconnel's at Belton, and of Belvoir. The borders of Huntingdonshire have churches instead of milestones, but the richness and extent of Yorkshire quite charmed me. Oh! what quarries for working in Gothic! This place is one of the very few that I really like; the situation, woods, views, and the improvements are perfect in their kinds; nobody has a truer taste than Lord Strafford. The house is a pompous front screening an old house; it was built by the last lord on a design of the Prussian architect Bott, who is mentioned in the King's Mémoires de Brandenburg, and is not ugly: the one pair of stairs is entirely engrossed by a gallery of 180 feet, on the plan of that in the Colonna palace at Rome: it has nothing but four modern statues and some bad portraits, but, on my proposal, is going to have books at each end. The hall is pretty, but low; the drawing-room handsome: there wants a good eating-room and staircase; but I have formed a design for both, and I believe they will be executed — that my plans should be obeyed when yours are not! I shall bring you a ground-plot for a Gothic building, which I have proposed that you should draw for a little wood, but in the manner of an ancient market-cross. Without doors all is pleasing: there is a beautiful (artificial) river, with a fine semicircular wood overlooking it, and the temple of Tivoli placed happily on a rising towards the end. There are

[1] Hatfield, the seat of the Earl of Salisbury, was exchanged by King James I. with Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, for Theobald's, in the same county. Evelyn visited Hatfield in March 1643: "I went," he says, "to see my Lord Salisbury's palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity, besides the house," (inferior to few then in England for its architecture,) "was the garden and vineyard, rarely well-watered and planted. They also showed us the picture of Secretary Cecil in mosaic work, very well done by some Italian hand."—E.

[2] Built by the great Lord Burleigh, lord-treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, who visited him at this place, and where several articles still remain which had belonged to her.—E.

[3] The episcopal palace of the Bishops of Lincoln.—E.

obelisks, columns, and other buildings, and, above all, a handsome castle in the true style, on a rude mountain, with a court and towers: in the castle-yard, a statue of the late lord who built it. Without the park is a lake on each side, buried in noble woods. Now contrast all this, and you may have some idea of Lord Rockingham's. Imagine a most extensive and most beautiful modern front erected before the great Lord Strafford's old house, and this front almost blocked up with hills, and everything unfinished round it, nay within it. The great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched: the chimney-pieces lie in boxes unopened. The park is traversed by a common road between two high hedges — not from necessity. Oh! no; this lord loves nothing but horses, and the enclosures for them take place of everything. The bowling-green behind the house contains no less than four obelisks, and looks like a Brobdignag nine-pin-alley: on a hill near, you would think you saw the York-buildings water-works invited into the country. There are temples in corn-fields; and in the little wood, a window-frame mounted on a bunch of laurel, and intended for an hermitage. In the inhabited part of the house, the chimney-pieces are like tombs; and on that in the library is the figure of this lord's grandfather, in a night-gown of plaster and gold. Amidst all this litter and bad taste, I adored the fine Vandyck of Lord Strafford and his secretary, and could not help reverencing his bed-chamber. With all his faults and arbitrary behaviour, one must worship his spirit and eloquence: where one esteems but a single royalist, one need not fear being too partial. When I visited his tomb in the church (which is remarkably neat and pretty, and enriched with monuments) I was provoked to find a little mural cabinet, with his figure three feet high kneeling. Instead of a stern bust (and his head would furnish a nobler than Bernini's Brutus) one is peevish to see a plaything that might have been bought at Chenevix's. There is a tender inscription to the second Lord Strafford's wife, written by himself; but his genius was fitter to coo over his wife's memory than to sacrifice to his father's.

Well! you have had enough of magnificence; you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was much better lodged: you never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects: he has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:

"On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes."

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put that question to *Avidien* himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness that I must transcribe it:—

"Preye for the soul of Sir Thomas Wortley, knight of the body to the Kings Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, Henry VIII, whose faults God pardon. He caused a lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliff (the old orthography) to hear the harts bell, in the year of our Lord 1510." It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.

During my residence here I have made two little excursions, and I assure you it requires resolution; the roads are insufferable: they mend them — I should call it spoil them— with large pieces of stone. At Pomfret I saw the remains of that memorable castle "where Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey lay shorter by the head;" and on which Gray says,

"And thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send
A groan, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end!"[1]

The ruins are vanishing, but well situated; there is a large demolished church, and a pretty market-house. We crossed a Gothic bridge of eight arches at Ferrybridge, where there is a pretty view, and went to a large old house of Lord Huntingdon's at Ledstone, which has nothing remarkable but a lofty terrace, a whole-length portrait of his grandfather in tapestry, and the having belonged to the great Lord Strafford. We saw that monument of part of poor Sir John Bland's extravagance,[2] his house and garden, which he left orders to make without once looking at either plan. The house is a bastard Gothic, but of not near the extent I had heard. We lay at Leeds, a dingy large town; and through very bad black roads, (for the whole country is a colliery, or a quarry,) we went to Kirkstall abbey, where are vast Saxon ruins, in a most picturesque situation, on the banks of a river that falls in a cascade among rich meadows, hills, and woods: it belongs to Lord Cardigan: his father pulled down a large house here, lest it should interfere with the family seat, Deane. We returned through Wakefield, where is a pretty Gothic chapel on a bridge,[3] erected by Edward IV. in memory of his father, who lived at Sandal castle just by, and perished in the battle here. There is scarce anything of the castle extant, but it commanded a rich prospect.

By permission from their graces of Norfolk, who are at Tunbridge, Lord Strafford carried us to Worksop,[4] where we passed two days. The house is huge, and one of the magnificent works of old Bess of Hardwicke, who guarded the

[1] "August 14, 1654.—Passed through Pontefract; the castle, famous for many sieges, both of late and ancient times, and the death of that unhappy king murdered in it (Richard II.), was now demolishing by the rebels: it stands on a mount, and makes a goodly show at a distance." Evelyn, vol. ii. p. 88.—E.

[2] Kippax Park.

[3] The chapel upon Wakefield bridge is said to have been built upon the spot where Edmund Earl of Rutland, the youngest son of Richard Duke of York, and brother of Edward IV. and Richard III, was killed by John Lord Clifford, surnamed the Butcher.—E.

[4] The magnificent structure here described by Walpole was burnt down in 1761.—E.

Queen of Scots here for some time in a wretched little bed-chamber within her own lofty one: there is a tolerable little picture of Mary's needlework. The great apartment is vast and triste, the whole leanly furnished: the great gallery, of above two hundred feet, at the top of the house, is divided into a library, and into nothing. The chapel is decent. There is no prospect, and the barren face of the country is richly furred with evergreen plantations, under the direction of the late Lord Petre.

On our way we saw Kiveton, an ugly neglected seat of the Duke of Leeds, with noble apartments and several good portraits. Oh! portraits! I went to Welbeck. It is impossible to describe the bales of Cavendishes, Harleys, Holleses, Veres, and Ogles: every chamber is tapestried with them; nay, and with ten thousand other fat morsels; all their histories inscribed; all their arms, crests, devices, sculptured on chimneys of various English marbles in ancient forms (and, to say truth, most of them ugly). Then such a Gothic hall, with pendent fret-work in imitation of the old, and with a chimney-piece extremely like mine in the library. Such water-colour pictures! such historic fragments! In short, such and so much of everything I like, that my party thought they should never get me away again. There is Prior's portrait, and the column and Varelst's flower on which he wrote; and the authoress Duchess of Newcastle in a theatric habit, which she generally wore, and, consequently, looking as mad as the present Duchess; and dukes of the same name, looking as foolish as the present Duke; and Lady Mary Wortley, drawn as an authoress, with rather better pretensions; and cabinets and glasses wainscoted with the Greendale oak, which was so large that an old steward wisely cut a way through it to make a triumphal passage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it! But it is impossible to tell you half what there is. The poor woman who is just dead passed her whole widowhood, except in doing ten thousand right and just things, in collecting and monumenting the portraits and relics of all the great families from which she descended, and which centred in her. The Duke

and Duchess of Portland are expected there to-morrow, and we saw dozens of cabinets and coffers with the seals not yet taken off. What treasures to revel over! The horseman Duke's manège is converted into a lofty stable, and there is still a grove or two of magnificent oaks that have escaped all these great families, though the last Lord Oxford cut down above an hundred thousand pounds' worth. The place has little pretty, distinct from all these reverend circumstances.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1756.

I PROMISED you an account of your brother as soon as he should return from Bristol, but I deferred it for a week, till I could see him reposed and refreshed, and could judge more fairly. I do think him much mended; I do not say recovered. He looks with colour again, and has got a little flesh, and is able to do much more than before he went. My Lord Radnor thinks he has a great appetite; I did not perceive it when he dined with me. His breath is better, though sometimes troublesome, and he brought back a great cough, which, however, is much abated. I think him so much better, that I ventured to talk very freely to him upon his own state; and though I allowed him mended, I told him plainly that I was convinced his case would be irrecoverable, if he did not go abroad. At times he swears he will, if he falls back at all; at others he will not listen to it, but pleads the confusion of his affairs. I wish there is not another more insurmountable cause, the fury, who not only torments him in this world, but is hurrying him into the next. I have not been able to prevail with him to pass one day or two here with me in tranquillity. I see his life at stake, I feel for him, for you, for myself; I am desperate about it, and yet know no remedy! I can only assure you that I will not see it quietly; nor would anything check me from going the greatest lengths with your sister, whom I think effectually, though perhaps not maliciously, a most wicked being, but that I always find it recoils upon your

brother. Alas! what signifies whether she murders him from a bad heart or a bad temper?

Poor Mr. Chute, too, has been grievously ill with the gout—he is laid up at his own house, whither I am going to see him.

I feel a little satisfaction that you have an opportunity of returning Richcourt's insults: who thought that the King of Prussia would ever be a rod in our hands? For my part, I feel quite pleasant, for whether he demolishes the Queen, or the Queen him, can one but find a loophole to let out joy? Lord Stormont's[1] *valet de chambre* arrived three days ago with an account of his being within four leagues of Dresden.[2] He laughs at the King of Poland with so much good breeding, and abuses Count Bruhl[3] with so much contempt, that one reconciles to him very fast: however, I don't know what to think of his stopping in Saxony. He assures us, that the Queen has not 55,000 men, nor magazines, nor money; but why give her time to get away? As the chance upon the long run must be so much against him, and as he has three times repeated his offers of desisting if the Empress-Queen will pawn her honour (counters to which I wonder he of all Kings would trust) that she will not attack him, one must believe that he thinks himself reduced to this step: but I don't see how he is reduced to involve the Russian Empress in the quarrel too. He affirms that both intended to demolish him—but I think I would not accuse both till at least I had humbled one. We are much pleased with this expedition, but at best it ensures the duration of the war—and I wish we don't attend more to that on the Continent than to that on our element, especially as we are discouraged a little on the latter. You reproach me for not telling you more of Byng—what can I tell you, my dear child, of a poor simpleton who behaves arrogantly and ridiculously in the most calamitous of all situations? He quarrels with the admiralty and ministry every day, though he is trying all he can to defer his trial.

[1] British Minister at Vienna.

[2] This was the King of Prussia's irruption into Saxony, which was the commencement of the terrible Seven Years' War.—D.

[3] Prime minister to Augustus King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony.

After he had asked for and had had granted a great number of witnesses, he demanded another large set: this has been refused him: he is under close confinement, but it will be scarce possible to try him before the Parliament meets.

The rage of addresses did not go far: at present everything is quiet. Whatever ministerial politics there are, are in suspense. The rains are begun, and I suppose will soon disperse our camps. The Parliament does not meet till the middle of November. Admiral Martin, whom I think you knew in Italy, died here yesterday, unemployed. This is a complete abridgement of all I know, except that, since Colonel Jefferies arrived, we think still worse of the land-officers on board the fleet, as Boyd passed from St. Philip's to the fleet easily and back again. Jefferies (strange that Lord Tyrawley should not tell him) did not know till he landed here, what succour had been intended—he could not refrain from tears. Byng's brother did die immediately on his arrival.[1] I shall like to send you Prussian journals, but am much more intent on what relates to your brother. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1756.

I SHALL certainly not bid for the chariot for you; do you estimate an old dowager's new machine but at ten pounds? You could scarce have valued herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of Pelhams, perhaps I should not have thought you had underpriced them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in a very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a

[1] Edward Byng, youngest brother of the Admiral. He was bred up in the army. On the Admiral being brought home a prisoner, he went to visit him at Portsmouth, on the 28th of July: overcome by the fatigue of the journey, in which he had made great expedition, he was on the next morning seized with convulsions, and died.—E.

new pond I am making for gold fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading; that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are Whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung MAGNA CHARTA, and the warrant for King Charles's execution, on which I have written Major Charta; as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

The King of Prussia has sent us over a victory, which is very kind, as we are not likely to get any of our own—not even by the secret expedition, which you apprehend, and which I believe still less than I did the invasion—perhaps indeed there may be another port on the coast of France which we hope to discover, as we did one in the last war. By degrees, and somehow or other, I believe, we shall be fully acquainted with France. I saw the German letter you mention, think it very mischievous, and very well written for the purpose.

You talk of being better than you have been for many months; pray, which months were they, and what was the matter with you? Don't send me your fancies; I shall neither pity nor comfort you. You are perfectly well, and always were ever since I knew you, which is now—I won't say how long, but within this century. Thank God you have good health, and don't call it names.

John and I are just going to Garrick's with a grove of cypresses in our hands, like the Kentish men at the Conquest. He has built a temple to his master Shakspeare, and I am going to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let me decorate it within, as I proposed, with these mottoes:—

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in ev'ry feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakspeare, all I owe to you.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Twickenham, Monday.

You are desired to have business to hinder you from going to Northampton, and you are desired to have none to hinder you from coming to Twickenham. The autumn is in great beauty; my Lord Radnor's baby-houses lay eggs every day, and promise new swarms; Mrs. Chandler treads, but don't lay; and the neighbouring dowagers order their visiting coaches before sunset—can you resist such a landscape? only send me a line that I may be sure to be ready for you, for I go to London now and then to buy coals.

I believe there cannot be a word of truth in Lord Granville's going to Berlin; by the clumsiness of the thought, I should take it for ministerial wit—and so, and so.

The Twickenham Alabouches say that Legge is to marry the eldest Pelhamine infanta; he loves a minister's daughter—I shall not wonder if he intends it, but can the parents? Mr. Conway mentioned nothing to me but of the prisoners of the last battle, and I hope it extends no farther, but I vow I don't see why it should not. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1756.

Lentulus (I am going to tell you no old Roman tale; he is the King of Prussia's aid-de-camp) arrived yesterday, with ample confirmation of the victory in Bohemia.[1]—Are not

[1] This was the battle of Lowositz, gained by the King of Prussia over the Austrians, commanded by Marshal Brown, on the first of October 1756.—D.

you glad that we have got a victory that we can at least call *Cousin?* Between six and seven thousand Austrians were killed: eight Prussian squadrons sustained the *acharnement*, which is said to have been extreme, of thirty-two squadrons of Austrians: the pursuit lasted from Friday noon till Monday morning; both our countrymen Brown and Keith[1] performed wonders — we seem to flourish much when transplanted to Germany — but Germans don't make good manure here! The Prussian King writes that both Brown and Piccolomini are too strongly intrenched to be attacked. His Majesty ran *to* this victory; not *à la* Molwitz.[2] He affirms having found in the King of Poland's cabinet ample justification of his treatment of Saxony — should not one query whether he had not those proofs[3] in his hands antecedent to the cabinet? The Dauphiness[4] is said to have flung herself at the King of France's feet and begged his protection for her father; that he promised "qu'il le rendroit au centuple au Roi de Prusse."

Peace is made between the courts of Kensington and Kew: Lord Bute,[5] who had no visible employment at the latter, and yet whose office was certainly no *sinecure*, is to be groom of the stole[6] to the Prince of Wales; which satisfies. The rest of the family will be named before the birth-day — but I don't

[1] Brother of the Earl Marshal.

[2] The King of Prussia was said to have fled from his first battle, though it proved a victory.

[3] He had procured copies of all Count Bruhl's dispatches by bribing a secretary.

[4] The second wife of the Dauphin was daughter of Augustus King of Poland.

[5] John Stuart, Earl of Bute, who played so conspicuous a part in the succeeding reign.—D.

[6] Upon this appointment Edward Wortley Montagu thus writes to Lady Mary:—"I have something to mention that I believe will be agreeable to you: I mean some particulars relating to Lord Bute. He stood higher in the late Prince of Wales's favour than any man. His attendance was frequent at Leicester-house, where this young Prince has resided, and since his father's death has continued without intermission, till new officers were to be placed under him. It is said that another person was to be groom of the stole, but that the Prince's earnest request was complied with in my lord's favour. It is supposed that the governors, preceptors, &c. who were about him before will be now set aside, and that my lord is the principal adviser. This young Prince is supposed to know the true state of the country, and to have the best inclinations to do all in his power to make it flourish."—E.

know how, as soon as one wound is closed, another breaks out! Mr. Fox, extremely discontent at having no power, no confidence, no favour, (all entirely engrossed by the old monopolist,[1]) has asked leave to resign. It is not yet granted. If Mr. Pitt will—or can, accept the seals, probably Mr. Fox will be indulged,—if Mr. Pitt will not, why then, it is impossible to tell you what will happen.[2] Whatever happens on such an emergeney, with the Parliament so near, with no time for considering measures, with so bad a past, and so much worse a future, there certainly is no duration or good in prospect. Unless the King of Prussia will take our affairs at home as well as abroad to nurse, I see no possible recovery for us—and you may believe, when a doctor like him is necessary, I should be full as willing to die of the distemper.

Well! and so you think we are undone!—not at all; if folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, as after-observers pretend that they are forerunners of its ruin, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with being geese and turkeys?

Here 's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker Mr. Ponsonby[3] has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket:* George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, "How easily the Speaker passes the money-bills!"

You, who live at Florence among vulgar vices and tame slavery, will stare at these accounts. Pray be acquainted with your own country, while it is in its lustre. In a regular

[1] The Duke of Newcastle.

[2] "Oct. 19. Mr. Pitt was sent for to town, and came. He returned, rejecting all terms, till the Duke of Newcastle was removed." Dodington, p. 346.—E.

[3] The Right Hon. John Ponsonby, brother of Lord Besborough.—D.

monarchy the folly of the Prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny, folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that whim and debauchery intrigue best together. Ask me which of these governments I prefer —oh! the last—only I fear it is the least durable.

I have not yet thanked you for your letter of September 18th, with the accounts of the Genoese treaty and of the Pretender's quarrel with the Pope—it is a squabble worthy a Stuart. Were he here, as absolute as any Stuart ever wished to be, who knows with all his bigotry but he might favour us with a reformation and the downfall of the mass? The ambition of making a Duke of York vice-chancellor of holy church would be as good a reason for breaking with holy church, as Harry the Eighth's was for quarrelling with it, because it would not excuse him from going to bed to his sister, after it had given him leave.

I wish I could tell you that your brother mends! indeed I don't think he does; nor do I know what to say to him; I have exhausted both arguments and entreaties, and yet if I thought either would avail, I would gladly recommence them. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1756.

Can you recommend one a first minister? We want one so much, that we do not insist upon his having a character from his last place: there will be good vails.—But I forget; one ought to condole with you; the Duke of Newcastle is your cousin, and as I know by experience how much one loves one's relations, I sympathise with you! But, alas! all first ministers are mortal; and, as Sir Jonathan Swift said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace. My father, *who had no capacity*, and the Duke of Newcastle, *who has so much*, have equally experienced the mutability of this world. Well-a-day, well-a-day! his grace is gone! He has bid adieu to courts, retires

to a hermitage, and will let his beard grow as long as his Duchess's.

And so you are surprised! and the next question you will ask will be, who succeeds? Truly that used to be a question the easiest in the world to be resolved upon change of ministers. It is now the most unanswerable. I can only tell you that all the atoms are dancing, and as atoms always do, I suppose, will range themselves into the most durable system imaginable. Beyond the past hour I know not a syllable; a good deal of the preceding hours — a volume would not contain it. There is some notion that the Duke of Bedford and your cousin Halifax are to be the secretaries of state — as Witwou'd says, they will sputter at one another like roasted apples.

The Duchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it would not make a crowd. I believe we should scarce stare at the King of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by this ministerial ferment.

I have been this morning to see your monument;[1] it is not put together, but the parts are admirably executed: there is a helmet that would tempt one to enlist. The inscription suits wonderfully, but I have overruled the gold letters, which not only are not lasting, but would not do at all, as they are to be cut in statuary marble. I have given him the arms, which certainly should be in colours: but a shield for your sister's would be barbarous tautology. You see how arbitrary I am, as you gave me leave to be. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1756.

I DESIRED your brother last week to tell you that it was in vain for me to write while everything was in such confusion. The chaos is just as far from being dispersed now; I only write to tell you what has been its motions. One of the Popes, I think, said soon after his accession, he did not think

[1] To the memory of his sister, Miss Harriet Montagu.—E.

it had been so easy to govern. What would he have thought of such a nation as this, engaged in a formidable war, without any government at all, literally, for above a fortnight! The foreign ministers have not attempted to transact any business since yesterday fortnight. For God's sake, what do other countries say of us?—but hear the progress of our interministerium.

When Mr. Fox had declared his determination of resigning, great offers were sent to Mr. Pitt; his demands were much greater, accompanied with a total exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the latter's friends would have persuaded him, as the House of Commons is at his devotion, to have undertaken the government against both Pitt and Fox; but fears preponderated. Yesterday se'nnight his grace declared his resolution of retiring, with all that satisfaction of mind which must attend a man whom not one man of sense will trust any longer. The King sent for Mr. Fox, and bid him try if Mr. Pitt would join him. The latter, without any hesitation, refused. In this perplexity the King ordered the Duke of Devonshire to try to compose some ministry for him, and sent him to Pitt, to try to accommodate with Fox.[1] Pitt, with a list of terms a little modified, was ready to engage, but on condition that Fox should have no employment in the cabinet. Upon this plan negotiations have been carrying on for this week. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, whose whole party consists of from twelve to sixteen persons, exclusive of Leicester-house, (of that presently,) concluded they were entering on the government as secretary of state and chancellor of the exchequer; but there is so great unwillingness to give it up totally into their hands, that all manner of expedients have been projected to get rid of their proposals, or to limit their power. Thus the case stands at this instant: the Par-

[1] "The Duke of Devonshire advised his Majesty to comply with Pitt's demands, whereupon the administration was formed; on which account the Duke was unjustly censured by some unreasonable friends; for he joined Pitt rather than Fox, not from any change of friendship, or any partiality in Pitt's favour, but because it was more safe to be united with him who had the nation of his side, than with the man who was the most unpopular; a reason which will have its proper weight with most ministers." Waldegrave's Memoirs, p. 87.—E.

liament has been put off for a fortnight, to gain time; the Lord knows whether that will suffice to bring on any sort of temper! In the mean time the government stands still; pray Heaven the war may too! You will wonder how fifteen or sixteen persons can be of such importance. In the first place, their importance has been conferred on them, and has been notified to the nation by these concessions and messages; next, Minorca is gone; Oswego gone; the nation is in a ferment; some very great indiscretions in delivering a Hanoverian soldier from prison by a warrant from the secretary of state have raised great difficulties; instructions from counties, boroughs, especially from the city of London, in the style of 1641, and really in the spirit of 1715[1] and 1745, have raised a great flame; and lastly, the countenance of Leicester-house, which Mr. Pitt is supposed to have,[2] and which Mr. Legge thinks he has, all these tell Pitt that he may command such numbers without doors as may make the majorities within the House tremble.

Leicester-house is by some thought inclined to more pacific measures. Lord Bute's being established groom of the stole has satisfied. They seem more occupied in disobliging all their new court than in disturbing the King's. Lord Huntingdon, the new master of the horse to the Prince, and Lord Pembroke, one of his lords, have not been spoken to. Alas! if the present storms should blow over, what seeds for new! You must guess at the sense of this paragraph, which it is difficult, at least improper to explain to you; though you could not go into a coffee-house here where it would not be interpreted to you. One would think all those little politicians had been reading the Memoirs of the minority of Louis XIV.

There has been another great difficulty: the season obliging all camps to break up, the poor Hanoverians have been

[1] Meaning that the Jacobites excited the clamour.

[2] Lord Temple, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the 11th, says, "Lord Bute used expressions so transcendently obliging to me, and so decisive of the determined purpose of Leicester-house towards us, in the present or any future day, that your own lively imagination cannot suggest to you a wish beyond them." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 191.—E.

forced to continue soaking in theirs. The country magistrates have been advised that they are not obliged by law to billet foreigners on public-houses, and have refused. Transports were yesterday ordered to carry away the Hanoverians! There are eight thousand men taken from America; for I am sure we can spare none from hence. The negligence and dilatoriness of the ministers at home, the wickedness of our West Indian governors, and the little-minded quarrels of the regulars and irregular forces, have reduced our affairs in that part of the world to a most deplorable state. Oswego, of ten times more importance even than Minorca, is so annihilated that we cannot learn the particulars.

My dear Sir, what a present and future picture have I given you! The details are infinite, and what I have neither time, nor, for many reasons, the imprudence to send by the post: your good sense will but too well lead you to develope them. The crisis is most melancholy and alarming. I remember two or three years ago I wished for more active times, and for events to furnish our correspondence. I think I could write you a letter almost as big as my Lord Clarendon's History. What a bold man is he who shall undertake the administration! How much shall we be obliged to him! How mad is he, whoever is ambitious of it! Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 6, 1756.

After an inter-ministerium of seventeen days, Mr. Pitt has this morning accepted the government as secretary of state; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox being both excluded. The Duke of Devonshire is to be at the head of the treasury; the Chancellor[1] retires; the seals to be in commission. Remnants of both administrations must be preserved, as Mr. Pitt has not wherewithal to fill a quarter of

[1] Lord Hardwicke.

their employments. Did you ever expect to see a time when he would not have cousins enough? It will take some days to adjust all that is to follow. You see that, unless Mr. Pitt joins with either Fox or Newcastle, his ministry cannot last six months; I would bet that the *lightness* of the latter emerged first. George Selwyn, hearing some people at Arthur's t'other night lamenting the distracted state of the country, joined in the discourse with the whites of his eyes and his prim mouth, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Yes, to be sure it is terrible! There is the Duke of Newcastle's faction, and there is Fox's faction, and there is Leicester-house! between two factions and one faction we are torn to pieces!"

Thank you for your exchequer-ward wishes for me, but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already: don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest. Disinterestedness is no merit in me, it happens to be my passion. It certainly is not impossible that your two young lords may appear in the new system. Mr. Williams is just come from his niece, Lady North's, and commends her husband exceedingly. He tells me that the plump Countess is in terrors lest Lord Coventry should get a divorce from his wife and Lord Bolingbroke should marry her. 'Tis a well-imagined panic!

Mr. Mann, I trust, does not grow worse; I wish I could think he mended. Mr. B. is sitting in his chimney corner literally with five girls; I expect him to meet me to-morrow at Strawberry. As no provision is made for the great Cû in this new arrangement, it is impossible but he may pout a little. My best compliments to your brothers and sisters. Adieu! Will this find you at Greatworth?

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1756.

Your brother has told you that Mr. Pitt accepts your southern province, yielding to leave Lord Holderness in the

northern. I don't know what calm you at this distance may suppose this will produce; I should think little; for though the Duke of Newcastle resigned on Thursday, and Mr. Fox resigns to-day, the chief friends of each remain in place; and Mr. Pitt accedes with so little strength, that his success seems very precarious. If he Hanoverizes, or checks any inquiries, he loses his popularity, and falls that way; if he humours the present rage of the people, he provokes two powerful factions. His only chance seems to depend on joining with the Duke of Newcastle, who is most offended with Fox: but after Pitt's personal exclusion of his grace, and considering Pitt's small force, it may not be easy for him to be accepted there. I foresee nothing but confusion: the new system is composed of such discordant parts that it can produce no harmony. Though the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor, Lord Anson, and Fox quit, yet scarce one of their friends is discarded. The very cement seems disjunctive; I mean the Duke of Devonshire, who takes the treasury. If he acts cordially, he disobliges his intimate friend Mr. Fox; if he does not, he offends Pitt. These little reasonings will give you light, though very insufficient for giving you a clear idea of the most perplexed and complicate situation that ever was. Mr. Legge returns to be chancellor of the exchequer, and Sir George Lyttelton is indemnified with a peerage. The Duke of Newcastle has got his dukedom entailed on Lord Lincoln. The seals are to be in commission, if not given to a lord keeper. Your friend Mr. Doddington[1] is out again for about the hundred and fiftieth time. The rest of the list is pretty near settled; you shall have it as soon as it takes place. I should tell you that Lord Temple is first lord of the admiralty.

Being much too busy to attend to such trifles as a war and America, we know mighty little of either. The massacre at

[1] Dodington, in his Diary of the 15th, says, "The Duke of Devonshire told me that he was forced by the King to take the employment he held; that his grace was ordered to go to Mr. Pitt, and know upon what conditions he would serve; that, in the arrangement Pitt and his friends made, my office was demanded — he was sorry for it — he was not concerned in it — and he behaved very civilly," &c.—E.

Oswego happily proves a romance: part of the two regiments that were made prisoners there are actually arrived at Plymouth, the provisions at Quebec being too scanty to admit additional numbers. The King of Prussia is gone into winter quarters, but disposed in immediate readiness. One hears that he has assured us, that if we will keep our fleet in good order, he will find employment for the rest of our enemies. Two days ago, in the midst of all the ferment at court, Coloredo, the Austrian minister, abruptly demanded an audience, in which he demanded our quotas: I suppose the King told him that whenever he should have a ministry again, he would consult them. I will tell you my comment on this: the Empress-Queen, who is scrupulous on the ceremonial of mischief, though she so easily passes over the reality and ingratitude, proposes, I imagine, on a refusal which she deserves and has drawn upon her, to think herself justified in assisting France in some attempts on us from the coast of Flanders. I have received yours of October 23rd, and am glad the English showed a proper disregard of Richcourt. Thank you a thousand times for your goodness to Mr. and Mrs. Dick: it obliges me exceedingly, and I am sure will be most grateful to Lady Henry Beauclerc.

I don't know what to answer to that part about your brother: you think and argue exactly as I have done; would I had not found it in vain! but, my dear child, you and I have never been married, and are sad judges! As to your elder brother's interposition, I wish he had tenderness enough to make him arbitrary. I beg your pardon, but he is fitter to marry your sister than to govern her. Your brother Gal. certainly looks better; yet I think of him just as you do, and by no means trust to so fallacious a distemper. Indeed I teaze him to death to take a resolution, but to no purpose. In short, my dear Sir, they are melancholy words, but I can neither flatter you publicly nor privately; England is undone, and your brother is not to be persuaded. Yet I hope the former will not be quite given up, and I shall certainly neglect nothing possible with regard to the latter. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1756.

You must tell me what or whose the verses are, that you demand; I know of none. I could send you reams of *tests*, *contests*, and such stupid papers, and bushels of more stupid cards. I know of nothing good; nor of any news, but that the committee of creations is not closed yet. Mr. Obrien was yesterday created Irish Earl of Thomond. Mr. Pitt is to be wrapped up in flannel, and brought to town to-morrow to see King George the Second; and I believe, to dissolve the new ministry, rather than to cement it. Mr. Fox has commenced hostilities, and has got the borough of Stockbridge from under Dr. Hay, one of the new admiralty; this enrages extremely the new ministers, who, having neither members nor boroughs enough, will probably recur to their only resource, popularity.

I am exceedingly obliged to the Colonel, but is that new? to whom am I so much obliged? I will not trouble him with any commissions: the little money I have I am learning to save: the times give one a hint that one may have occasion for it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, and Mr. John Montagu. Don't you wish me joy of my Lord Hertford's having the garter! It makes me very happy. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, November 29, 1756.

No material event has yet happened under the new administration; indeed it has scarce happened itself: your new master, Mr. Pitt, has been confined in the country with the gout, and came to town but within these two days. The world, who love to descry policy in everything, and who have always loved to find it in Mr. Pitt's illnesses, were persuaded that his success was not perfect enough, and that he even hesitated whether he should *consummate*. He is still so lame

that he cannot go to court — to be sure the King must go to him! He takes the seals on Saturday; the Parliament meets on Thursday, but will adjourn for about ten days for the re-elections. The new ministers are so little provided with interest in boroughs, that it is almost an administration out of Parliament. Mr. Fox has already attacked their seats, and has undermined Dr. Hay, one of the new admiralty, in Stockbridge: this angers extremely. The Duke of Newcastle is already hanging out a white flag to Pitt; but there is so little disposition in that quarter to treat, that they have employed one Evans, a lawyer, to draw up articles of impeachment against Lord Anson. On the other hand they show great tenderness to Byng, who has certainly been most inhumanly and spitefully treated by Anson. Byng's trial is not yet appointed. Lord Effingham, Cornwallis, and Stuart are arrived, and are to have their conduct examined this day se'nnight by three general officers. In the mean time the King, of his own motion, has given a red riband and an Irish barony to old Blakeney, who has been at court in a hackney-coach with a foot soldier behind it. As he has not only lost his government, but as he was bed-rid while it was losing, these honours are a little ridiculed: we have too many governors that will expect titles, if losses are pretensions! Mr. Obrien is made Earl of Thomond:[1] my Lady Townshend rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poulterers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-shrimp!

I promised you a list of the changes when they should be complete. They are very conveniently ready to fill the rest of my letter.

Duke of Devonshire,			In the room of Duke of Newcastle.
Treasury.	†Mr. Legge,	Chancellor of Exchequer,	*Sir G. Lyttelton, a Peer.
	*Mr. Nugent,	Of the Old Treasury,	
	Lord Duncannon,		Mr. Furnese, dead.
	†Mr. J. Grenville,		*Mr. Obrien, Irish Earl.

[1] Percy Windham Obrien, second son of Sir William Windham, by a daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset. The Earl of Thomond, who had married another daughter, left his estate to this Mr. Windham, his wife's nephew, on condition of his taking the name of Obrien.

		In the room of
Mr. W. Pitt,	Secretary of State,	Mr. Fox.
Lord Buckingham,	Lord of Bedchamber,	Lord Fitzwilliam, dead.
¶Mr. Edgcumbe,	Comptroller of Household,	Lord Buckingham.
¶Lord Berkeley of Stratton,	Captain of Pensioners,	Late Lord Buckingham.
¶Lord Bateman,	Treasurer of Household,	Lord Berkeley.
†Mr. G. Grenville,	Treasurer of the Navy,	¶Mr. Doddington.
†Mr. Potter,	Joint Paymaster,	*Lord Darlington.
†Mr. Martin,	Secretary of Treasury,	*Mr. West.
†Sir R. Lyttelton,	Master of Jewel Office,	*Lord Breadalbane.
*Lord Breadalbane,	Justice in Eyre,	*Lord Sandys.
*Lord Sandys,	Speaker of House of Lords,	*Lord Chancellor.
Lord Chief Justice Willes, †Judge Wilmot, Baron Smyth,	Commissioners of the Great Seal,	Lord Chancellor.
Admiralty. †Lord Temple, Admiral Boscawen, †Admiral West, †Dr. Hay, †Mr. Elliott, †Mr. Hunter, †John Pitt,		*Lord Anson. *Admiral Rowley. Lord Duncannon. ¶Lord Bateman. Lord Hyde. ¶Mr. Edgcumbe.

But John Pitt is to resign again, and be made Paymaster of the Marines, to make room for Admiral Forbes.

†Charles Townshend,	Treasurer of the Chambers,	¶Lord Hilsborough, English Baron.

This last is not done; as Mr. Townshend cannot be re-chosen at Yarmouth, he only consents to accept, provided another borough can be found for him — this does not appear very easy.

The Duke of Newcastle has advertised in all the newspapers, that he retires without place or pension: here is a list of his disinterestedness. The reversion of his dukedom for Lord Lincoln: this is the only duchy bestowed by the present King: on my father's resignation, the new ministers did prevail to have dukedoms offered to Lord Northampton and Lord Ailesbury; but both declined, having no sons. Mr. Shelley, the Duke's nephew, has the reversion of Arundel's place: Mr. West has a great reversion for himself and his son: your little waxen friend, Tommy Pelham, has another reversion in the Customs. Jones, the Duke's favourite secretary, and nephew of the late Chancellor, has another. Not to mention

the English barony for Sir George Lyttelton, and the Irish earldom for Mr. Obrien. The Garters are given to the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Carlisle, Lord Northumberland, and (to my great satisfaction) to Lord Hertford.

Oh! I should explain the marks: the * signifies of the Newcastle and Hardwick faction; the † of Pitt's; the ¶ of Fox's. You will be able by these to judge a little of how strange a medley the new government is composed! consequently, how durable!

I was with your brother this morning at Richmond; he thinks himself better; I do not think him worse; but judge by your own feelings if that is enough to content me. Pray that your brother and your country may mend a little faster! I dread the winter for him, and the summer for England! Adieu!

P. S. Since I have finished this, I received yours of November 13th, with the account of Richcourt's illness. What! you are forced to have recourse to apoplexies and deaths for revolutions! We make nothing of changing our ministers at every fall of the leaf.

My Lord Huntingdon (who, by the way, loves you, and does you justice,) has told me one or two very good *bon-mots* of the Pope:[1] I have always had a great partiality for the good old man: I desire you will tell me any anecdotes or stories of him that you know: I remember some of his sayings with great humour and wit. You can never oblige me more than by anecdotes of particular people — but you are indeed always good in that and every other way.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 8, 1756.

Your poor brother desires me to write to you to-day, as he is in bed and not able. He went to town last week, caught cold, and returned with a fever. He has been drinking tar-

[1] Prospero Lambertini, called Benedict the Fourteenth.

water since the middle of November, at the persuasion of your elder brother and his Richmond friends. Indeed he had gone through the whole course of drugs to no purpose. There is a great eruption to-day in most parts of his body, which they think will be of great service to him. In my own opinion, he is so weak, that I am in great apprehensions for him. He is very low-spirited, and yet thinks himself much better to-day. Your brother Ned was surprised at my being so alarmed, as they had considered this as a most fortunate crisis — but I have much difficulty in persuading myself to be so sanguine. As we have a recess for a few days, I shall stay here till Saturday, and see your brother again, and will tell you my opinion again. You see I don't deceive you: if that is any satisfaction, be assured that nobody else would give you so bad an account, as I find all his family have new hopes of him: would to God I had!

Our first day of Parliament[1] passed off harmoniously; but in the House of Lords there was an event. A clause of thanks for having sent for the Hanoverians had crept into the address of the peers — by Mr. Fox's means, as the world thinks: Lord Temple came out of a sick bed to oppose it.[2] Next day there was an alarm of an intention of instating the same clause in our address. Mr. Pitt went angry to court, protesting that he would not take the seals, if any such motion passed: it was sunk. Next day he accepted — and the day after, Mr. Fox, extremely disgusted with the Duke of Devonshire for preferences shown to Mr. Pitt, retired into the coun-

[1] "The Speech from the throne, by its style and substance, appeared to be the work of the new speech-maker: the militia, which his Majesty had always turned into ridicule, being strongly recommended, the late administration censured, and the uncourtly addresses of the preceding summer receiving the highest commendations" Waldegrave, p. 88.—E.

[2] "The new Lord of the Admiralty came, as he told the Lords, out of a sick bed, at the hazard of his life, (indeed, he made a most sorrowful appearance,) to represent to their lordships the fatal consequences of the intended compliment: he said, that the people of England would be offended even at the name of Hanover, or of foreign mercenaries, and added many other arguments, without mentioning the true reason of his disapprobation; namely, the Duke of Devonshire's having added this compliment without consulting him: and, having finished his oration, went out of the House, with a thorough conviction that such weighty reasons must be quite unanswerable." Ibid. p. 89.—E.

try. The Parliament is adjourned for the re-elections; and Mr. Pitt, who has pleased in the closet, is again laid up with the gout. We meet on Monday, when one shall be able to judge a little better of the temper of the winter. The Duke of Bedford is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland — no measure of peace! Not to mention his natural warmth, everybody is sensible that he is only placed there to traverse Pitt.

Your brother and I are uneasy about your situation: when we are treated insolently at Leghorn, to what are we sunk! Can Mr. Pitt or the King of Prussia find a panacea for all our disgraces? Have you seen Voltaire's epigram?

"Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle[1] et le Neveu;[2]
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en partie bleue."

It is very insipid! It seems to *me*[3] as if *Uncle and Nephew* could furnish a better epigram; unless their reconciliation deadens wit. Besides, I don't believe that *the Uncle* of these lines means at all to be like Alexander, who never was introduced more pompously for the pitiful end of supplying a rhyme.

Is it true what we see in the gazettes, that the Pantheon is tumbled down? Am not I a very Goth, who always thought it a dismal clumsy performance, and could never discover any beauty in a strange mass of light poured perpendicularly into a circle of obscurity? Adieu! I wish you may hope more with your elder brother, than tremble with me!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1756.

It will be easier for you, I fear, to guess, than for me to describe what I have felt for these last six days! Your dear brother is still alive; it is scarce possible he should be so when you receive this. I wrote to you this day se'nnight, the day after I saw him last. On that day and Friday I received

[1] George II. [2] The King of Prussia.
[3] Mr. Walpole had had a great quarrel with his uncle Horatio.

favourable messages. I went myself on Saturday, as I had promised him—how shocked I was at seeing your brother Ned and a lawyer come to the chaise: the former told me that poor Gal. had desired the lawyer to settle his affairs, which were then in agitation: you may imagine I did not choose to add the tender sensations of seeing me, to what he was then feeling! I saw our doom too plainly, though your brother Ned still had hopes. Every day confirmed my fears: however, I could not bear my anxiety, and went to Richmond to-day, with as much horror as persons must go to execution, yet determined to see Gal. if I found that he had expressed the least desire of it.—Alas! he has scarce had moments of sense since Sunday morning—how can I bring myself to say of so dreadful a situation, that it is my greatest consolation! But I could not support the thought of his remaining sensible of death with all those anxious attentions about him which have composed his whole life! Oh! my dear child, what rash wretches are heroes, compared to this brother of yours! Nothing ever equalled his cool solicitude for his family and friends. What an instance am I going to repeat to you! His most unhappy life was poisoned by the dread of leaving his children and fortune to be torn to pieces by his frantic wife, whose settlements entitled her to thirds. On Friday, perceiving her alarmed by his danger, he had the amazing presence of mind and fortitude to seize that only moment of tenderness, and prevailed on her to accept a jointure. He instantly dispatched your brother Ned to London for his lawyer, and by five o'clock on Saturday, after repeated struggles of passion on her side, the whole was finished.—Dear Gal. he could not speak, but he lifted up his hands in thanks! While he had any sense, it was employed in repeated kindnesses, particularly to your brother James—he had ordered a codicil, but they have not found a sufficient interval to get it signed!

My dearest Sir, what an afflicting letter am I forced to write to you! but I flatter myself, you will bear it better from me, than from any other person: and affectionate as I know you, could I deprive you or myself of the melancholy pleasure of relating such virtues? My poorest, yet best consolation is, that, though I think his obstinacy in not going abroad, and ill

management, may have hurried his end, yet nothing could have saved him; his lungs are entirely gone. But how will you be amazed at what I am going to tell you! His wretched wife is gone mad — at least your brother Ned and the physician are persuaded so — I cannot think so well of her.—I see her in so diabolic a light, that I cannot help throwing falsehood into the account — but let us never mention her more. What little more I would say, for I spare your grief rather than indulge my own, is, that I beseech you to consider me as more and more your friend: I adored Gal. and will heap affection on that I already have for you. I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me — if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal.'s image that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him.

You will be little disposed or curious to hear politics; yet it must import you always to know the situation of your country, and it never was less settled. Mr. Pitt is not yet able to attend the House, therefore no inquiries are yet commenced. The only thing like business has been the affair of preparing quarters for the Hessians, who are soon to depart; but the Tories have shown such attachment to Mr. Pitt on this occasion, that it is almost become a Whig point to detain them. The breach is so much widened between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and the latter is so warm, that we must expect great violences. The Duke of Newcastle's party lies quiet; one of the others must join it. The new ministers have so little weight, that they seem determined at least not to part with their popularity: the new Secretary of State[1] is to attack the other, Lord Holderness, on a famous letter of his sent to the mayor of Maidstone, for releasing a Hanoverian soldier committed for theft. You may judge what harmony there is!

Adieu, my dear Sir! How much I pity you, and how much you ought to pity me! Imitate your brother's firmness of mind, and bear his loss as well as you can. You have too much merit not to be sensible of his, and then it will be impossible for you to be soon comforted.

[1] Mr. Pitt.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1756.

I KNOW I can no more add to your concern than to my own, by giving you the last account of your dear brother, who put a period to our anxious suspense in the night between the 20th and 21st. For the five last days he had little glimmerings of amendment, that gave hopes to some of his friends, terror to me, who dreaded his sensibility coming to itself! When I had given up his life, I could not bear the return of his tenderness! Sure he had felt enough for his friends — yet he would have been anxious for them if he had recovered his senses. He has left your brothers Edward, James, and Foote,[1] his executors; to his daughters 7500*l.* a-piece, and the entail of his estate in succession — to a name I beg we may never mention, 700*l.* a-year, 4000*l.* and his furniture, &c. Your brother James, a very worthy man, though you never can have two Gals. desired me to give you this account — how sad a return for the two letters I have received from you this week! Be assured, my dear Sir, that nothing could have saved his life. For your sake and my own I hurry from this dreadful subject — not for the amusement of either, or that I have any thing to tell you: my letter shall be very short, for I am stabbing you with a dagger used on myself!

Mr. Pitt has not been able to return to Parliament for the gout, which has prevented our having one long day; we adjourn to-morrow for a fortnight; yet scarce to meet then for business, as a call of the House is not appointed till the 20th of January; very late indeed, were any inquiries probable: this advantage I hope will be gained, that our new ministers will have a month's time to think of their country.

Adieu! my dear Sir, this letter was necessary for me to write — I find it as necessary to finish it.

[1] Mr. Foote married the second sister of Mr. Mann; as his brother, a clergyman, afterwards did the third.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1757.

I LIVE in dread of receiving your unhappy letters! I am sensible how many, many reasons you have to lament your dear brother; yet your long absence will prevent the loss of him from leaving so sharp a sting as it would have done had you seen as much of him as I have of late years! When I wrote to you, I did not know his last instance of love to you;[1] may you never have occasion to use it!

I wish I could tell you any politics to abstract your thoughts from your concern; but just at present all political conversation centres in such a magazine of abuse, as was scarce ever paralleled. Two papers, called the "Test" and "Contest," appear every Saturday, the former against Mr. Pitt, the latter against Mr. Fox, which make me recollect "Fogs" and "Craftsmen" as harmless libels. The authors are not known; Doddington[2] is believed to have the chief hand in the "Test,"[3] which is much the best, unless virulence is to bestow the laurel. He has been turned out by the opposite faction, and has a new opportunity of revenge, being just become a widower. The best part of his fortune is entailed on Lord Temple if he has no son; but I suppose he would rather marry a female hawker than not propagate children and lampoons. There is another paper, called "The Monitor,"[4] written by one Dr. Shebbeare, who made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place or the pillory,[5] but having miscarried in both views, is wreaking his resentment on the late Chancellor, who might have gratified him in either of his objects. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but as Mr. Pitt

[1] Mr. Galfridus Mann left an annuity to his brother Sir Horace, in case he were recalled from Florence.

[2] George Bubb Doddington, Esq. This report was not confirmed.

[3] "The Test" was written principally by Arthur Murphy. It forms a thin folio volume.—E.

[4] "The Monitor" was commenced in August 1755, and terminated in July 1759. It is said to have been planned by Alderman Beckford.—E.

[5] He did write himself into a pillory before the conclusion of that reign, and into a pension at the beginning of the next, for one and the same kind of merit,—writing against King William and the Revolution.

cannot yet walk, we are not likely soon to have any business. Admiral Byng's trial has been in agitation above these ten days, and is supposed an affair of length: I think the reports are rather unfavourable to him, though I do not find that it is believed he will be capitally punished. I will tell you my sentiments, I don't know whether judicious or not: it may perhaps take a great deal of time to prove he was not a coward; I should think it would not take half an hour to prove he had behaved bravely.

Your old royal guest King Theodore is gone to the place which it is said levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet.[1]

Lord Lyttelton has received his things, and is much content with them: this leads me to trouble you with another, I hope trifling, commission; will you send me a case of the best drams for Lord Hertford, and let me know the charge?

You must take this short letter only as an instance of my attention to you; I would write, though I knew nothing to tell you.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1757.

I AM still, my dear Sir, waiting for your melancholy letters, not one of which has yet reached me. I am impatient to know how you bear your misfortune, though I tremble at what I shall feel from your expressing it! Except good Dr. Cocchi, what sensible friend have you at Florence to share and moderate your unhappiness?—but I will not renew it: I will hurry to tell you anything that may amuse it—and yet what is that anything? Mr. Pitt, as George Selwyn says, has again taken to his *Lit de Justice;* he has been once with the King,[2] but not at the House;

[1] See an account of his death, and the monument and epitaph erected for him, in Mr. Walpole's fugitive pieces; see also his letter to Sir Horace Mann of the 29th of September, in this year.—E.

[2] "The King became every day more and more averse to his new

the day before yesterday the gout flew into his arm, and has again laid him up: I am so particular in this, because all our transactions, or rather our inactivity, hang upon the progress of his distemper. Mr. Pitt and everything else have been forgot for these five days, obscured by the news of the assassination of the King of France.[1] I don't pretend to tell you any circumstances of it, who must know them better than, at least as well as, I can; war and the sea don't contribute to dispel the clouds of lies that involve such a business. The letters of the foreign ministers, and ours from Brussels, say he has been at council; in the city he is believed dead: I hope not! We should make a bad exchange in the Dauphin. Though the King is weak and irresolute, I believe he does not want sense: weakness, bigotry, and some sense, are the properest materials for keeping alive the disturbances in that country, to which this blow, if the man was anything but a madman, will contribute. The despotic and holy stupidity[2] of the successor would quash the Parliament at once. He told his father about a year ago, that if he was king the next day, and the Pope should bid him lay down his crown, he would. They tell or make a good answer for the father, "And if he was to bid you take the crown from *me*, would you?" We have particular cause to say masses for the father: there is invincible aversion between him and the young Pretender, whom, it is believed, nothing could make him assist. You may judge

ministers. Pitt, indeed, had not frequent occasions of giving offence, having been confined by the gout the greater part of the winter; and when he made his appearance he behaved with proper respect, so that the King, though he did not like his long speeches, always treated him like a gentleman." Waldegrave, p. 93.—E.

[1] Lady Hervey, in a letter of the 13th, gives the following account of Damien's attempt:—"I have barely time to tell you the news of the day, which arrived by a courier from France this morning to M. d'Abreu, the Spanish minister. The King of France was stepping into his coach to go to Belle-vue, and a fellow, who seemed to be gaping and looking at the coach *en bayeur*, took his opportunity, and aiming at the King's heart, thrust his dagger into his side, just over against the heart; but a lucky and sudden motion the King gave with his elbow at that moment, turned the dagger, which made only a slight wound in his ribs, as they say, which is judged not to be dangerous. The fellow was immediately secured."—E.

[2] The Dauphin, son of Louis XV, had been bred a bigot; but, as he by no means wanted sense, he got over the prejudices of his education, and before he died had far more liberal sentiments.

what would make the Dauphin assist him! he was one day reading the reign of Nero; he said, "Ma foi, c'étoit le plus grand scélérat qui fût jamais; il ne lui manquoit que d'être Janseniste." I am grieving for my favourite[1] the Pope, whom we suppose dead, at least I trust he was superannuated when they drew from him the late Bull enjoining the admission of the Unigenitus on pain of damnation; a step how unlike all the amiable moderation of his life! In my last I told you the death of another monarch, for whom in our time you and I have interested ourselves, King Theodore. He had just taken the benefit of the act of insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: his Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied, nothing but the kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but to pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica. As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more.

Byng's trial continues; it has gone ill for him, but mends; it is the general opinion that he will come off for some severe censure.

Bower's first part of his reply is published: he has pinned a most notorious falsehood about a Dr. Aspinwall on his enemies, which must destroy their credit, and will do him more service than what he has yet been able to prove about himself. They have published another pamphlet against his history, but so impertinent and scurrilous and malicious, that it will serve him more than his own defence: they may keep the old man's life so employed as to prevent the pro-

[1] Prospero Lambertini, by the name of Benedict XIV. For Walpole's inscription on his picture, see Works, vol. i. p. 218; and also *post*, letter to Sir Horace Mann of the 20th of June, in this year.—E.

secution of his work, but nothing can destroy the merit of the three volumes already published, which in every respect is the best written history I know: the language is the purest, the compilation the most judicious, and the argumentation the soundest.

The famous Miss Elizabeth Villiers Pitt[1] is in England; the only public place in which she has been seen is the Popish chapel; her only exploit, endeavours to wreak her malice on her brother William, whose kindness to her has been excessive. She applies to all his enemies, and, as Mr. Fox told me, has even gone so far as to send a bundle of his letters to the author of the Test, to prove that Mr. Pitt has cheated her, as she calls it, of a hundred a year, and which only prove that he once allowed her two, and after all her wickedness still allows her one. How she must be vexed that she has no way of setting the gout more against him! Adieu! tell me if you receive all my letters.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 30, 1757.

Last night I received your most melancholy letter of the 8th of this month, in which you seem to feel all or more than I apprehended. As I trust to time and the necessary avocation of your thoughts, rather than to any arguments I could use for your consolation, I choose to say as little more as possible on the subject of your loss. Your not receiving letters from your brothers as early as mine was the consequence of their desiring me to take that most unwelcome office upon me: I believe they have both written since, though your eldest brother has had a severe fit of the gout: they are both exceedingly busied in the details necessarily fallen upon them. That would be no reason for their neglecting you, nor I am persuaded will they: they shall certainly want no incitements from me, who wish and will endeavour as much as possible to repair your loss, alas! how

[1] Sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.

inadequately! Your brother James has found great favour from the Duke.[1] Your brother Ned, who is but just come to town from his confinement, tells me that your nephew will be in vast circumstances; above an hundred thousand pounds, besides the landed estate and debts! These little details related, I had rather try to amuse you, than indulge your grief and my own; your dear brother's memory will never be separated from mine; but the way in which I shall show it, shall be in increased attention to you: he and you will make me perpetually think on both of you!

All England is again occupied with Admiral Byng; he and his friends were quite persuaded of his acquittal. The court-martial, after the trial was finished, kept the whole world in suspense for a week; after great debates and divisions amongst themselves, and despatching messengers hither to consult lawyers whether they could not mitigate the article of war, to which a negative was returned, they pronounced this extraordinary sentence on Thursday: they condemn him to death for *negligence*, but acquit him of *disaffection* and *cowardice* (the other heads of the article), specifying the testimony of Lord Robert Bertie in his favour, and unanimously recommending him to mercy; and accompanying their sentence with a most earnest letter to the Lords of the Admiralty to intercede for his pardon, saying, that finding themselves tied up from moderating the article of war, and not being able in conscience to pronounce that he had done all he could, they had been forced to bring him in guilty, but beg he may be spared. The discussions and difference of opinions on this sentence is incredible. The cabinet council, I believe, will be to determine whether the King shall pardon him or not: some who wish to make him the scape-goat for their own neglects, I fear, will try to complete his fate, but I should think the new administration will not be biassed to blood by such interested attempts. He bore well his unexpected sentence, as he has all the outrageous indignities and cruelties heaped upon him. Last week happened an odd event, I can scarce say in his favour,

[1] From the Duke of Cumberland, commander-in-chief of the army. Mr. Galfridus and James Mann were clothiers to many regiments.

as the world seems to think it the effect of the arts of some of his friends: Voltaire sent him from Switzerland an accidental letter of the Duc de Richelieu, bearing witness to the Admiral's good behaviour in the engagement.[1] A letter of a very different cast, and of great humour, is showed about, said to be written to Admiral Boscawen from an old tar, to this effect:

"Sir, I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman[2] was made a lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman[3] has been made a lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I, who performed both, ought at least to be made a lieutenant. Which is all from your honour's humble servant," &c.[4]

Did you hear that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *des Mahonnoises?* I suppose, since the attempt on the King, all their fashions will be *à l'assassin.* We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead!

Old Fontenelle is dead at last;[5] they asked him as he was

[1] Voltaire's letter to Admiral Byng was written in English, and is as follows:—"Aux Délices, près de Genève. Sir, though I am almost unknown to you, I think 'tis my duty to send you the copy of the letter which I have just received from the Marshal Duc de Richelieu; honour, humanity, and equity order me to convey it into your hands. The noble and unexpected testimony from one of the most candid as well as the most generous of my countrymen, makes me presume your judges will do you the same justice." Sir John Barrow, in his Life of Lord Anson, proves that these letters got into the hands of those who were not friendly to the Admiral, and he suspects that they never reached the unfortunate person for whose benefit they were intended.—E.

[2] Byng, Viscount Torrington.

[3] Lord Blakeney.

[4] It is now generally believed that Byng was brave but incapable. He might have done more than he did; but this was occasioned not by his want of courage, but by his want of ability. He was cruelly sacrificed to the fury of the people, and to the popularity of the ministry.—D.

[5] Fontenelle died on the 9th of January, having nearly completed his hundredth year. M. le Cat, in his éloge of him, gives the following account of his dying words:—"He reflected upon his own situation, just as he would upon that of another man, and seemed to be observing a pheno-

dying, "s'il sentoit quelque mal?" He replied, "Oui, je sens le mal d'être." My uncle, a young creature compared to Fontenelle, is grown something between childish and mad, and raves about the melancholy situation of politics:[1] one should think he did not much despair of his country, when at seventy-eight he could practise such dirty arts to intercept his brother's estate from his brother's grandchildren! A conclusion how unlike that of the honest good-humoured Pope! I am charmed with his *bon-mot* that you sent me. *Apropos!* Mr. Chute has received a present of a diamond mourning ring from a cousin; he calls it *l'anello del Piscatore.*[2]

Mr. Pitt is still confined, and the House of Commons little better than a coffee-house. I was diverted the other day with Père Brumoy's translation of Aristophanes: the Harangueses, or female orators, who take the government upon themselves instead of their husbands, might be well applied to our politics: Lady Hester Pitt, Lady Caroline Fox, and the Duchess of Newcastle, should be the heroines of the piece; and with this advantage, that as Lysistrata is forced to put on a beard, the Duchess has one ready grown.

menon. Drawing very near his end, he said, 'This is the first death I have ever seen;' and his physicians having asked him, whether he was in pain, or what he felt, his answer was, 'I feel nothing but a difficulty of existing.'"—E.

[1] The following is Lord Chesterfield's account of Sir Charles's mental alienation, in a letter of the 4th, to his son: "He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times since his arrival here; but still the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers. They have written to this same Mademoiselle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England; which, when she hears, she must be as mad as he is, if she takes the journey. By the way, she must be une dame aventurière, to receive a note for ten thousand roubles, from a man whom she had known only three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herself to follow him to England." Again, on the 22nd, he writes, "Sir C. W. is still in confinement, and, I fear, will always be so, for he seems *cum ratione sanire:* the physicians have collected all he has said and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has answered it in writing too, and justifies himself by the most plausible argument that can possibly be urged. I conclude this subject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reason by so precarious a tenure The lady, who you tell me is set out, en sera pour la peine et les frais du voyage, for her note is worth no more than her contract."—E.

[2] The Pope's seal with a ring, which is called *the Fisherman's ring.* Mr. Chute, who was unmarried, meant that his cousin was *fishing* for his estate.

Sir Charles Williams is returning, on the bad success of our dealings with Russia. The French were so determined to secure the Czarina, that they chose about seven of their handsomest young men to accompany their ambassador. How unlucky for us, that Sir Charles was embroiled with Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, who could alone have outweighed all the seven! Sir Charles's daughter, Lady Essex, has engaged the attentions of Prince Edward,[1] who has got his liberty, and seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good-humour. She has already made a ball for him. Sir Richard Lyttelton was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics; that the Princess would conclude it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox![2] As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of *bringing together* with Prince Edward, she replied very cleverly, "And my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither." Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 13, 1757.

I AM not surprised to find you still lamenting your dear brother; but you are to blame, and perhaps I shall be so, for asking and giving any more accounts of his last hours. Indeed, after the fatal Saturday, on which I told you I was prevented seeing him by his being occupied with his lawyer, he had scarce an interval of sense — and no wonder! His lawyer has since told me, that nothing ever equalled the horrid indecencies of your sister-in-law on that day. Having yielded to the settlement for which he so earnestly begged, she was determined to make him purchase it, and in transports of passion and avarice, kept traversing his chamber from the lawyer to the bed, whispering her husband, and then telling the lawyer, who was drawing the will, "Sir, Mr. Mann

[1] Brother of George the Third; afterwards created Duke of York. He died in 1767, at the early age of twenty-eight.—E.

[2] Sir Charles Williams was a particular friend of Mr. Fox.

says I am to have this, I am to have that!" The lawyer at last, offended to the greatest degree, said, "Madam, it is Mr. Mann's will I am making, not yours!"—but here let me break it off; I have told you all I know, and too much. It was a very different sensation I felt, when your brother Ned told me that he had found seven thousand pounds in the stocks in your name. As Mr. Chute and I know how little it is possible for you to lay up, we conclude that this sum is amassed for you by dear Gal.'s industry and kindness, and by a silent way of serving you, without a possibility of his wife or any one else calling it in question.

What a dreadful catastrophe is that of Richcourt's family! What a lesson for human grandeur! Florence, the scene of all his triumphs and haughtiness, is now the theatre of his misery and misfortunes!

After a fortnight of the greatest variety of opinions, Byng's fate is still in suspense. The court and the late ministry have been most bitter against him; the new admiralty most good-natured; the King would not pardon him. They would not execute the sentence, as many lawyers are clear that it is not a legal one.[1] At last the council has referred it to the twelve judges to give their opinion: if not a favourable one, he dies! He has had many fortunate chances; had the late admiralty continued, one knows how little any would have availed him. Their bitterness will always be recorded against themselves: it will be difficult to persuade posterity that all the shame of last summer was the fault of Byng! Exact evidence of whose fault it was, I believe posterity will never have: the long-expected inquiries are begun, that is, some papers have been moved for, but so coldly, that it is plain George Townshend and the Tories are unwilling to push researches that must necessarily re-unite Newcastle and Fox. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt stays at home, and holds the House of Commons in *commendam*. I do not augur very well of the ensuing summer; a

[1] Walpole, in his Memoires, vol. ii. p. 152, says, that Mr. Pitt moved the King to mercy, but was cut very short; nor did his Majesty remember to ask his usual question, "whether there were any favourable circumstances."—E.

detachment is going to America under a commander whom a child might outwit, or terrify with a pop-gun! The confusions in France seem to thicken with our mismanagements: we hear of a total change in the ministry there, and of the disgrace both of Machault and D'Argenson, the chiefs of the Parliamentary and Ecclesiastic factions. That the King should be struck with the violence of their parties, I don't wonder: it is said, that as he went to hold the *lit de Justice*, no mortal cried *Vive le Roi!* but one old woman, for which the mob knocked her down, and trampled her to death.

My uncle died yesterday was se'nnight; his death I really believe hastened by the mortification of the money vainly spent at Norwich. I neither intend to spend money, nor to die of it, but, to my mortification, am forced to stand for Lynn, in the room of his son. The corporation still reverence my father's memory so much, that they will not bear distant relations, while he has sons living. I was reading the other day a foolish book called "L'Histoire des quatre Cicérons:" the author, who has taken Tully's son for his hero, says, he piqued himself on out-drinking Antony, his father's great enemy. Do you think I shall ever pique myself on being richer than my Lord Bath!

Prince Edward's pleasures continue to furnish conversation: he has been rather forbid by the Signora Madre to make himself so common; and he has been rather encouraged by his grandfather to disregard the prohibition. The other night the Duke and he were at a ball at Lady Rochford's:[1] she and Lady Essex were singing in an inner chamber when the Princes entered, who insisting on a repetition of the song, my Lady Essex, instead of continuing the same, addressed herself to Prince Edward in this ballad of Lord Dorset —

> "False friends I have as well as you,
> Who daily counsel me
> Fame and ambition to pursue,
> And leave off loving Thee—"

It won't be unamusing, I hope it will be no more than

[1] Lucy Young, wife of William Henry, Earl of Rochford.

amusing, when all the Johns of Gaunt, and Clarences, and Humphrys of Gloucester, are old enough to be running about town, and furnishing histories. Adieu!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[1]

Sunday night, very late, Feb. 27, 1757.

MY DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD certainly have been with you to-night, as I desired George Montagu to tell you, but every six hours produce such new wonders, that I do not know when I shall have a moment to see you. Will you, can you believe me, when I tell you that the four persons of the court-martial whom Keppel named yesterday to the House as commissioning him to ask for the bill, now deny they gave him such commission, though Norris, one of them, was twice on Friday with Sir Richard Lyttelton, and once with George Grenville for the same purpose! I have done nothing but traverse the town to-night from Sir Richard Lyttelton's to the Speaker's, to Mr. Pitt's, to Mr. Fox's, to Doddington's, to Lady Hervey's, to find out and try how to defeat the evil of this, and to extract, if possible, some good from it. Alas! alas! that what I meant so well, should be likely only to add a fortnight to the poor man's misery! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1757.

I HAVE deferred writing to you till I could tell you something certain of the fate of Admiral Byng: no history was ever so extraordinary, or produced such variety of surprising turns. In my last I told you that his sentence was referred to the twelve judges. They have made law of that of which no man else could make sense. The Admiralty immediately

[1] Now first printed.

signed the warrant for his execution on the last of February — that is, three signed: Admiral Forbes positively refused, and would have resigned sooner. The Speaker would have had Byng expelled the House, but his tigers were pitiful. Sir Francis Dashwood tried to call for the court-martial's letter, but the tigers were not so tender as that came to. Some of the court-martial grew to feel as the execution advanced: the city grew impatient for it. Mr. Fox tried to represent the new ministry as compassionate, and has damaged their popularity. Three of the court-martial applied on Wednesday last to Lord Temple to renew their solicitation for mercy. Sir Francis Dashwood moved a repeal of the bloody twelfth article: the House was savage enough; yet Mr. Doddington softened them, and not one man spoke directly against mercy. They had nothing to fear: the man,[1] who, of all defects, hates cowardice and avarice most, and who has some little objection to a mob in St. James's-street, has magnanimously forgot all the services of the great Lord Torrington. On Thursday seven of the court-martial applied for mercy: they were rejected. On Friday a most strange event happened. I was told at the House that Captain Keppel and Admiral Norris desired a bill to absolve them from their oath of secrecy, that they might unfold something very material towards saving the prisoner's life. I was out of Parliament myself during my re-election, but I ran to Keppel; he said he had never spoken in public, and could not, but would give authority to anybody else. The Speaker was putting the question for the orders of the day, after which no motion could be made: it was Friday, the House would not sit on Saturday, the execution was fixed for Monday. I felt all this in an instant, dragged Mr. Keppel to Sir Francis Dashwood, and he on the floor before he had taken his place, called out to the Speaker, and though the orders were passed, Sir Francis was suffered to speak. The House was wonderously softened: pains were taken to prove to Mr. Keppel that he might speak, notwithstanding his oath; but he ad-

[1] The King.

hering to it, he had time given him till next morning to consider and consult some of his brethren who had commissioned him to desire the bill. The next day the King sent a message to our House, that he had respited Mr. Byng for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and he should know whether the Admiral was unjustly condemned. The bill was read twice in our House that day, and went through the committee; Mr. Keppel affirming that he had something, in his opinion, of weight to tell, and which it was material his Majesty should know, and naming four of his associates who desired to be empowered to speak. On Sunday all was confusion again, on news that the four disclaimed what Mr. Keppel had said for them. On Monday, he told the House that in one he had been mistaken; that another did not declare off, but wished all were to be compelled to speak; and from the two others he produced a letter upholding him in what he had said. The bill passed by 153 to 23. On Tuesday it was treated very differently by the Lords. The new Chief Justice[1] and the late Chancellor[2] pleaded against Byng like little attorneys, and did all they could to stifle truth. That all was a good deal. They prevailed to have the whole court-martial at their bar. Lord Hardwicke urged for the intervention of a day, on the pretence of a trifling cause of an Irish bankruptcy then depending before the Lords, though Lord Temple showed them that some of the captains and admirals were under sailing orders for America. But Lord Hardwicke and Lord Anson were expeditious enough to do what they wanted in one night's time; for the next day, yesterday, every one of the court-martial defended their sentence, and even the three conscientious said not one syllable of their desire of the bill, which was accordingly unanimously rejected, and with great marks of contempt for the House of Commons.

This is as brief and as clear an abstract as I can give you of a most complicated affair, in which I have been a most unfortunate actor, having to my infinite grief, which I shall

[1] W. Murray, Lord Mansfield. [2] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke.

feel till the man is at peace, been instrumental in protracting his misery a fortnight, by what I meant as the kindest thing I could do. I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to; but the great doubtfulness of his crime and the extraordinariness of his sentence, the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt and the rage of a blinded nation, have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph; but who can envy the triumph of murder?

Nothing else material has happened, but Mr. Pitt's having moved for a German subsidy, which is another matter of triumph to the late ministry. He and Mr. Fox have the warmest altercations every day in the House.

We have had a few French symptoms; papers were fixed on the Exchange, with these words, "Shoot Byng, or take care of your King;" but this storm, which Lord Anson's creatures and protectors have conjured up, may choose itself employment when Byng is dead.

Your last was of Jan. 29th, in which I thank you for what you say of my commissions: sure you could not imagine that I thought you neglected them? Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1757.

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday — a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out

at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?

This scene is over! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new ministers are well weary of their situation; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burthen, which those who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. We are trembling for Hanover, and the Duke is going to command the army of observation. These are the politics of the week: the diversions are balls, and the two Princes frequent them; but the eldest nephew[1] remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce, Mr. Conway's[2] daughter-in-law: it is the perfectest match in the world; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles the Second. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

[1] George Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.

[2] Lady Mary Bruce was only daughter of Charles last Earl of Ailesbury, by Caroline, his third wife, daughter of General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Lady Ailesbury married to her second husband, Colonel Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis Earl of Hertford.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 7, 1757.

You will receive letters by this post that will surprise you; I will try to give you a comment to them; an exact explication I don't know who could give you. You will receive the orders of a new master, Lord Egremont. I was going on to say that the ministry is again changed, but I cannot say *changed*, it is only dismissed — and here is another inter-ministerium.

The King has never borne Lord Temple,[1] and soon grew displeased with Mr. Pitt: on Byng's affair it came to aversion. It is now given out that both I have mentioned have personally affronted the King. On the execution, he would not suffer Dr. Hay of the admiralty to be brought into Parliament, though he had lost his seat on coming into his service. During this squabble negotiations were set on foot between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, and would have been concluded if either of them would have risked being hanged for the other. The one most afraid broke off the treaty; need I say it was the Duke?[2] While this was in agitation, it

[1] "To Lord Temple," says Lord Waldegrave, "the King had the strongest aversion, his lordship having a pert familiarity, which is not always agreeable to his Majesty; besides, in the affair of Admiral Byng, he had used some insolent expressions, which his Majesty could never forgive. Pitt, he said, made him long speeches, which probably might be very fine, but were greatly beyond his comprehension, and that his letters were affected, formal, and pedantic: but as to Temple, he was so disagreeable a fellow, there was no bearing him." Memoirs, p. 93. —E.

[2] "I told his Majesty, that the Duke of Newcastle was quite doubtful what part he should take, being equally balanced between fear on one side and love of power on the other. To this the King replied, 'I know he is apt to be afraid, therefore go and encourage him; tell him I do not look upon myself as king whilst I am in the hands of these scoundrels; that I am determined to get rid of them at any rate; that I

grew necessary for the Duke[1] to go abroad and take the command of the army of observation. He did not care to be checked there by a hostile ministry at home: his father was as unwilling to be left in their hands. The drum was beat for forces; none would list. However, the change must be made. The day before yesterday Lord Temple was dismissed, with all his admiralty but Boscawen, who was of the former, and with an offer to Mr. Elliot to stay, which he has declined. The new admirals are Lord Winchelsea, Rowley again, Moyston, Lord Carysfort, Mr. Sandys, and young Hamilton of the board of trade.[2] It was hoped that this disgrace would drive Mr. Pitt and the rest of his friends to resign — for that very reason they would not. The time pressed; to-day was fixed for the Duke's departure, and for the recess of Parliament during the holidays. Mr. Pitt was dismissed, and Lord Egremont has received the seals to-day. Mr. Fox has always adhered to being only paymaster; but the impossibility of finding a chancellor of the exchequer, which Lord Duplin of the Newcastle faction, and Doddington of Mr. Fox's, have refused, has, I think, forced Mr. Fox to resolve to take that post himself. However, that and everything else is unsettled, and Mr. Fox is to take nothing till the Inquiries are over. The Duke of Devonshire remains in the treasury, declaring that it is only for a short time, and till they can fix on somebody else. The Duke of Newcastle keeps aloof, professing no connexion with Mr. Pitt; Lord Hardwicke is gone into the country for a fortnight. The stocks fall, the foreign ministers stare; Leicester-house is going to be very angry, and I fear we are going into great confusion. As I wish Mr. Fox so well, I cannot but lament the undigested rashness of this measure.

Having lost three packet-boats lately, I fear I have missed

expect his assistance, and that he may depend on my favour and protection.'" Waldegrave, p. 96.—E.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] The new admiralty *actually* consisted of the following:—Lord Winchilsea, Admiral Sir W. Rowley, K.B., Hon. Edward Boscawen, Gilbert Elliott, Esq., John Proby first Lord Carysfort, Savage Mostyn, Esq., and the Hon. Edward Sandys, afterwards second Lord Sandys.—D.

a letter or two of yours: I hope this will have better fortune; for, almost unintelligible as it is, you will want even so awkward a key.

Mr. Fox was very desirous of bargaining for a peerage for Lady Caroline; the King has positively refused it, but has given him the reversion for three lives of clerk of the pells in Ireland, which Doddington has now. Mr. Conway is made groom of the bedchamber to the King.

A volume on all I have told you would only perplex you more; you will have time to study what I send you now. I go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow for the holidays; and till they are over, certainly nothing more will be done. You did not expect this new confusion, just when you was preparing to tremble for the campaign. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1757.

You will wonder that I should so long have announced my Lord Egremont to you for a master, without his announcing himself to you—it was no fault of mine; everything here is a riddle or an absurdity. Instead of coming forth secretary of state, he went out of town, declaring he knew nothing of the matter. On that, it was affirmed that he had refused the seals. The truth is, they have never been offered to him in form. He had been sounded, and I believe was not averse, but made excuses that were not thought invincible. As we are in profound peace with all the world, and can do without any government, it is thought proper to wait a little, till what are called *the Inquiries* are over;[1] what they are, I will tell you presently. *A man*[2] who has hated and loved the Duke of Newcastle pretty heartily in the course of some years, is will-

[1] "April 6. Mr. Pitt dismissed. Mr. Fox and I were ordered from the King, by Lord Holdernesse, to come and kiss his hand as paymaster of the army, and treasurer of the navy. We wrote to the Duke of Cumberland our respectful thanks and acceptance of the offices; but we thought it would be more for his Majesty's service, not to enter upon them publicly till *the Inquiry* was over." Dodington, p. 352.—E.

[2] The King.

ing to wait, in hopes of prevailing on him to resume the seals —that Duke is the arbiter of England! Both the other parties are trying to unite with him. The King pulls him, the next reign (for you know his grace is very young) pulls him back. Present power tempts: Mr. Fox's unpopularity terrifies—he will reconcile all, by immediate duty to the King, with a salvo to the intention of betraying him to the Prince, to make his peace with the latter, as soon as he has made up with the former. Unless his grace takes Mr. Fox by the hand, the latter is in an ugly situation — if he does, is he in a beautiful one?

Yesterday began the famous and long-expected *Inquiries*.[1] The House of Commons in person undertakes to examine all the intelligence, letters, and orders, of the administration that lost Minorca. In order to this, they pass over a whole winter; then they send for cart-loads of papers from all the offices, leaving it to the discretion of the clerks to transcribe, insert, omit, whatever they please; and without inquiring what the accused ministers had left or secreted. Before it was possible for people to examine these with any attention, supposing they were worth any, the whole House goes to work, sets the clerk to reading such bushels of letters, that the very dates fill three-and-twenty sheets of paper; he reads as fast as he can, nobody attends, everybody goes away, and to-night they determined that the whole should be read through on to-morrow and Friday, that one may have time to digest on Saturday and Sunday what one had scarce heard, cannot remember, nor is it worth the while; and then on Monday, without asking any questions, examining any witnesses, authority, or authenticity, the Tories are to affirm that the ministers were very negligent; the Whigs, that they were wonderfully informed, discreet, provident, and active; and Mr. Pitt and his friends are to affect great zeal for justice, are to avoid provoking the Duke of Newcastle, and are to endeavour to extract from all the nothings they have not heard,

[1] On the 19th of April, the House of Commons went into a committee on the state of the navy, and the causes which had led to the loss of the island of Minorca.—E.

something that is to lay all the guilt at Mr. Fox's door. Now you know very exactly what the Inquiries are — and this wise nation is gaping to see the chick which their old brood-hen the House of Commons will produce from an egg laid in November, neglected till April, and then hatched in a quicksand!

The common council have presented gold boxes with the freedom of their city to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge — no gracious compliment to St. James's. It is expected that the example will catch, but as yet, I hear of no imitations. Pamphlets, cards, and prints swarm again: George Townshend has published one of the latter, which is so admirable in its kind, that I cannot help sending it to you. His genius for likenesses in caricatura is astonishing — indeed, Lord Winchelsea's figure is not heightened — your friends Doddington and Lord Sandwich are like; the former made me laugh till I cried. The Hanoverian drummer, Ellis, is the least like, though it has much of his air. I need say nothing of the lump of fat[1] crowned with laurel on the altar. As Townshend's parts lie entirely in his pencil, his pen has no share in them; the labels are very dull, except the inscription on the altar, which I believe is his brother Charles's. This print, which has so diverted the town, has produced to-day a most bitter pamphlet against George Townshend, called The Art of Political Lying. Indeed, it is strong.

The Duke, who has taken no English with him but Lord Albemarle, Lord Frederick Cavendish,[2] Lord George Lennox,[3] Colonel Keppel, Mr. West, and Colonel Carlton, all his own servants, was well persuaded to go by Stade; there were French parties laid to intercept him on the other road.—It might have saved him an unpleasant campaign.—We have no favourable events, but that Russia, who had neither men, money, nor magazines, is much softened, and halts her troops.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] Third son of William third Duke of Devonshire. He was made a field-marshal in 1796, and died in 1803.—D.

[3] Second son of Charles second Duke of Richmond. He died in March 1805.—D.

The Duke of Grafton[1] still languishes: the Duke of Newcastle has so pestered him with political visits, that the physicians ordered him to be excluded: yet he forced himself into the house. The Duke's gentlemen would not admit him into the bedchamber, saying, his grace was asleep. Newcastle protested he would go in on tip-toe and only look at him — he rushed in, clattered his heels to waken him, and then fell upon the bed, kissing and hugging him. Grafton waked; "God! what 's here?"— "Only I, my dear lord"— Buss, buss, buss, buss!—"God! how can you be such a beast to kiss such a creature as I am, all over plaisters! get along, get along!" and turned about and went to sleep. Newcastle hurries home, tells the mad Duchess that the Duke of Grafton was certainly light-headed, for he had not known him, frightens her into fits, and then was forced to send for Dr. Shaw— for this Lepidus are struggling Octavius and Anthony![2]

I have received three letters from you, one of March 25th, one of the second of this month inclosing that which had journeyed back to you unopened. I wish it lay in my way to send you early news of the destination of fleets, but I rather avoid secrets than hunt them. I must give you much the same answer with regard to Mr. Dick, whom I should be most glad to serve; but when I tell you that in the various revolutions of ministries I have seen, I have never asked a single favour for myself or any friend I have; that whatever friendships I have with the man, I avoid all connexions with the minister; that I abhor courts and levee-rooms and flattery; that I have done with all parties and only sit by and smile — (you would weep) — when I tell you all this, think what my interest must be! I can better answer your desiring me to countenance your brother James, and telling me it will cost me nothing.—My God! if you don't believe my affection for you, at least believe in the adoration I have for dear Gal.'s memory — that, alas! cannot now be counterfeited! If ever I had a friend, if ever there was a friend, he

[1] Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, lord chamberlain.
[2] Lepidus, Duke of Newcastle; Octavius and Anthony, Pitt and Fox. —D.

was one to me; if ever there were love and gratitude, I have both for him — before I received your letter, James was convinced for all this — but my dear child, you let slip an expression which sure I never deserved — but I will say no more of it.—Thank you for the verses on Buondelmonti[1] — I did not know he was dead — for the prayer for Richcourt, for the Pope's letter, and for the bills of lading for the liqueurs.

You will have heard all the torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King. They copied with a scrupulous exactness horrid precedents, and the dastardly monarch permitted them! I don't tell you any particulars, for in time of war and at this distance, how to depend on the truth of them?

This is a very long letter, but I will not make excuses for long ones and short ones too — I fear you forgive the long ones most easily!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1757.

You may expect what you please of new ministries, and revolutions, and establishments; we are a grave people, and don't go so rashly to work — at least when we have demolished any thing rashly, we take due time before we repair it. At a distance you may be impatient. We, the most concerned, wait very tranquilly to see the event of chaos. It was given out, that nothing would be settled till the Inquiries were at an end.—The world very obediently stayed for the time appointed. The Inquiries are at an end, yet nothing is in more forwardness. Foreign nations may imagine (but they must be at a great distance!) that we are so wise and upright a people, that every man performs his part, and thence everything goes on in its proper order without any government — but I fear, our case is like what astronomers tell us, that if a star was to be annihilated, it would still shine for two months. The Inquiries have been a most important and dull farce,

[1] A Florentine abbé and wit; author of several poetical pieces.—E.

and very fatiguing; we sat six days till past midnight. If you have received my last letter, you have already had a description of what passed just as I foresaw. Mr. Pitt broke out a little the second day, and threatened to secede, and tell the world the iniquity of the majority; but recollecting that the majority might be as useful as the world, he recomposed himself, professed meaning no personalities, swallowed all candour as fast as it was proposed to him, swallowed camels and haggled about gnats, and in a manner let the friends of the old ministry state and vote what resolutions they pleased. They were not modest, but stated away; yet on the last day of the committee, on their moving that no greater force could have been sent to the Mediterranean than was under Byng, the triumphant majority shrank to one of seventy-eight, many absenting themselves, and many of the independent sort voting with the minority. This alarmed so much, that the predetermined vote of acquittal or approbation was forced to be dropped, and to their great astonishment the late cabinet is not thanked parliamentarily for having lost Minorca. You may judge what Mr. Pitt might have done, if he had pleased; when, though he starved his own cause, so slender an advantage was obtained against him. I retired before the vote I have mentioned; as Mr. Fox was complicated in it, I would not appear against him, and I could not range myself with a squadron who I think must be the jest of Europe and posterity.

It now remains to settle some ministry: Mr. Pitt's friends are earnest, and some of them trafficking for an union with Newcastle. He himself, I believe, maintains his dignity, and will be sued to, not sue. The Duke of Newcastle, who cannot bear to resign the last twilight of the *old sun*, would join with Fox; but the Chancellor, who hates him, and is alarmed at his unpopularity, and at the power of Pitt with the people, holds back. Bath, Exeter, Yarmouth, and Worcester, have followed the example of London, and sent their freedoms to Pitt and Legge: I suppose Edinburgh will, but instead of giving, will ask for a gold box in return. Here are some new epigrams on the present politics:

To the Nymph of Bath.

Mistaken Nymph, thy gifts withhold;
Pitt's virtuous soul despises gold;
Grant him thy boon peculiar, health;
He 'll guard, not covet, Britain's wealth.

ANOTHER.

The two great rivals London might content,
If what he values most to each she sent;
Ill was the franchise coupled with the box;
Give Pitt the freedom, and the gold to Fox.

On Dr. Shebbear abusing Hume Campbell for being a prostitute Advocate.

'Tis below you, dear Doctor, to worry an elf,
Who you know will defend anything, but himself.

The two first are but middling, and I am bound to think the last so, as it is my own. Shebbear is a broken Jacobite physician, who has threatened to write himself into a place or the pillory: he has just published a bitter letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which occasioned the above two lines.

The French have seized in their own name the country of Bentheim, a purchase of the King's, after having offered him the most insulting neutrality for Hanover, in the world; they proposed putting a garrison into the strongest post[1] he has, with twenty other concessions. We have rumours of the Prince of Bevern having beaten the Austrians considerably.

I believe, upon review, that this is a mighty indefinite letter; I would have waited for certainties, but not knowing how long that might be, I thought you would prefer this parenthesis of politics.

Lord Northumberland's great gallery is finished and opened; it is a sumptuous chamber, but might have been in a better taste. He is wonderfully content with his pictures, and gave me leave to repeat it to you. I rejoiced, as you had been the negotiator—as you was not the painter, you will allow me not to be so profuse of my applause. Indeed I have yet

[1] Hamelen.

only seen them by candle-light. Mengs's School of Athens pleased me: Pompeio's two are black and hard; Mazucci's Apollo, *fade* and without beauty; Costanza's piece is abominable. Adieu! till a ministry.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1757.

We are not yet arrived at having a ministry, but we have had two or three alarms of one. On Monday, the Duke of Devonshire, impatient for a plaything, took the chamberlain's staff and key—these were reckoned certain prognostics; but they were only symptoms of his childishness. Yesterday it was published that Mr. Pitt's terms were so extravagant, that the Duke of Newcastle could not comply with them—and would take the whole himself—perhaps leave some little trifle for Mr. Fox—to-day all is afloat again, and all negotiations to re-commence. Pitt's demands were, that his grace should not meddle in the House of Commons, nor in the province of Secretary of State, but stick to the Treasury, and even there to be controlled by a majority of Mr. Pitt's friends—they were certainly great terms, but he has been taught not to trust to less. But it is tautology to dwell on these variations; the inclosed[1] is an exact picture of our situation—and is perhaps the only political paper ever written, in which no man of any party can dislike or deny a single fact. I wrote it in an hour and half, and you will perceive that it must be the effect of a single thought.

We had big letters yesterday of a total victory of the King of Prussia over the Austrians,[2] with their army dispersed and their general wounded and prisoner—I don't know how, but it is not confirmed yet. You must excuse the brevity of my English letter, in consideration of my Chinese one. Adieu!

Xo Ho.

[1] Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi at Pekin.

[2] This was the battle of Prague, gained by the King of Prussia on the 6th of May 1757, over the forces of the Empress-Queen, commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine.—D.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 27, 1757.

I HAVE ticketed you with numbers *5832*, *58322*, *58323*, *58324*, *58325*, *58326*; I think you bespoke six. I do not send them by post, unless you order it; but I have writ your name on each, lest in case of accident my executors should put them into my auction, for which you are so impatient, and then you would have to buy them over again.

I am glad you like Xo Ho: I think everybody does, which is strange, considering it has no merit but truth. Mrs. Clive cried out like you, "Lord! you will be sent to the Tower!" "Well," said I coolly, "my father was there before me."

Lord Abercorn's picture is extremely like; he seems by the Vandyke habit to be got back into his own times; but nothing is finished yet, except the head.

You will be diverted with a health which my Lady Townshend gave at supper with the Prince t'other night: "'Tis a health you will all like," she said.—"Well! what is it?"—"The three *P's*."—The boy coloured up to the eyes.—After keeping them in suspense some time, she named, Pitt, Peace, and Plenty. The Princess has given Home, the author of Douglas, a hundred a year. Prince and Princess Edward continue to entertain themselves and Ranelagh every night.

I wish your brother and all heirs to estates joy, for old Shutz is dead, and cannot wriggle himself into any more wills. The ministry is not yet hatched; the King of Prussia is conquering the world; Mr. Chute has some murmurs of the gout; and I am yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 1, 1757.

AFTER a vacancy of full two months, we are at last likely to have a ministry again — I do not promise you a very lasting one.

Last Wednesday the conferences broke off between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt; the latter demanding a full restoration of his friends, with the admiralty and a peerage for Mr. Legge, the blue riband and, I believe, Ireland for Lord Temple, and Mr. Grenville for chancellor of the exchequer, with stipulations that no more money should be sent this year to Germany. The last article, the admiralty, and especially the exchequer, were positively refused; and on Friday the Duke went to the King, and consented to be sole minister, insisting that Mr. Fox should be nothing but paymaster, not cabinet-councillor, and have no power; Sir Thomas Robinson to be again secretary of state, and Sir George Lee chancellor of exchequer. For form, he was to retire to Claremont for a few days, to take advice of his oracle, whose answer he had already dictated. Lord Hardwicke refuses the seals; says, he desires nobody should be dismissed for him; if president or privy seal should by any means be vacant, he will accept either, but nothing till Lord Anson is satisfied, for whom he asks treasurer of the navy. The Duke goes to Kensington to-morrow, when all this is to be declared — however, till it is, I shall doubt it. Lord Lincoln and his principal friends are vehement against it; and indeed his grace seems to be precipitating his own ruin. If Mr. Fox could forgive all that is past, which he by no means intends, here are new provocations added — will they invite Mr. Fox's support? Not to mention what unpopular German steps the Duke must take to recover the King's favour, who is now entirely Fox's; the latter is answerable for nothing, and I believe would not manage inquiries against his grace as Mr. Pitt has — leniently. In short, I think the month of October will terminate the fortune of the house of Pelham for ever — his supporters are ridiculous; his followers will every day desert to one or other of the two Princes[1] of the blood, who head the other factions. Two parts in three of the cabinet, at least half, are attached to Mr. Fox; there the Duke will be overborne; in

[1] The Prince of Wales, who espoused Mr. Pitt; and the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Fox.

Parliament will be deserted. Never was a plan concerted with more weakness!

I inclose a most extraordinary print. Mr. Fox has found some caricaturist[1] equal to George Townshend, and who manages royal personages with at least as little ceremony. I have written "Lord Lincoln" over the blue riband, because some people take it for him — likeness there is none: it is certain Lord Lincoln's mother was no whore; she never recovered the death of her husband. The line that follows "son of a whore" seems but too much connected with it; and at least the "could say more" is not very merciful. The person of Lord Bute, not his face, is ridiculously like; Newcastle, Pitt, and Lord Temple are the very men. It came out but to-day, and shows how cordial the new union is. Since the Ligue against Henry III. of France, there never was such intemperate freedom with velvet and ermine; never, I believe, where religion was not concerned.

I cannot find by the dates you send me that I have received yours of Jan. 1, and Feb. 12, and I keep all your letters very orderly. Mine of this year to you have been of Jan. 6, 17, 30; Feb. 14; March 3, 17; April 7, 20; May 5, 19. Tell me if you have received them.

What a King is our Prussian! how his victories come out doubled and trebled above their very fame! My Lady Townshend says, "Lord! how all the Queens will go to see this Solomon! and how they will be disappointed!" How she of Hungary is disappointed! We hear that the French have recalled their green troops, which had advanced for show, and have sent their oldest regiments against the Duke.[2] Our foreign affairs are very serious, but I don't know whether I do not think that our domestic tend to be more so! Adieu!

[1] This relates to a print that made much noise, called "The Turnstile." The uncertain figure pretended to be Lord Lincoln, but was generally thought to mean the Prince of Wales, whom it resembled; but in the second impression a little demon was inserted, to imply "The Devil over Lincoln." Yet that evasion did not efface the first idea.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 2, 1757.

THE ministry is to be settled to-day; there are different accounts how: some say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to take orders and to have the reversion of the bishoprick of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt is to have a regiment and to go serve in Germany with the Duke; that Mr. Fox is to have Sir William Irby's place,[1] and be chamberlain to the Princess; that my Lord Bute is to be divorced and marry Princess Emily; and that my Lord Darlington is to be first minister. Others say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to be sole minister, having broken with Mr. Pitt; that Sir Thomas Robinson is to be again secretary of state, Sir George Lee chancellor of the exchequer, and Mr. Fox paymaster, but with no place in the cabinet, nor any power. I believe the Duke himself has said this; but, as I think the former establishment would be the less ridiculous of the two, I intend to believe that.

I send you your tickets and a curious new print. The blue riband in the corner, and the line that explains it, but leaves it still in the dark, makes much noise. I choose to think it my Lord Lincoln; for, having a tenderness for royalties, I will not suppose, as most do, that it points higher. The rest are certainly admirable: the times are very entertaining; one cannot complain that no wit is stirring, as one used to do. I never thought I should feel glad for the death of poor Mr. Pelham; but really it has opened such scenes of amusement, that I begin to bear it better than I did. I rejoice to hear that your brother is accommodated, though not by my means. The Duke of Bedford might have reflected, that what I asked was a very trifle, or that I should never have asked it; nay, that if I could have asked a favour of consequence, I should not have applied to himself, but to those who govern him,—to the Duchess and Rigby.

I certainly am glad of rain, but could wish it was boiled a

[1] Vice-chamberlain to the Princess of Wales.

little over the sun first: Mr. Bentley calls this the *hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle. Adieu!

P. S. Pray acknowledge the receipt of your tickets. I don't know how you came not to see the advertisements of Xo Ho, which have been in continually; four editions were published in twelve days.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 9, 1757.

I MUST write you a very different story from my last. The day before yesterday the Duke of Newcastle, who had resumed conferences with Mr. Pitt by the intervention of Lord Bute, though they could not agree on particulars, went to Kensington, and told the King he could not act without Mr. Pitt and a great plan of that connection. The King reproached him with his breach of promise; it seems the King is in the wrong, for Lord Lincoln and that court reckon his grace as white as snow, and as steady as virtue itself. Mr. Fox went to court, and consented to undertake the whole—but it is madness! Lord Waldegrave,[1] a worthy man as ever was born, and sensible, is to be the first lord of his treasury. Who is to be his anything else I don't know, for by to-morrow it will rain resignations as it did in the year '46. Lord Holderness has begun, and gave up to-day; the Dukes of Rutland and Leeds and all the Pelhamites are to follow immediately: the standard of opposition is, I believe, ready painted, and is to be hung out at Leicester-house by the beginning of the week. I grieve for Mr. Fox, and have told him so; I see how desperate his game is, but I shall not desert him, though I mean nor meant to profit of his friendship. So many places will be vacant, that I cannot yet guess who will be to fill them. Mr. Fox will be chancellor of the exchequer, and, I think, Lord Egremont one of the secretaries of state. What is certain, great clamour, and I fear, great confusion, will follow. You

[1] James second Earl Waldegrave, and first husband of Maria Duchess of Gloucester.

shall know more particulars in a few days, but at present I have neither time for, nor knowledge of, more. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1757.

This is Tuesday; I wrote to you but on Thursday, and promised to write again in a few days — a week cannot pass without a new revolution. On Friday Mr. Fox found that his kissing hands was to be a signal for the resignations: Lord Rockingham and Lord Coventry were the most eager to give up. The Duke of Newcastle, transported that his breach of promise and ingratitude to the King produced such noble mischief, endeavoured to spread the flame as wide as possible. On Saturday, Mr. Fox and Lord Waldegrave represented the ugly situation of their affairs, and advised against persisting, yet offering to proceed if commanded. The Chief Justice, who was to carry the exchequer seal that morning, enforced this— "Well," said the King, "go tell the others to make what ministry they can; I only insist on two things, that Lord Winchilsea remain where he is, and that Fox be paymaster." These two preliminaries would be enough to prevent the whole, if there were no other obstacles. Lord Winchilsea, indeed, would not act with Newcastle and Pitt, if they would consent; but there are twenty other impediments; Leicester-house can never forgive or endure Fox; and if they could, his and Winchilsea's remaining would keep their friends from resigning, and then how would there be room for Newcastle's zealots or Pitt's martyrs? But what I take to be most difficult of all, is the accommodation between the chiefs themselves: his grace's head and heart seem to be just as young and as old as ever they were; this triumph will intoxicate him; if he could not agree with Pitt, when his prospect was worst, he will not be more firm or more sincere when all his doublings have been rewarded. If his vain-glory turns his head, it will make no impression on Pitt, who is as little likely to be awed by another's pageant, as to be depressed by his

own slender train. They can't agree — but what becomes of us? There are three factions, just strong enough to make everything impracticable.

The willing victim, Lord Holderness, is likely to be the most real victim. His situation was exactly parallel to Lord Harrington's,[1] with the addition of the latter's experience. Both, the children of fortune, unsupported by talents, fostered by the King's favour, without connections or interest, deserted him to please this wayward Duke, who, to recover a little favour in the cabinet, sacrificed the first to the King's resentment, and has prepared to treat the other in the same manner, by protesting that he did not ask the compliment. But no matter for him! I have already told you, and I repeat, that I see no end to these struggles without great convulsions. The provocations, and consequently the resentments, increase with every revolution. Blood royal is mixed in the quarrels: two factions might cease by the victory of either; here is always a third ready to turn the scale. Happily the people care or interest themselves very little about all this — but they will be listed soon, as the chiefs grow so much in earnest, and as there are men of such vast property engaged on every side — there is not a public pretence on any. The scramble is avowedly for power — whoever remains master of the field at last, I fear, will have power to use it!

This is not the sole uneasiness at Kensington; they know the proximity of the French army to the Duke, and think that by this time there may have been an action: the suspense is not pleasant: the event may have great consequences even on these broils at home. For the King of Prussia, he is left to the coffee-houses. Adieu! I can scarce steal a day for Strawberry; if one leaves London to itself for four and twenty hours, one finds it topsy-turvy.

[1] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, who, though a younger brother, had been raised to an earldom, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State, had been the first man to resign his place in 1746, when the King, his master and benefactor, had a mind to remove the Pelhams and make Lord Granville prime minister. He was afterwards sacrificed by the Pelhams to please the King. Lord Holderness was born to an earldom, but having little fortune or parts, had been promoted by the Duke of Newcastle to great posts.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1757.

I RENOUNCE all prophesying; I will never suppose that I can foresee politically; I can foresee nothing, whatever I may foretell. Here is a ministry formed of *all* the people who for these ten weeks have been giving each other exclusion! I will now not venture even to pronounce that they cannot agree together. On Saturday last, the 18th, Lord Hardwicke carried to Kensington the result of the last negotiations between Newcastle and Pitt, and the latter followed and actually kissed hands again for the seals.[1] Here is the arrangement as far as I know it, the most extraordinary part of which is, that they suffer Mr. Fox to be paymaster — oh! no, it is more extraordinary that he will submit to be so. His grace returns to the treasury, and replaces there his singular good friend Mr. Legge. Lord Holderness comes to life again as secretary of state: Lord Anson reassumes the admiralty, not with the present board, nor with his own, but with Mr. Pitt's, and this by Mr. Pitt's own desire. The Duke of Dorset retires with a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, to make room for Lord Gower, that he may make room for Lord Temple. Lord George Sackville forces out Lord Barrington from secretary at war, who was going to resign with the rest, for fear Mr. Fox should, and that this plan should not, take place. Lord Hardwicke, *young disinterested creature!* waits till something drops. Thus far all was smooth; but even this perfection of harmony and wisdom meets with rubs. Lord Halifax had often and lately been promised to be erected into a

[1] "On the day they were all to kiss hands," says Lord Waldegrave, "I went to Kensington, to entertain myself with the innocent, or, perhaps, ill-natured amusement of examining the different countenances. The behaviour of Pitt and his party was decent and sensible; they had neither the insolence of men who had gained a victory, nor were they awkward and disconcerted, like those who come to a place where they know they are not welcome: but as to the Duke of Newcastle, and his friends the resigners, there was a mixture of fear and of shame on their countenances: they were real objects of compassion." Memoires, p. 138. —E.

secretary of state for the West Indies. Mr. Pitt says, "No, I will not part with so much power." Lord Halifax resigned on Saturday, and Lord Duplin succeeds him. The two Townshends are gone into the country in a rage; Lord Anson is made the pretence: Mr. Fox is the real sore to George, Lord G. Sackville to Charles. Sir George Lee, who resigned his treasurership to the Princess against Mr. Pitt, and as the world says, wanting to bring Lord Bute into Doctors' Commons,[1] is succeeded by Lord Bute's brother M'Kinsy; but to be sure, all this, in which there is no intrigue, no change, no policy, no hatred, no jealousy, no disappointment, no resentment, no mortification, no ambition, will produce the utmost concord! It is a system formed to last; and to be sure it will! In the mean time, I shall bid adieu to politics; my curiosity is satisfied for some months, and I shall betake myself to employments I love better, and to this place which I love best of all. Here is the first fruit of my retirement; behind a bas-relief in wax of the present Pope I have writ the following inscription:

Prospero Lambertini
Bishop of Rome
by the name of Benedict XIV.
Who, though an absolute Prince,
reigned as harmlessly
as a Doge of Venice.
He restored the lustre of the Tiara
by those arts alone,
by which alone He obtained it,
his Virtues.
Beloved by Papists,
esteemed by Protestants:
A Priest without insolence or interest;
A Prince without favourites;
A Pope without nepotism;
An Author without vanity;
In short, a Man
whom neither Wit nor Power
could spoil.
The Son of a favourite Minister,

[1] Meaning the offence he took at Lord Bute's favour. Sir George Lee was a civilian.

but One, who never courted a Prince,
nor worshipped a Churchman,
offers, in a free Protestant Country,
this deserved Incense
to the Best of the Roman Pontiffs.

If the good old soul is still alive, and you could do it unaffectedly and easily, you may convey it to him; it must be a satisfaction to a good heart to know that in so distant a country, so detached from his, his merit is acknowledged, without a possibility of interest entering into the consideration. His death-bed does not want comfort or cheerfulness, but it may be capable of an expansion of heart that may still sweeten it! Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 3, 1757.

I HAVE been under great uneasiness about you; Coloredo, the Austrian minister, is recalled precipitately, with orders not to take leave: our papers joined Pucci[1] with him in this recall, but I do not find with any foundation. However, I cannot be easy while your situation is precarious. One should conceive that the advantages of the English trade to Tuscany would induce the Emperor to preserve a neutrality; but what are good reasons against his wife's vengeance and obstinacy, and haughtiness? Tell me immediately what you think or hear on this head; what steps you would take; whither you would retire if this should happen; whether you would not come home to watch over your own interest and return, or whether you would be more in the way by remaining in Italy. I know not what to advise; I don't even know how this letter is to get to you, and how our correspondence will continue; at least, it must be very irre-

[1] Resident from Florence. He was here for fifty years, and said he had seen London twice built. This meant, that houses are run up so slightly that they last but few years.

gular, now all communication is cut off through the Empress's dominions. I am in great solicitude!

Had this recall happened a week later I should not have wondered; it was haughty, indeed, at the time it was dictated; but two days ago we heard of the reversal of all the King of Prussia's triumphs; of his being beat by Count Daun; of the siege of Prague being raised; of Prince Charles falling on their retreat and cutting off two thousand: we would willingly not believe to the extent of all this,[1] yet we have known what it is to have our allies or ourselves beaten! The Duke has been forced to pass the Weser, but writes that the French are so distressed for provisions that he hopes to repass it.

I notified to you the settlement of the ministry, and, contrary to late custom, have not to unnotify it again. However, it took ten days to complete, after an *inter-ministerium* of exactly three months. I have often called this *the age of abortions;* for the present, the struggles of the three factions, that threatened such disturbances, have gone off like other forebodings. I think I told you in my last the chief alterations; the King would not absolutely give the secretary at war to Lord George Sackville; Lord Barrington remains: the Duke of Dorset would not take a pension *eo nomine;* his cinque-ports are given to him for life, with a salary of four thousand pounds a-year. Lord Cholmondeley, who is removed for Potter, has a pension equal to his place. Mr. M'Kinsy is not treasurer to the Princess, as I told you. One of the most extraordinary parts of the new system is the advancement of Sir Robert Henley. He was made attorney-general by Mr. Fox at the end of last year, and made as bad a figure as might be: Mr. Pitt insisting upon an attorney-

[1] The King of Prussia had been completely beaten at Kolin by the Austrians, commanded by Count Daun, on the 17th of June. He was in consequence obliged to retreat from Bohemia, and soon found himself, surrounded as he was by increasing and advancing enemies, in one of the most critical positions of his whole military life. From this he at length extricated himself, by means of the victories of Rosbach and Lissa.—D.

general of his own, Sir Robert Henley is made lord keeper![1] The first mortification to Lord Holderness has been, that, having been promised a garter as well as Lord Waldegrave, and but one being vacant, that one, contrary to custom, has been given to the latter, with peculiar marks of grace. I now come to your letter of June 18th, and attribute to your distance, or to my imperfect representations of our actors and affairs, that you suppose our dissensions owing to French intrigues — we want no foreign causes; but in so precarious a letter as this I cannot enter into farther explanations; indeed the French need not be at any trouble to distract or weaken our councils!

I cannot be at peace while your fate is in suspense; I shall watch every step that relates to it, but I fear absolutely impotent to be of any service to you: from Pucci's not being recalled, I would hope that he will not be. Adieu!

P. S. Lord Duplin is not yet first lord of trade; there are negotiations for recovering Lord Halifax.

July 5th.

As I was sending this to London I received the newspapers of yesterday, and see that old Pucci is just dead. I cannot help flattering myself that this is a favourable event: they cannot recall no minister; and when they do not, I think we shall not.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

It is well I have not obeyed you sooner, as I have often been going to do: what a heap of lies and contradictions I should have sent you! What joint ministries and sole ministries! What acceptances and resignations! — Viziers and bowstrings never succeeded one another quicker. Luckily I have stayed till we have got an administration that will last a little more than for ever. There is such content and har-

[1] Afterwards created Lord Henley, and made lord chancellor, and finally elevated to be Earl of Northington.—D.

mony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the Duke of Newcastle was to take orders, and have the reversion of the bishoprick of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke; and Mr. Fox to be chamberlain to the Princess, in the room of Sir William Irby. Of all the new system I believe the happiest is Offley; though in great humility he says he only takes the bedchamber *to accommodate*. Next to him in joy is the Earl of Holderness —who has not got the garter. My Lord Waldegrave has; and the garter by this time I believe has got fifty spots.[1]

Had I written sooner, I should have told your lordship, too, of the King of Prussia's triumphs — but they are addled too! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to send you towards building Mr. Bentley's design, but I fear none will come from thence this summer. Thank God, the happiness of the menagerie does not depend upon administrations or victories! The happiest of beings in this part of the world is my Lady Suffolk: I really think her acquisition and conclusion of her law-suit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be sure I am not so satisfied, as Lady Mary[2] has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up like our humble hills? Is your sweet river as low as our deserted Thames?—I am wishing for a handful or two of those floods that drowned me last year all the way from Wentworth Castle. I beg my best compliments to my lady, and my best wishes that every pheasant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

Tuesday, July 5.

Luckily, my good lord, my conscience had saved its distance. I had writ the above last night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our strange histories. For

[1] He was apt to be dirty.

[2] Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John Campbell, Duke of Argyle, and sister to Lady Strafford.

that of the pretty Countess,[1] I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't seem to know that Lord Corydon and Captain Corydon[2] his brother have been most abominable. I don't care to write scandal; but when I see you, I will tell you how much the chits deserve to be whipped. Our favourite general[3] is at his camp: Lady Ailesbury don't go to him these three weeks. I expect the pleasure of seeing her and Miss Rich and Fred. Campbell here soon for a few days. I don't wonder your lordship likes St. Philippe better than Torcy:[4] except a few passages interesting to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almost like it the best of his works.[5] It is what you have seen extended, and the Memoirs of Louis XIV. *refondues* in it. He is a little tiresome with contradicting La Beaumelle out of pique—and there is too much about Rousseau. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times.—He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first Lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood. —However, he is in the right to expect to be believed: for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's Voyage, and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears

[1] The Countess of Coventry.—E.
[2] Lord Bolingbroke, and his brother, the Hon. Henry St. John.—E.
[3] General Conway.
[4] A translation of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Torcy, secretary of state to Louis XIV, had just been published in London.—E.
[5] For a review of these volumes by Oliver Goldsmith, see the enlarged edition of his Miscellaneous Works, vol. iii. p. 445.—E.

of the whole empire of China!—I know nothing else new but a new edition of Dr. Young's Works. If your lordship thinks like me, who hold that even in his most frantic rhapsodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my best lord!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1757.

It would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*,[1] without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of sultry. In all English probability this will not be a hinderance long; though at present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven!—But hear: my Lady Ailesbury and Miss Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days; and on Monday next the Officina Arbuteana opens in form. The Stationers' Company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson, &c. are summoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? *Cedite, Romani Impressores*—with nothing under *Graii Carmina*. I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus, with a version by Mr. Bentley and a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait.—Now, my dear Sir, can I stir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail!

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me?

[1] To visiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his seat in Hampshire.

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us, and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1757.

You do me justice in believing that I enjoy your satisfaction; I do heartily, and particularly on this point: you know how often I have wished this reconciliation: indeed you have taken the handsomest manner of doing it, and it has been accepted handsomely. I always had a good opinion of your cousin, and I am not apt to throw about my esteem lightly. He has ever behaved with sense and dignity, and this country has more obligations to him than to most men living.

The weather has been so hot, and we are so unused to it, that nobody knew how to behave themselves; even Mr. Bentley has done shivering.

Elzevirianum opens to-day; you shall taste its first fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious; they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry Hill with politics. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 17.

I only write you a line to tell you, that as you mention Miss Montagu's being well and alone, if she could like to accompany the Colonel[1] and you to Strawberry Hill and the Vine, the seneschals of those castles will be very proud to see her. I am sorry to be forced to say anything civil in a

[1] Mr. Montagu's brother.

letter to you; you deserve nothing but ill-usage for disappointing us so often, but we stay till we have got you into our power, and then — why then, I am afraid we shall still be what I have been so long.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1757.

The Empress-Queen has not yet hurt my particular. I have received two letters from you within this week, dated July 2nd and 9th. Yet she has given up Ostend and Nieuport, and, I think, Furnes and Yprés, to the French. We are in a piteous way! The French have passed the Weser, and a courier yesterday brought word that the Duke was marching towards them, and within five miles: by this time his fate is decided. The world here is very inquisitive about a secret expedition[1] which we are fitting out: a letter is not a proper place to talk about it; I can only tell you, that be it whither it will, I do not augur well about it, and what makes me dislike it infinitely more, Mr. Conway is of it. I am more easy about your situation than I was, though I do not like the rejoicings ordered at Leghorn for the victory over the Prussians.

I have so little to say to-day that I should not have writ, but for one particular reason. The Mediterranean trade being arrived, I concluded the vases for Mr. Fox were on board it, but we cannot discover them. Unluckily it happens that the bill of lading is lost, and I have forgot in what ship they were embarked. In short, my dear Sir, I think that, as I always used to do, I gave the bill to your dearest brother, by which means it is lost. I imagine you have a duplicate; send it as soon as you can.

I thank you for what you have given to Mr. Phelps. I don't call this billet part of the acknowledgment. All the world is dispersed: the ministers are at their several villas; one day in a week serves to take care of a nation, let it be in

[1] The expedition to Rochfort.

as bad a plight as it will! We have a sort of Jewish superstition, and would not come to town on a Saturday or Sunday though it were to defend the Holy of Holies. Adieu!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1757.

I LOVE to communicate my satisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the first inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos*, which I am going to translate and print. No, no; far beyond any such thing! Old Lady Sandwich[1] is dead at Paris, and my lord has given me her picture of Ninon l'Enclos; given it me in the prettiest manner in the world. I beg, if he should ever meddle in any election in Hampshire, that you will serve him to the last drop of your shrievalty. If you reckon by the thermometer of my natural impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I must wait some time for it.

The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a very few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce. Gray has been gone these five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the sweating-sickness, which I now firmly believe was only a hot summer like this, and England, being so unused to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has absolutely done nothing this whole summer but paste two chimney-boards. In short, instead of Claude Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's men.

You never saw anything so droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the summer, the pride in her legacy,[2] and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an

[1] Daughter of the famous Wilmot Earl of Rochester.

[2] A legacy of fifty pounds, left her by John Robarts, the last Earl of Radnor of that family.

earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis if it had done any mischief: he said, "Only blown a man's head off;" as if that was a part one could spare!

P. S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either upon his commentatorship or private pretensions, if I assume these lines of Pope, thus altered, for myself:

> "Some have for wits, and then for poets pass'd;
> Turn'd *printers* next, and proved plain fools at last."

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

Mr. Phelps (who is Mr. Phelps?) has brought me the packet safe, for which I thank you. I would fain have persuaded him to stay and dine, that I might ask him more questions about you. He told me how low your ministerial spirits are: I fear the news that came last night will not exalt them. The French attacked the Duke for three days together, and at last defeated him. I find it is called at Kensington an encounter[1] of fourteen squadrons; but any defeat must be fatal to Hanover. I know few particulars, and those only by a messenger dispatched to me by Mr. Conway on the first tidings: the Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt, as they say all his small family are. In what a situation is our Prussian hero, surrounded by Austrians, French, and Muscovites — even impertinent Sweden is stealing in to pull a feather out of his tail! What devout plunderers will every little Catholic prince of the empire become! The only good I hope to extract out of this mischief is, that it will stifle our secret expedition, and preserve Mr. Conway from going on it. I have so ill an opinion of our secret expeditions, that I hope they will for ever remain so. What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days! Admiral Boscawen

[1] The battle at Hastenbeck.

is disgraced. I know not the cause exactly, as ten miles out of town are a thousand out of politics. He is said to have refused to serve under Sir Edward Hawke in this armament. Shall I tell you what, more than distance, has thrown me out of attention to news? A little packet which I shall give your brother for you, will explain it. In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter in the house and a printer — not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy himself. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honourable opening of my press — two amazing Odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime! consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly, by the confinement of the measure and the nature of prophetic vision, is mysterious.[1] I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explained, don't deserve to be. I shall venture to place some in Dr. Cocchi's copy, who need not be supposed to understand Greek and English together, though he is so much master of both separately. To divert you in the mean time, I send you the following copy of a letter written by my printer[2] to a friend in Ireland. I should tell you that he has the most sensible look in the world; Garrick said he would give any money for four actors with such eyes — they are more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own; but whatever his eyes are, his head is Irish. Looking for something I wanted in a drawer, I perceived a parcel of strange romantic words in a large hand beginning a letter; he saw me see it, yet left it, which convinces me it was left on purpose: it is the grossest flattery to me, couched in most ridiculous scraps of poetry, which he has retained from things he has printed; but it will best describe itself:—

[1] Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, of the 17th of August, says, "I hear we are not at all popular: the great objection is obscurity, nobody knows what we would be at: one man, a peer, I have been told of, that thinks the last stanza of the second Ode relates to Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell: in short, the Συνετοὶ appear to be still fewer than even I expected." Works, vol. iii. p. 165.—E.

[2] William Robinson, first printer to the press at Strawberry Hill.

"SIR,

"I DATE this from shady bowers, nodding groves, and amaranthine shades,—close by old Father Thames's silver side—fair Twickenham's luxurious shades—Richmond's near neighbour, where great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity—in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman.—This gentleman is the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious, and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences; amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing-house at this his country seat, and has done me the favour to make me sole manager and operator (there being no one but myself). All men of genius resorts his house, courts his company, and admires his understanding—what with his own and their writings, I believe I shall be pretty well employed. I have pleased him, and I hope to continue so to do. Nothing can be more warm than the weather has been here this time past; they have in London, by the help of glasses, roasted in the Artillery-ground fowls and quarters of lamb. The coolest days that I have felt since May last are equal to, nay, far exceed the warmest I ever felt in Ireland. The place I am in now is all my comfort from the heat—the situation of it is close to the Thames, and is Richmond Gardens (if you were ever in them) in miniature, surrounded by bowers, groves, cascades, and ponds, and on a rising ground, not very common in this part of the country—the building elegant, and the furniture of a peculiar taste, magnificent and superb. He is a bachelor, and spends his time in the studious rural taste—not like his father, lost in the weather-beaten vessel of state—many people censured, but his conduct was far better than our late pilots at the helm, and more to the interest of England—they follow his advice now, and court the assistance of Spain, instead of provoking a war, for that was ever against England's interest."

I laughed for an hour at this picture of myself, which is much more like to the studious magician in the enchanted

opera of Rinaldo: not but Twickenham has a romantic genteelness that would figure in a more luxurious climate. It was but yesterday that we had a new kind of auction — it was of the orange-trees and plants of your old acquaintance, Admiral Martin. It was one of the warm days of this jubilee summer, which appears only once in fifty years — the plants were disposed in little clumps about the lawn; the company walked to bid from one to the other, and the auctioneer knocked down the lots on the orange tubs. Within three doors was an auction of china. You did not imagine that we were such a metropolis! Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

I SHALL to-morrow deliver to your agentess, Mrs. Moreland, something to send to you.

The Duke[1] is beaten by the French; he and his family are safe; I know no more particulars — if I did, I should say, as I have just said to Mr. Chute, I am too busy about *something* to have time to write them. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, August 14, 1757.

YOU are too kind to me, and, if it were possible, would make me feel still more for your approaching departure.[2] I can only thank you ten thousand times; for I must not expatiate, both from the nature of the subject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yesterday, that you had hanged a French spy in the Isle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government. Though I wish no

[1] The Duke of Cumberland, in the affair of Hastenbeck.
[2] On the expedition to Rochfort.

life taken away, it was some satisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. Fox breakfasted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of Lord Frederick Cavendish's account: it is universally said that the Duke failed merely by inferiority, the French soldiers behaving in general most scandalously. They had four-score pieces of cannon, but very ill served. Marshal D'Estrées was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is said to have made some great mistakes in the action. I cannot speak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions sterling of Hanover.

My whole letter will consist of hearsays; for, even at so little distance from town, one gets no better news than hawkers and pedlars retail about the country. From such I hear that George Haldane[1] is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whose father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire twelve thousand men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, Sir Anthony Shirley,[2] I suppose we should send him to Persia again for troops; I fear we shall get none nearer!

Adieu! my dearest Harry! Next to wishing your expedition still-born, my most constant thought is, how to be of any service to poor Lady Ailesbury, whose reasonable concern makes even that of the strongest friendship seem trifling. Yours most entirely.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 25, 1757.

I DID not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the Colonel so soon. It is plain that *I* did *not* solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must

[1] Brigadier-general Haldane.

[2] Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, were three brothers, all great travellers, and all distinguished by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I.

not regret it, as you were so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's Odes — but you must remember that the age likes Akenside, and did like Thomson! can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my Lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley read them as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my lord's deafness. Cambridge said, "Perhaps they are Stanley's; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray." I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly. I must give you account of less amusements, *des eaux de Straberri.* T'other day my Lady Rochford, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland,[1] and the knight of the garter dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to Lady Townshend; here they are —

The press speaks:

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but paint what you say;
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose: I gave him four lines out of the Fair Penitent, which he set; but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *Were ye, ye fair,* he presented to my Lady Rochford the following lines:—

The press speaks:

In vain from your properest name you have flown,
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be *young.*

[1] Sister of the unfortunate Sir John Bland. See *antè,* p. 167.—E.

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded. Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Müntz is gone to fetch him hither to-day. I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone. I am pretty sure I have none to come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute will never execute anything. The very altarpiece that I sent for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the Gothic columbarium for his family, which I propose, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do anything else. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, Sept. 2, 1757.

Not being in town, there may be several more new productions, as the *Grubbæa frutex* blossoms every day; but I send you all I had gathered for myself, while I was there. I found the pamphlet much in vogue; and, indeed, it is written smartly. My Lady Townshend sends all her messages on the backs of these political cards; the only good one of which, the two heads facing one another, is her son George's. Charles met D'Abreu t'other day, and told him he intended to make a great many good speeches next winter; the first, said he, shall be to address the King not to send for any more foreign troops, but to send for some foreign ministers.

My Lord Chesterfield is relapsed: he sent Lord Bath word lately, that he was grown very lean and very deaf: the other replied, that he could lend him some fat, and should be very glad at any time to lend him an ear.

I shall go to town on Monday, and if I find any thing else new, I will pack it up with a flower picture for Lady Ailesbury, which I shall leave in Warwick-street, with orders to be sent to you. Adieu!

[1] Now first printed.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1757.

HAVING intended a journey into Warwickshire to see Lady Hertford while my lord is in Ireland, and having accordingly ordered my letters thither, though without going, I did not receive yours of the 22nd till last week; and though you desired an immediate acknowledgment of it, I own I did defer till I could tell you that I had been at Linton,[1] from whence I returned yesterday. I had long promised your brother a visit; the immediate cause was very melancholy, and I must pass over it rapidly — in short, I am going to place an urn in the church there to our dear Gal.! If I could have divested myself of that thought, I should have passed my time very happily; the house is fine, and stands like the citadel of Kent; the whole county is its garden. So rich a prospect scarce wants my Thames. Mr. and Mrs. Foote[2] are settled there, two of the most agreeable and sensible people I ever met. Their eldest boy has the finest countenance in the world; your nephew Hory[3] was there too, and has a sweetness of temper as if begot between your brother and you, and not between him and his Tisiphone. Your eldest brother has not only established your sister Foote there, which looks well, but dropped very agreeable hints about Hory.

Your letter has confirmed my satisfaction about your situation, about which indeed I am easy. I am persuaded you will remain at Florence as long as King *George* has any minister there. I do not imagine that a recall obliges you to return home; whether you could get your appointments continued is very different. It is certainly far from unprecedented: nay, more than one have received them at home — but that is a favour far beyond my reach to obtain. Should there be occasion, you must try all your friends, and all that have pro-

[1] In Kent, the seat of Edward Louisa Mann, brother of Sir Horace.
[2] Sister of Sir Horace.
[3] Horace, only son of Galfridus Mann.

fessed themselves so: young Mr. Pelham[1] might do something. In the mean time, neglect none of the ministers. If you could wind into a correspondence with Colonel Yorke[2] at the Hague, he may be of great service to you. That family is very powerful: the eldest brother, Lord Royston,[3] is historically curious and political: if, without its appearing too forced, you could at any time send him uncommon letters, papers, manifestoes, and things of that sort, it might do you good service. My dear child, I can give you better advice than assistance: I believe I have told you before, that I should rather hurt you than serve you by acting openly for you.

I told you in my last Admiral Boscawen's affair too strongly: he is not disgraced nor dismissed, but seems to reckon himself both. The story is far from exactly known: what I can sift out is, that he indulged himself in a great latitude in a most profitable station, was recalled against his inclination for the present expedition; not being easily met, a second commander was appointed, whom it seems he did not much care to serve under at first. He does not serve at all, and his Boscawenhood is much more Boscawened; that is, surly in the deepest shade. The wind has blown so constantly west for near three weeks, that we have not only received no mails from the continent, but the transports have been detained in the Downs, and the secret expedition has remained at anchor. I have prayed it might continue, but the wind has got to the east to-day. Having never been prejudiced in favour of this exploit, what must I think of it when the French have had such long notice?

We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. Admiral Holbourn writes, that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England

[1] Thomas, afterwards Lord Pelham.

[2] Sir Joseph Yorke, K.B. third son of the chancellor Hardwicke; created Lord Dover in 1788, and died without issue in 1792.—E.

[3] Afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke.—D.

to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean!

Between disgraces and an inflammation in my eyes, it is time to conclude my letter. My eyes I have certainly weakened with using them too much at night. I went the other day to Scarlet's to buy green spectacles; he was mighty assiduous to give me a pair that would not tumble my hair. "Lord! Sir," said I, "when one is come to wear spectacles, what signifies how one looks?"

I hope soon to add another volume to your packet from my press. I shall now only print for presents; or, to talk in a higher style, I shall only give my Louvre editions to privy-councillors and foreign ministers. *Apropos!* there is a book of this sacred sort which I wish I could by your means procure: it is the account, with plates, of what has been found at Herculaneum. You may promise the King of Naples in return all my editions. Adieu! my dear Sir.

Sept. 4.

I had sealed this up, and was just sending it to London, when I received yours of the 13th of this month. I am charmed with the success of your campaign at Leghorn — a few such generals or ministers would give a little revulsion to our affairs.

You frighten me with telling me of innumerable copies taken of my inscription on the Pope's picture: some of our bear-leaders will pick it up, send it over, and I shall have the horror of seeing it in a magazine. Though I had no scruple of sending the good old man a cordial, I should hate to have it published at the tail of a newspaper, like a testimonial from one of Dr. Rock's patients! You talk of the Pope's enemies; who are they? I thought at most he could have none but at our bonfires on the fifth of November.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1757.

How I laughed at your picture of the shrine of *Notre Dame de Straberri*, and of the vows hung up there! I little

thought that when I converted my castle into a printing-office, the next transformation would be into an hospital for the *filles repenties* from Mrs. Naylor's and Lady Fitzroy's.[1] You will treat the enclosed I trust with a little more respect; not for the sake of the hero, but of the poet. The poet, poor soul! has had a relapse, but is again recovering.

As I know no earthly history, you must accept the sonnet as if it was written into my letter; and therefore, supposing this the end of the third page, I bid you good night.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.[2]

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1757.

MADAM,

After all the trouble your ladyship has been so good as to take voluntarily, you will think it a little hard that I should presume to give you more; but it is a cause, Madam, in which I know you feel, and I can suggest new motives to your ladyship's zeal. In short, Madam, I am on the crisis of losing Mademoiselle de l'Enclos's picture, or of getting both that and her letters to Lady Sandwich. I enclose Lord Sandwich's letter to me, which will explain the whole. Madame Greffini, I suppose, is Madame Graphigny;[3] whom some of your ladyship's friends, if not yourself, must know; and she might be of use, if she could be trusted not to detain so tempting a treasure as the letters. From the effects being sealed

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Cosby, governor of New York, by Lucy Montagu, aunt of George Montagu, and widow of Lord Augustus Fitzroy; by whom she had two sons, Augustus Henry, afterwards Duke of Grafton, and General Fitzroy, who was created Lord Southampton. —E.

[2] Lady Hervey was only daughter of Brigadier-general Nicholas Lepel. She was maid of honour to Queen Caroline, and was one of the principal ornaments of her court. In 1720, she was married to John Lord Hervey, eldest son of John Earl of Bristol, by whom she had four sons and four daughters. She died in September 1768. A collection of her Letters, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, by Mr. Croker, was published in 1821.—E.

[3] Madame de Graffigny, the author of "Lettres d'une Peruvienne," and several dramatic pieces. She died in the following year. A collection of her works, in four volumes, was published at Paris in 1788.—E.

up, I have still hopes; greater, from the goodness your ladyship had in writing before. Don't wonder, Madam, at my eagerness: besides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now interested as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry Hill! If your ladyship knows any farther means of serving me, *of serving yourself, good Mr. Welldone*, as the widow Lackit says in Oroonoko, I need not doubt your employing them. Your ladyship and I are of a religion, with regard to certain saints, that inspires more zeal than such trifling temptations as persecution and faggots infuse into bigots of other sects. I think a cause like ours might communicate ardour even to my Lady Stafford. If she will assist in recovering *Notre Dame des Amours*, I will add St. Raoul[1] to my calendar. I am hers and your ladyship's most obedient and faithful humble servant.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20.[2]

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been roving about Hampshire with Mr. Chute, and did not receive your very kind note till yesterday, or I should certainly not have deferred a moment to thank you for it, and to express my great concern for Miss Montagu's bad health. You do me justice when you reckon on my feeling most sincerely for you: but let me ask why you will not bring her to town? She might not only have more variety of assistance, but it would be some relief to you: it must be dreadful, with your tenderness and feeling, to have nobody to share and divert your uneasiness.

I did not, till on the road the day before yesterday, hear the catastrophe of poor Sir John Bland, with the execrable villainy, or, what our ancestors would have called, the *humours* of Taaffe. I am extremely sorry for Bland! he was very

[1] A favourite cat of Lady Stafford's.
[2] This letter is misplaced: the date of the year is 1755.—E.

good-natured, and generous and well-bred; but never was such infatuation: I can call it by no term but *flirting* away his fortune and his life; he seemed to have no passion for play while he did it, nor sensibility when it ruined him; but I fear he had both! What judgments the good people in the city (I mean the *good* in their own style, monied) will construe upon White's, when two of the most remarkable members have dispatched themselves in nine months!

I shall be most sincerely glad to receive another letter to tell me that Miss Montagu mends: you have both my most hearty wishes. Yours ever.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 29, 1757.

For how many years have I been telling you that your country was mad, that your country was undone? It does not grow wiser; it does not grow more prosperous! You can scarce have recovered your astonishment at the suspension of arms[1] concluded near Stade. How do you behave on these lamentable occasions? Oh! believe me, it is comfortable to have an island to hide one's head in! You will be more surprised when you hear that it is totally disavowed here. The clamour is going to be extreme—no wonder, when Kensington is the head-quarters of murmur. The commander-in-chief is recalled—the *late* Elector[2] is outrageous. On such an occasion you may imagine that every old store of malice and hatred is ransacked: but you would not think that the *general* is now accused of cowardice! As improbable as that is, I do not know whether it may not grow your duty as a minister to believe it—and if it does, you must be sure *not* to believe, that with all this tempest the

[1] Known by the appellation of the Convention of Closter-Severn, concluded by the Duke of Cumberland with Marshal Richelieu; hy which he agreed for himself and army not to serve again against the French during the war.—D.

[2] George II.; he had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him.

suspension was dictated from hence. Be that as it may, the *general* is to be the sacrifice. The difficulty will be extreme with regard to the Hessians, for they are in English pay. The King of Prussia will be another victim: he says we have undone him, without mending our own situation. He expected to beat the Prince de Soubize by surprise, but he, like the Austrians, declined a battle, and now will be reinforced by Richelieu's army, who is doomed to be a hero by our absurdities. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes, can the King of Prussia not sink under all these?

This suspension has made our secret expedition forgot by all but us who feel for particulars. It is the fashion now to believe that it is not against the coast of France; I wish I *could* believe so!

As if all these disgraces were foreign objects not worth attending to, we have a civil war at home; literally so in many counties. The wise Lords, to defeat it, have made the Militia-bill so preposterous that it has raised a rebellion. George Townshend, the promoter of it for popularity, sees it not only most unpopular in his own county, but his father, my Lord Townshend, who is not the least mad of your countrymen, attended by a parson, a barber, and his own servants, and in his own long hair, which he has let grow, raised a mob against the execution of the bill, and has written a paper against it, which he has pasted up on the doors of four churches near him. It is a good name that a Dr. Stevens has given to our present situation, (for one cannot call it a Government,) a Mobocracy.

I come to your letters, which are much more agreeable subjects. I think I must not wish you joy of the termination of the Lorrain reign, you have lately taken to them, but I congratulate the Tuscans. Thank you extremely for the trouble you have given yourself in translating my inscription, and for the Pope's letter: I am charmed with his beautiful humility, and his delightful way of expressing it. For his ignorance about my father, I impute it to some failure of his memory. I should like to tell him that were my father still minister, I trust we should not make the figure we do

—at least he and England fell together! If it is ignorance, Mr. Chute says it is a confirmation of the Pope's deserving the inscription, as he troubles his head so little about disturbing the peace of others. But our enemies need not disturb us—we do their business ourselves. I have one, and that not a little comfort, in my politics; this suspension will at least prevent further hostilities between us and the Empress-Queen, and that secures my dear you.

When I have done thinking of politics, and that is always in an instant, unless such as you and Mr. Conway are involved in them, I am far from passing my time disagreeably. My mind is of no gloomy turn, and I have a thousand ways of amusing myself. Indeed of late I have been terribly frightened lest I must give them all up; my fears have gone to extravagance; do not wonder; my life is not quite irrational, and I trembled to think that I was growing fit only to consort with dowagers. What an exchange, books and drawings, and everything of that sort, for cards! In short, for ten weeks I have had such pains in my eyes with the least application, that I thought I should lose them, at least that they would be uscless. I was told that with reading and writing at night I had strained and relaxcd the nerves. However, I am convinced that though this is partly the case, the immediate uneasiness came from a cold, which I caught in the hot weather by giving myself Florentine airs, by lying with my windows open, and by lying on the ground without my waistcoat. After trying forty *you should do this's*,[1] Mr. Chute has cured me with a very simple medicine: I will tell it you, that you may talk to Dr. Cocchi and about my eyes too. It is to bathe and rub the outsides all round, especially on the temples, with half a teaspoonful of white spirit of lavender (not lavendcr-water) and half of Hungary-water. I do this night and morning, and somctimes in the day: in ten days it has taken off all the uneasiness; I can now read in a chaise, which I had totally lost, and for five or six hours by candle-light, without spectacles or candle-skreen. In

[1] Sic, in MS.—D.

short, the difference is incredible. Observe that they watered but little, and were less inflamed; only a few veins appeared red, whereas my eyes were remarkably clear. I do not know whether this would do with any humour, but that I never had. It is certain that a young man who for above twelve years had studied the law by being read to, from vast relaxation of the nerves, totally recovered the use of his eyes. I should think I tired you with this detail, if I was not sure that you cannot be tired with learning anything for the good of others. As the medicine is so hot, it must not be let *into* the eyes, nor I should think be continued too long.

I approve much your letter to Mr. Fox; I will give it to him at his return, but at present he is on a tour. How scrupulous you are in giving yourself the trouble to send me a copy—was that needful? or are not you always full of attentions that speak kindness? Your brother will take care to procure the vases when they come, and is inquiring for the liqueurs.

I am putting up a stone in St. Ann's churchyard for your old friend King Theodore; in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:

Near this place is interred
Theodore King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish Dec. 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,
In consequence of which he registered
His Kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.

But Theodore this lesson learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me, as it was of the Duke of Buckingham entombing Dryden,

"And help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve."

I would have served him, if a King, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man. Our papers say, that we are bustling about Corsica; I wish if we throw away our own liberty, that we may at least help others to theirs! Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, Saturday, Oct. 8, 1757.

MY DEAREST HARRY,

But one person in the world may pretend to be so much overjoyed as I am at your return.[2] I came hither to-day, on purpose to learn about you; but how can you ask me such a question, as do I think you are come too safe? Is this a time of day to question your spirit? I know but two things on earth I esteem more, your goodness and your sense. *You* cannot come into dispute; but by what I have picked up at my Lady Townshend's, I find there is a scheme of distinguishing between the land and the sea. The King has been told, that Sir Edward Hawke had written, that, after waiting two days, he asked the officers how long it would be before they took a resolution; that if they would not attack, he should carry the fleet home.[3] I should not entirely credit this report, if Mr. Keith, who was present, had not dropped, in a dry

[1] Now first printed.

[2] From the expedition to Rochfort. The expedition, under Sir Edward Hawke, sailed early in September, and, on the 28th, attacked the Isle of Aix; after which, it returned to Spithead, without attempting to land the troops.—E.

[3] On the 22nd, Mr. Beckford writes to Mr. Pitt, "I hear that Admiral Hawke says, the land-general has acted in a very unbecoming manner, and will declare his sentiments to Parliament. I hope he will; that, if possible, the mystery may be unravelled. I have often lamented the

way, that some distinction would be shown to Captain Howe and Captain Greaves. What confirms my opinion is, that I have never received the letter you say you sent me by the last express. I suppose it is detained, till proper emissaries have made proper impressions; but we will not let it pass so. If you had not bid me, I should not have given you this intelligence, for your character is too sacred to be trifled with; and as you are invulnerable by any slanders, it is proper you should know immediately even what may be meditated.

The Duke is expected every hour. As he must not defend himself, his case will be harder than yours.

I was to go to Bath on Monday, but will certainly not go without seeing you: let me know your motions, and I will meet you anywhere. As I know your scrupulousness about saying anything I say to you privately, I think it necessary to tell you, that I don't mean to preclude you from communicating any part of this letter to those with whom it may be proper for you to consult; only don't let more weight be given to my intelligence than it deserves. I have told you exactly where and what I heard. It may not prove so, but there is no harm in being prepared.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

You will have seen or heard that the fleet is returned. They have brought home nothing but one little island, which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought so despicably of France, or so considerably of ourselves, as to believe they were exposed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all lessened by the clamour on this disappointment. Had he been chief commander, I should be very sure the nothing he had done was all

fatality attending conjunct commands. The French avoid them in all their expeditions; for rank is perfectly settled amongst the land and sea officers, and the eldest commission carries the command." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 279.—E.

he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his general's vindication.

I hope the Yorkists have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have insulted the Parliament *in person*.[1] He called in the Blues, instead of piquing himself on dying in his curule chair in the stable-yard at Ember-court.—So entirely have we lost our spirit, that the standing army is forced to defend us against the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia, to save them from a standing army; and that the representative of the Parliament had rather owe his life to the Guards than die in the cause of a militia. Sure Lenthall's ghost will come and pull him by the nose!

I hope you begin to cast a southward look, and that my lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-school, and will not want her any longer.

My Lord Townshend and George are engaged in a paper-war against one another, about the militia. That bill, the suspension at Stade, and the late expedition, which has cost millions, will find us in amusements this winter. It is lucky, for I despair of the Opera. The Mattei has sent certificates to prove that she is stopped by an inundation. The certificates I suppose can swim. Adieu, my dear lord!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1757.

I SHALL write you but a short letter for more reasons than one — there are you blushing again for your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often shamefully — this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newspaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was designed against Rochfort, would you have believed me? Yet we are strangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour against Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water-mark: but as I was the dupe

[1] Mr. Onslow, the Speaker.

of clamour last year against one of the bravest of men,[1] I shall suspend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be somehow or other: it seems to me that we do nothing but expose ourselves in summer, in order to furnish *inquiries* for the winter; and then those inquiries expose us again. My great satisfaction is, that Mr. Conway is not only returned safe, but that all the world agrees that it is not his fault that he is so. He is still at Portsmouth to see the troops disembark. Hawke is come and was graciously received — poor Sir John Mordaunt, who was sent for, was received as ill. I tell you no particulars of their campaign, for I know it slightly, and will wait till I know it exactly.

The Duke came last night. You will not hear much more of his affair: he will not do himself justice, and it proves too gross, to be possible to do him injustice.

I think all the comfort we extract from a thousand bitter herbs, is, that the Russians are gone back, gone precipitately, and as yet we don't know why.

I have received yours of the 17th of last month, and you may quiet your fears about posts: we have received all that each has written, except my last, which could not be arrived at Florence when yours came away. Mine was of the 29th of last month, and had many particulars; I hope not too many to stop its journey!

To add to the ill-humour, our papers are filled with the new loss of Fort William-Henry, which covered New York. That opulent and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done — nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you, I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1757.

If you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you.

[1] Admiral Byng.

I am charmed with your sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt[1] was impracticable, nay, impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think — but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked for you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expense of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My Lady Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the general had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour; that all the violence, and that extreme, is against Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, Sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a

[1] On Rochfort.

necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The city talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment,[1] cry out, that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevismount: I would gladly meet you at Park-place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1757.

You never begged news at a worse time; for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds *brusque*, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition, I am so far easy about Mr. Conway that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the mean time. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The big event is, the Duke's resignation. He is not so patient as Mr. Conway under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up every thing, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce *Mémoires de la Fronde*. I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for this evening to meet Mr. Conway, and I snatch a moment, that you might not think me neglectful of you, which I certainly never will be. Adieu!

1 "In all these complicated machines," writes Lord Chesterfield to his son, on the 4th of this month, "there are so many wheels within wheels,

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1757.

It is impossible not to write to you upon the great event[1] that has happened, and yet it is difficult to know how to write to *you* upon it. Considering your situation, it is improper to make harsh comments: Europe, I suppose, will not be so delicate. Our ministers have kept the article out of our own papers; but they have as little power over foreign gazettes, as weight with foreign powers. In short, the Duke is arrived, was very ill received, and without that, would have done, what he did immediately, resign all his commissions. He does not, like his brother,[2] go into opposition. He is even to make his usual appearances. He treated Munchausen,[3] who had taken great liberties with his name, with proper severity — I measure my words extremely, not for my own sake, but yours.

General Mordaunt has demanded an inquiry. The form is not settled yet; nor can it be soon, as Sir Edward Hawke is gone upon a cruise with the fleet. I put a quick end to this letter; I have no more facts to tell you; reflections you will make yourself. In the uncertainty of this reaching you, it is better to say no more. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1757.

I do not like to find that our correspondence is certainly deranged. I have received but one letter from you for a great while; it is of October 8th, and complaining on your side too. You say my last was of Sept. 3rd. Since that I wrote on the 29th, on the 13th, and 24th of last month. I have

that it is always difficult and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or if you will, spoke in the wheel, came from *Stade*."—E.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland's resignation of the command of the army.

[2] Frederick Prince of Wales.

[3] The minister for Hanover.

omitted a month, waiting to see if you got my letters, and to have something decisive to tell you. Neither has happened, and yet I know you will be unhappy not to hear from me, which makes me write now. Our Parliament was suddenly put off to the first of next month, on news that the King of Prussia had made a separate peace with France; as *the Speech* was prepared to ask money for him, it was necessary to set it to a new tune; but we have been agreeably surprised with his gaining a great victory over the Prince de Soubize;[1] but of this we have only the first imperfect account, the wind detaining his courier or aide-de-camp on the other side still. It is prodigious how we want all the good news we can amass together! Our fleet dispersed by a tempest in America, where, into the bargain, we had done nothing, the uneasiness on the convention at Stade, which, by this time, I believe we have broken, and on the disappointment about Rochfort, added to the wretched state of our internal affairs; all this has reduced us to a most contemptible figure. The people are dissatisfied, mutinous, and ripe for insurrections, which indeed have already appeared on the militia and on the dearness of corn, which is believed to be owing to much villainy in the dealers. But the other day I saw a strange sight, a man crying corn, "Do you want any corn?" as they cry knives and scissors. To add to the confusion, the troubles in Ireland, which Mr. Conway had pacified, are broke out afresh, by the imprudence of the Duke of Bedford and the ambition of the primate.[2] The latter had offered himself to the former, who rejected him, meaning to balance the parties, but was insensibly hurried into Lord Kildare's,[3] to please Mr. Fox. The primate's faction have passed eleven resolutions on pensions and grievances, equal to any in 1641, and the Duke of Bedford's friends dared not say a word against them.[4] The day before

[1] The battle of Rosbach.
[2] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.
[3] Lady Kildare was sister of Lady Caroline Fox.
[4] Walpole, in his Memoires of George II, states that "the Duke of Bedford, on the death of the King's sister, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, who had privately received a pension of eight hundred pounds a-year out of the Irish establishment, had obtained it for his wife's sister, Lady Betty Waldegrave."—E.

yesterday a messenger arrived from him for help; the council here will try to mollify; but Ireland is no tractable country. About what you will be more inquisitive, is the disappointment at Rochfort, and its consequences. Sir John Mordaunt demanded an inquiry which the city was going to demand. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave have held a public inquest, with the fairness of which people are satisfied; the report is not to be made to the King till to-morrow, for which I shall reserve my letter. You may easily imagine, that with all my satisfaction in Mr. Conway's behaviour, I am very unhappy about him: he is still more so; having guarded and gained the most perfect character in the world by the severest attention to it, you may guess what he feels under anything that looks like a trial. You will see him more like himself, in a story his aide-de-camp, Captain Hamilton,[1] tells of him. While they were on the isle of Aix, Mr. Conway was so careless and so fearless as to be trying a burning-glass on a bomb — yes, a bomb, the match of which had been cut short to prevent its being fired by any accidental sparks of tobacco. Hamilton snatched the glass out of Mr. Conway's hand before he had at all thought what he was about. I can tell you another story of him, that describes all his thought for others, while so indifferent about himself. Being with my Lady Ailesbury in his absence, I missed a favourite groom they used to have; she told me this story. The fellow refused to accompany Mr. Conway on the expedition, unless he would provide for his widow in case of accidents. Mr. C., who had just made his will and settled his affairs, replied coolly, "I have provided for her." The man, instead of being struck, had the command of himself to ask how? He was told, she would have two hundred pounds. Still uncharmed, he said it was too little! Mr. Conway re-

[1] Afterwards Sir William Hamilton, appointed, in 1764, envoy to the court of Naples, where he resided during the long period of thirty-six years; and where, "wisely diverting," in the language of Gibbon, "his correspondence from the secretary of state to the Royal Society and British Museum, he passed his time in elucidating a country of inestimable value to the naturalist and antiquarian." He returned to England in 1800, and died in 1803.—E.

plied he was sorry he was not content; he could not do more; but would only desire him to go to Portsmouth and see his horses embarked. He refused. If such goodness would make one adore human nature, such ingratitude would soon cure one!

Mr. Fox was going to write to you, but I took all the compliments upon myself, as I think it is better for you to be on easy than ceremonious terms. To promote this, I have established a correspondence between you; he will be glad if you will send him two chests of the best Florence wine every year. The perpetuity destroys all possibility of your making him presents of it. I have compounded for the vases, but he would not hear, nor must you think of giving him the wine, which you must transact with your brother and me. The chest of Florence which puzzled James and me so much, proves to be Lord Hertford's drams. We have got something else from Florence, not your brother James and I, but the public: here is arrived a Countess Rena, of whom my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, &c. I shall wonder if he deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife[1] in the world, and it seems to be some time since La Comtessa was so. Tell me more of her history; antique as she is, she is since my time. Alas! everything makes me think myself old since I have worn out my eyes, which, notwithstanding the cure I thought Mr. Chute had made upon them, are of very little use to me. You have no notion how it mortifies me: when I am wishing to withdraw more and more from a world of which I have had satiety, and which I suppose is as tired of me, how vexatious not to be able to indulge a happiness that depends only on oneself, and consequently the only happiness proper for people past their youth! I have often deluded you with promises of returning to Florence for pleasure, I now threaten you with it for your plague; for if I am to become a tiresome old fool, at least it shall not be in my own country. In the mean time, I must give you a commission for my press. I have

[1] Elizabeth, sister of the Duke of Marlborough.

printed one book, (of which two copies are ready for you and Dr. Cocchi,) and I have written another: it is a Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England. Richard I. it seems was, or had a mind to pass for, a Provençal poet; nay, some of those compositions are extant, and you must procure them for me: Crescimbeni says there are some in the library of San Lorenzo at Florence, in *uno de' Codici Provenzali*, and others *nel* 3204 *della Vaticana.*[1] You will oblige and serve me highly if you can get me copies. Dr. Cocchi certainly knows Crescimbeni's Commentary on the Lives of the Provençal Poets.[2]

I shall wind up this letter, which is pretty long for a blind man without spectacles, with an admirable *bon-mot.* Somebody asked me at the play the other night what was become of Mrs. Woffington; I replied, she is taken off by Colonel Cæsar. Lord Tyrawley said, "I suppose she was reduced to *aut Cæsar aut Nullus.*"

The monument about which you ask you shall see in a drawing, when finished; it is a simple Gothic arch, something in the manner of the columbaria: a Gothic columbarium is a new thought of my own, of which I am fond, and going[3] to execute one at Strawberry. That at Linton is to have a beautiful urn, designed by Mr. Bentley, as the whole is, with this plain, very true inscription, "Galfrido Mann, amicissimo, optimo, qui obiit — H. W. P."

Thank you for the King of Prussia's letter, though I had seen it before. It is lively and odd. He seems to write as well without Voltaire as he fights as well without the French — or without us.

[1] Walpole, in his Royal Authors, says, "I have had both repositories carefully searched. The reference to the Vatican proves a new inaccuracy of the author; there is no work of King Richard. In the Laurentine library is a sonnet written by the King, and sent to the Princess Stephanetta, wife of Hugh de Baux, which I have had transcribed with the greatest exactness." Works, vol. i. p. 252.—E.

[2] "Commentarii intorno alla sua Istoria della Volgar Poesia." In 1803, Mr. Matthias, the author of the Pursuits of Literature, published an edition of the Commentaries, detached from the historical part, in three volumes, 12mo.—E.

[3] It was not executed.

Monday night.

The report is made, but I have not yet seen it, and this letter must go away this minute. I hear it names no names, says no reason appears, why they did not land on the 25th, and gives no merit to all Mr. Conway's subsequent proposals for landing. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Sunday evening.

I LEAVE Mr. Müntz in commission to do the honours of Strawberry to you: if he succeeds well, will you be troubled with him in your chaise to London on Wednesday?

He will tell you the history of Queen Mab being attacked —not in her virtue, but in her very palace: if all this does not fill up the evening, and you should have no engagement to your aunt Cosby, or to your grandmother, you know how welcome you will be at Clivden. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Dec. 23, 1757.

YOU, who have always cultivated rather than stifled tender sensations, well know how to feel for me, who have at last lost my dear friend, Mr. Mann, not unexpectedly certainly; but I never could find that one grew indifferent to what pains, as one does to what pleases one. With all my consciousness of having been more obliged to your brother than I could possibly deserve, I think I should have trespassed on his kindness, and have asked him to continue his favours to Mr. Mann's son and brother, if I had not known that he was good beyond doubt: it is just necessary for me, as transferring my friendship to the family, to tell you, that if the contrary should be insinuated, they do continue the business.

Had I anything to tell you, it would be unpardonable in me to communicate my grief to you and neglect your entertainment, but Mr. Pitt's gout has laid up the nation; we adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France, and the King of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer. Adieu! I am most unaffectedly grieved, and most unfeignedly yours.

TO DR. DUCAREL.[1]

Arlington Street, Dec. 25, 1757.

SIR,

The Dean of Exeter[2] having showed me a letter in which you desire the name of the MS. which contains the illumination I wished to see, I take the liberty of troubling you with this. The book is called "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers: translated out of Latyn into Frenshe, by Messire Jehan de Jeonville; and from thence rendered into English, by Earl Rivers."[3]—I am perfectly ashamed, Sir, of giving you so much trouble, but your extreme civility and good-nature, and your great disposition to assist in anything that relates to literature, encouraged me to make my applica-

[1] Dr. Andrew Coltee Ducarel. This eminent archæologist was born at Caen in Normandy, but educated at Eton and at Oxford. He had recently been appointed librarian at Lambeth palace.—E.

[2] Dr. Jeremiah Milles. In 1765 he was appointed president of the Society of Antiquaries. The Doctor was a strenuous advocate for the authenticity of Rowley's Poems; "thereby proving himself," says the author of the Pursuits of Literature, "a pleasant subject for that *chef-d'œuvre* of wit and poetry, the 'Archæological Epistle,' written by Mr. Mason."—E.

[3] Antony Widville, Earl Rivers, Lord Scales and Newsells. The dismal catastrophe of this accomplished lord, in his forty-first year, is well known—

"—— Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey
Ere this lie shorter by the head at Pomfret."

The book is supposed to be the second ever printed in England by Caxton: it contains an illumination representing the Earl introducing Caxton to Edward the Fourth, his Queen, and the Prince. "The most remarkable circumstance attending it," says Walpole, in his Noble Authors, "is the gallantry of the Earl, who omitted to translate part of it, because it contained sarcasms of Socrates against the fair sex."—E.

tion to you; and the politeness with which you received it I shall always acknowledge with the greatest gratitude. The Dean desired me to make his excuses to you for not writing himself; and my Lord Lyttelton returns you a thousand thanks for your kind offers of communication, and proposes to wait on you himself and talk those matters over with you. I shall not fail of paying my respects to you on Friday next, at one o'clock; and am, Sir, yours, &c.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1758.

You express so much concern and tenderness for Mr. Conway and me in your letter of Dec. 17th, which I received two days ago, that I am impatient and happy to tell you, that after keeping the report of the court-martial a week, the King yesterday approved the sentence, which is a full acquittal of Sir John Mordaunt, and was unanimous. If the commander-in-chief is so fully cleared, what must the subordinate generals be? There are still flying whispers of its being brought into Parliament in some shape or other, though every public and private *reason*, I say *reason*, forbid it. Sure this is not a season to relume heats, when tranquillity is so essential and so established! In a private light who can wish to raise such a cloud of enemies as the whole army, who murmur grievously at hearing that an acquittal is not an acquittal; who hold it tyranny, if they are not to be as safe by their juries as the rest of their fellow subjects; and who think a judgment of twenty-one general officers not to be trifled with. I shall tremble if any rashness drives the army to distinguish or think themselves distinguished from the civil government.

You are by this time, I suppose, in weepers for Princess Caroline;[1] though her state of health has been so dangerous

[1] Third daughter of King George the Second; who died at St. James's, on the 28th of December, in the forty-fifth year of her age.—E.

for years, and her absolute confinement for many of them, her disorder was in a manner new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive — in short I, no royalist, could be lavish in her praise. What will divert you is, that the Duke of Norfolk's and Lord Northumberland's upper servants have asked leave to put themselves in mourning, not out of regard for this admirable Princess, but to be more *sur le bon ton.* I told the Duchess I supposed they would expect her to mourn hereafter for their relations.

Well, it seems I guessed better about Sir James Grey than he knew about himself. Sir Benjamin Keene is dead;[1] I dined to-day where Colonel Grey did; he told me it is a year and a half since the King named his brother for Spain, and that he himself was told but yesterday that Sir James was too well at Naples to be removed,[2] and that reasons of state called for somebody else. Would they called for you! and why not? You are attached to nobody; your dear brother had as much reason to flatter himself with Mr. Pitt's favour, as he was marked by *not* having Mr. Fox's. Your not having the least connexion with the latter cannot hurt you. Such a change, for so great an object, would overrule all my prudence: but I do not know whether it were safe to hint it, especially as by this time, at least before your application could come, it must be disposed of. Lord Rochford wishes it, Lord Huntingdon has asked it; Lord Tyrawley and Lord Bristol[3] are

[1] Sir Benjamin Keene died at Madrid on the 15th of December. He was the eldest son of Charles Keene, Esq. of Lynn, in Norfolk. His remains were brought to England, and buried at Lynn, near those of his parents.—E.

[2] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, dated Venice, April 3, says, "Sir James Grey was universally esteemed during his residence here; but, alas! he is gone to Naples. I wish the maxims of Queen Elizabeth were revived, who always chose men whose birth or behaviour would make the nation respected, people being apt to look upon them as a sample of their countrymen. If those now employed are so — Lord have mercy upon us! How much the nation has suffered by false intelligence, I believe you are very sensible of; and how impossible it is to obtain truth either from a fool or a knave." Works, vol. iii. p. 155.—E.

[3] The Earl of Bristol was at this time British minister at the court

talked of. I am so afraid of ticklish situations for you, that in case of the latter's removal, I should scarce wish you Turin. I cannot quit this chapter without lamenting Keene! my father had the highest opinion of his abilities, and indeed his late negotiations have been crowned with proportionate success. He had great wit, agreeableness, and an indolent good-humour that was very pleasing: he loved our dearest Gal.!

The King of Prussia is quite idle; I think he has done nothing this fortnight but take Breslau, and Schweidnitz, and ten or a dozen generals, and from thirty to fifty thousand prisoners — in this respect he contradicts the *omne majus continet in se minus.* I trust he is galloping somewhere or other with only a groom to get a victory. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick has galloped a little *from* one: when we were expecting that he would drive the French army into the sea, and were preparing to go to Harwich and see it, he turned back, as if he wanted to speak with the King of Prussia. In a street very near me they do not care to own this; but as my side of Arlington Street is not ministerial, we plain-dealing houses speak our mind about it. Pray, do not you about that or anything else; remember you are an envoy, and though you must not presume to be as false as an ambassador, yet not a grain of truth is consistent with your character. Truth is very well for such simple people as me, with my *Fari quæ sentiat*, which my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me; but I am errantly wicked enough to desire *you* should lie and prosper. I know you don't like my doctrine, and therefore I will compound with you for holding your tongue. Adieu! my dear child — shall we never meet? Are we always to love one another at the discretion of a sheet of paper? I would tell you in another manner that I am ever yours.

P.S. I will not plague you with more than a postscript on my eyes: I write this after midnight quite at my ease; I think the greatest benefit I have found lies between old

of Turin. He was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of Spain in the following June.—E.

rum and elder-flower water, (three spoonfuls of the latter to one of the former,) and dipping my head in a pail of cold water every morning the moment I am out of bed. This I am told may affect my hearing, but I have too constant a passion for my eyes to throw away a thought on any rival.

TO DR. DUCAREL.

Arlington Street, January 12, 1758.

Sir,

I have the pleasure to let you know, that his grace the Archbishop[1] has, with the greatest politeness and goodness, sent me word, by the Dean of Exeter, that he gives me leave to have the illumination copied, either at your chambers, or at my own house, giving you a receipt for it. As the former would be so inconvenient to me as to render this favour useless, I have accepted the latter with great joy; and will send a gentleman of the exchequer, my own deputy, to you, Sir, on Monday next, with my receipt, and shall beg the favour of you to deliver the MS. to him, Mr. Bedford. I would wait on you myself, but have caught cold at the visit I made you yesterday, and am besides going to Strawberry Hill, from whence I propose to bring you a little print, which was never sold, and not to be had from anybody else; which is, the arms of the *two Clubs at Arthur's*;[2] a print exceedingly in request last year. When I have more leisure, for at this time of the year I am much hurried, I shall be able, I believe, to pick you out some other curiosities; and am, Sir, &c.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1758.

One would not have believed that I could so long have wanted something to form a letter; but I think politics are

[1] Dr. Matthew Hutton. He died in the following April, and was succeeded in the archbishoprick by Dr. Secker.

[2] Designed by Mr. Walpole's friend, Lord Edgecumbe, and engraved by Grignion.

gone into winter-quarters: Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout, and the King of Prussia writing sonnets to Voltaire; but his Majesty's lyre is not half so charming as his sword: if he does not take care, Alexander will ride home upon his verses. All England has kept his birth-day; it has taken its place in our calendar next to Admiral Vernon's[1] and my Lord Blakeney's; and the people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of *Old England.* We had bonfires and processions, illuminations and French horns playing out of windows all night. In the mean time there have been some distant grumblings of a war with Spain, which seem blown over: a new Russian army in march has taken its place. The Duke of Richelieu is said to be banished for appropriating some contributions[2] to his own use: if he does not take care to prove that he meant to make as extravagant use of them as ever Marquis Catiline did, it will be a very bourgeois termination of such a gallant life! By the rage of expense in our pleasures, in the midst of such dearness and distress, one would think we had opportunities of contributions too! The simple Duke of St. Albans,[3] who is retired to Brussels for debt, has made a most sumptuous funeral in public for a dab of five months old that he had by his cookmaid. But our glaring extravagance is the constant high price given for pictures: the other day at Mr. Furnese's[4] auction a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas; and a Carlo Maratti, which too I am persuaded was a Giuseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the rate of two hundred and sixty pounds. Mr. Spencer[5] gave no less than two thousand two hundred pounds for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originality: my father, I

[1] On Admiral Vernon's taking Porto Bello in 1740, the populace of London celebrated his birth-day; and some doubts arising on the specific day, they celebrated it again, and I think continued to do so for two or three subsequent years.

[2] He plundered the Electorate so indecently, that on his return to Paris having built a pavilion in his garden, it was nicknamed *le Pavillon d'Hanovre.*

[3] The third Duke of that title.

[4] Henry Furnese had been a lord of the treasury. He was a friend of Lord Bath, and personally an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole.

[5] John first Earl Spencer.

think, preferred the Andrea Sacchi to his own Guido, and once offered seven hundred pounds for it, but Furnese said, "Damn him, it is for him; *he* shall pay a thousand." There is a pewterer, one Cleeve, who some time ago gave one thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures. I know but one dear picture not sold, Cooper's head of Oliver Cromwell, an unfinished miniature; they asked me four hundred pounds for it! But pictures do not monopolize extravagance; I have seen a little ugly shell called a Ventle-trap sold for twenty-seven guineas. However, to do us justice, we have magnificence too that is well judged. The Palmyra and Balbec are noble works to be undertaken and executed by private men.[1] There is now established a Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce, that is likely to be very serviceable;[2] and I was pleased yesterday with a very grand seigneurial design of the Duke of Richmond,[3] who has collected a great many fine casts of the best antique statues, has placed them in a large room in his garden, and designs to throw it open to encourage drawing. I have offered him to let my eagle be cast.

Adieu! If anything happens, I will not, nor ever do wait for a regular interval of writing to you.

[1] Robert Wood, Esq. under secretary of state, Mr. Dawkins, and Mr. Bouverie. For a notice of these splendid works, see *antè*, p. 33.—E.

[2] Mr. William Shipley, of Northampton, being persuaded that a society to give premiums, in the manner of one in Ireland, would be highly beneficial to the country, came to London several times in the years 1752 and 1753, and talked about it to Mr. Henry Baker, who was of the same opinion, but doubted the possibility of bringing it into effect. However, in 1753, a general recommendation of such a society was drawn up, printed, and dispersed; and by the indefatigable pains taken by Mr. Shipley to put it into the hands of persons of quality and fortune, the scheme was carried into execution. See Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 275.—E.

[3] Charles Lenox, third Duke of Richmond. His grace had recently ordered a room to be opened at his house in Whitehall, containing a large collcction of original plaster casts from the best antique busts and statues at Rome and Florence, to which all artists, and youths above twelve years of age, had access. For the encouragement of genius, he also bestowed two medals annually on those who executed the two best models.—E.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1758.

This campaign does not open with the vivacity of the last; the *hero of the age* has only taken Schweidnitz yet — he had fought a battle or two by this time last year. But this is the case of Fame. A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same andante key. I have heard a good answer of one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, who dining with him at a city feast, and being teazed by a stupid alderman, who said to him, "Sir, yours must be a very laborious employment!" replied, "Oh, no; we fight about four hours in a morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves." *I* shall not be quite so impatient about our own campaign as I was last year, though we have another secret expedition on foot — they say, to conquer France, but I believe we must compound for taking *the Isle of Wight*, whither we are sending fourteen thousand men. The Hero's uncle[1] reviewed them yesterday in Hyde Park on their setting out. The Duke of Marlborough commands, and is, in reality, commanded by Lord George Sackville. We shall now see how much greater generals we have than Mr. Conway, who has pressed to go *in any capacity*, and is not suffered!

Mr. Pitt is again laid up with the gout, as the Duke of Bedford is confined in Ireland by it. His grace, like other kings I have known, is grown wonderfully popular there since he was taken prisoner and tied hand and foot. To do faction justice, it is of no cowardly nature; it abuses while it attacks, and loads with panegyric those it defeats.

We have nothing in Parliament but a quiet struggle for an extension of the Habeas corpus.[2] It passed our House swim-

[1] George II. uncle of the King of Prussia.

[2] Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son of the 8th, says, "Every thing goes smoothly in Parliament: the King of Prussia has united all

mingly, but will be drowned with the same ease in the House of Lords. On the new taxes we had an entertaining piece of pomp from the Speaker: Lord Strange (it was in a committee) said, "I will bring him down from the gallery," and proposed that the Speaker should be exempted from the place tax. He came down, and besought not to be excepted—Lord Strange persisted—so did the Speaker. After the debate, Lord Strange going out said, "Well, did not I show my dromedary well?" I should tell you that one of the fashionable sights of the winter has been a dromedary and camel, the proprietor of which has entertained the town with a droll variety of advertisements.

You would have been amazed, had you been here at Sir Luke Schaub's auction of pictures. He had picked up some good old copies cheap when he was in Spain during the contentions there between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, and when many grandees being confiscated, the rest piqued themselves on not profiting of their spoils. With these Sir Luke had some fine small ones, and a parcel of Flemish, good in their way. The late Prince offered him twelve thousand pounds for the whole, leaving him the enjoyment for his life. As he knew the twelve thousand would not be forthcoming, he artfully excused himself by saying he loved pictures so much that he knew he should fling away the money. Indeed, could he have touched it, it had been well; the collection was indubitably not worth four thousand pounds. It has sold for near eight![1] A copy[2] of the King of France's Raphael went for seven hundred pounds. A Segismonda, called by Correggio, but certainly by Furoni his scholar, was bought in at upwards of four hundred pounds. In short, there is Sir James Lowther, Mr. Spencer, Sir Richard Grosvenor, boys with twenty and thirty thousand a-year, and the Duchess of

our parties in his support, and the Tories have declared that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session: there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not."—E.

[1] The three days' sale produced seven thousand seven hundred and eighty-four pounds five shillings.—E.

[2] It was purchased by the Duchess Dowager of Portland, for seven hundred and three pounds ten shillings.—E.

Portland,[1] Lord Ashburnham, Lord Egremont, and others with near as much, who care not what they give. I want to paint my coat and sell it off my back—there never was such a season. I am mad to have the Houghton pictures sold now; what injury to the creditors to have them postponed, till half of these vast estates are spent, and the other half grown ten years older!

Lord Corke is not the editor of Swift's History,[2] but one Dr. Lucas, a physicianed apothecary, who some years ago made such factious noise in Ireland[3]—the book is already fallen into the lowest contempt. I wish you joy of the success of the Cocchi family; but how three hundred crowns a year sound after Sir Luke Schaub's auction! Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1758.

Though the inactivity of our parliamentary winter has let me be an idle correspondent, I am far from having been so remiss as the posts have made me seem. I remember to have thought that I had no letter on board the packet that was taken; but since the 20th of Nov. I have writ to you on Dec.

[1] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, and heiress of the vast possessions of the Newcastle branch of the Cavendishes. She married William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland.—D.

[2] Swift's "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne," was first published in this year.—E.

[3] Dr. Johnson, in a review of Dr. Lucas's Essay on Waters, which appeared in the Literary Magazine for 1756, thus speaks of him: "The Irish ministers drove him from his native country by a proclamation, in which they charge him with crimes of which they never intended to be called to the proof, and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence: let the man thus driven into exile, for having been the friend of his country, be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty; and let the tools of power be taught in time, that they may rob, but cannot impoverish." In 1761, Dr. Lucas was elected representative for Dublin. He died in 1771, and a statue to his honour is erected in the Royal Exchange of Dublin.—E.

14, Jan. 11, Feb. 9. The acquittal of General Mordaunt would, I thought, make you entirely easy about Mr. Conway. The paper war on their subject is still kept up; but all inquiries are at an end. When Mr. Pitt, who is laid up with the gout, is a little cool again, I think he has too much eagerness to perform something of *éclat*, to let the public have to reproach him with not employing so brave a man and so able as Mr. Conway. Though your brothers do not satisfy your impatience *to know*, you must a little excuse them; the eldest lives out of the world, and James not in that world from whence he can learn or inform *you*. Besides our dear Gal.'s warmth of friendship, he had innumerable opportunities of intelligence. He, who lent all the world money for nothing, had at least a right to know something.

I shall be sorry on my own account if one particular[1] letter has miscarried, in which I mentioned some trifles that I wished to purchase from Stosch's collection. As you do not mention any approaching sale, I will stay to repeat them till you tell me that you have received no such letter.

Thank you for the éloge on your friend poor Cocchi; you had not told me of his death, but I was prepared for it, and heard it from Lord Huntingdon. I am still more obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about King Richard. You have convinced me of Crescimbeni's blunder as to Rome. For Florence, I must intreat you to send me another copy, for your copyist or his original have made undecypherable mistakes; particularly in the last line; *La Mere Lovis* is impossible to be sense: I should wish, as I am to print it, to have every letter of the whole sonnet more distinct and certain than most of them are. I don't know how to repay you for all the fatigue I give you. Mr. Fox's urns are arrived, but not yet delivered from the Custom-house. You tell me no more of Botta:[2] is he invisible in dignity, like Richcourt; or sunk to nothing, like our poor old friend the Prince?[3] Here is a good epigram on the Prince de Soubize, with which I

[1] The letter of Dec. 17th, which was lost.

[2] Marshal Botta, commander at Florence for the Emperor Francis.

[3] The Prince de Craon, chief of the council, superseded by the Comte de Richcourt.

must conclude, writing without anything to tell you, and merely to show you that I do by no means neglect you;

Soubize, après ses grands exploits,
Peut bâtir un palais qui ne lui coûte guère ;
Sa Femme lui fournit le bois,
Et chacun lui jette la pierre.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1758.

Between my letters of Nov. 20th and Jan. 11th, which you say you have received, was one of Dec. 11th, lost, I suppose, in the packet: what it contained, it is impossible for me to recollect; but I conclude the very notices about the expedition, the want of which troubled you so much. I have nothing now to tell you of any moment; writing only to keep up the chain of our correspondence, and to satisfy you that there is nothing particular.

I forgot in my last to say a word of our East Indian hero, Clive, and his victories; but we are growing accustomed to success again! There is Hanover retaken! — if to have *Hanover* again is to have success! We have no news but what is military; Parliaments are grown idle things, or busy like quarter-sessions. Mr. Pitt has been in the House of Commons but twice this winter, yet we have some grumblings: a Navy-bill of Mr. George Grenville, rejected last year by the Lords, and passed again by us, has by Mr. Fox's underhand management been made an affair by the Lords; yet it will pass. An extension of the Habeas corpus, of forty times the consequence, is impeded by the same dealings, and is not likely to have so prosperous an issue. Yet these things scarce make a heat within doors, and scarce conversation without.

Our new Archbishop[1] died yesterday; but the church loses its head with as little noise as a question is now carried or lost in Parliament.

[1] Archbishop Hutton. He was succeeded by Secker.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is returned from Russia, having lost his senses upon the road. This is imputed to a lady at Hamburgh, who gave him, or for whom he took *some assistance* to his passion; but we hope he will soon recover.

The most particular thing I know is what happened the other day: a frantic Earl of Ferrers[1] has for this twelvemonth supplied conversation by attempting to murder his wife, a pretty, harmless young woman, and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, to which the House of Lords tied him last year, the cause was trying again there on Friday last. Instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford to appear against a highwayman, one Page, of extraordinary parts and escapes. The Earl had pulled out a pistol, but trembled so that the robber laughed, took it out of his hand quietly, and said, "My lord, I know you always carry more pistols about you; give me the rest." At the trial, Page pleaded that my lord was excommunicated, consequently could not give evidence, and got acquitted.[2]

There is just published Swift's History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne: Pope and Lord Bolingbroke always told him it would disgrace him, and persuaded him to burn it. Disgrace him indeed it does, being a weak libel, ill-written for style, uninformed, and adopting the most errant mob-stories.[3] He makes the Duke of Marlborough a coward, Prince Eugene an assassin, my father remarkable for nothing but impudence, and would make my Lord Somers anything but the most amiable character in the world, if unfortunately he did not praise him while he tries to abuse.

Trevor[4] of Durham is likely to go to Canterbury. Adieu!

[1] Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers, who, in January 1760, shot his land-steward, for which he was tried in Westminster-hall, by his peers, in the following April, and executed at Tyburn.—E.

[2] At the ensuing Rochester assizes he was tried for robbing a Mr. Farrington, and executed.—E.

[3] Swift himself, in his Journal to Stella, calls it "his grand business," and pronounced it "the best work he had ever written."—E.

[4] Dr. Richard Trevor. This did not happen.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1758.

As you was disappointed of any intelligence that might be in it (I don't know what was), I am sorry my letter of Dec. 14th miscarried; but with regard to my commissions in Stosch's collection, it did not signify, since they propose to sell it in such great morsels. If they are forced to relent, and separate it, what I wish to have, and had mentioned to you, were, "his sculptured gems that have vases on them, of which he had a large ring box:" the following modern medals, "Anglia resurges," I think, of Julius III; "the Capitol; the Hugonotorum Strages; the Ganymede, a reverse of a Pope's medal, by Michael Angelo; the first medal of Julius III;" all these were in silver, and very fine; then the little Florentine coin in silver, with *Jesus Rex noster* on the reverse: he had, besides, a fine collection of drawings after nudities and prints in the same style, but you may believe I am not *old* enough to give much for these. I am not very anxious about any, consequently am not tempted to purchase wholesale.

Thank you for the second copy of King Richard: my book is finished; I shall send it you by the first opportunity. I did receive the bill of lading for Mr. Fox's wine; and my reason for not telling you how he liked his vases was, because I did not, nor do yet know, nor does he; they are at Holland House, and will not be unpacked till he settles there: I own *I* have a little more impatience about new things.

My letters will grow more interesting to you, I suppose, as the summer opens: we have had no winter campaign, I mean, no parliamentary war. You have been much misinformed about the King's health — and had he been ill, do you think that the recovery of Hanover would not cure him? Yesterday the new convention with the King of Prussia was laid before the Houses, and is to be considered next week: I have not yet read it, and only know that he is to receive from us two millions in three years, and to make no peace with-

out us. I hope he will make one for us before these three years are expired. A great camp is forming in the Isle of Wight, reckoned the best spot for defence or attack. I suppose both will be tried reciprocally.

Sir Charles Williams's disorder appears to have been lightheadedness from a fever; he goes about again; but the world, especially a world of enemies, never care to give up their title to a man's madness, and will consequently not believe that he is yet in his senses.[1]

Lord Bristol certainly goes to Spain; no successor is named for Turin. You know how much I love a prescriptive situation for you, and how I should fear a more eminent one — and yet you see I notify Turin being open, if you should care to push for it. It is not to recommend it to you, that I tell you of it, but I think it my duty as your friend not to take upon me to decide for you without acquainting you.

I rejoice at Admiral Osborn's success. I am not patriot enough to deny but that there are captains and admirals whose glory would have little charms for me; but Osborn was a steady friend of murdered Byng!

The Earl and Countess of Northumberland have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their court to my Lady Yarmouth; the dessert was a chasse

[1] On hearing, at Padua, of Sir Charles's indisposition, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, of the 17th of July, breaks out into the following striking reflections:—"I hear that my old acquaintance is much broken, both in his spirits and constitution. How happy might that man have been, if there had been added to his natural and acquired endowments a dash of morality! If he had known how to distinguish between false and true felicity; and, instead of seeking to increase an estate already too large, and hunting after pleasures that have made him rotten and ridiculous, he had bounded his desires of wealth, and followed the dictates of his conscience! His servile ambition has gained him two yards of red riband and an exile into a miserable country, where there is no society, and so little taste, that I believe he suffers under a dearth of flatterers. This is said for the use of your growing sons, whom I hope no golden temptations will induce to marry women they cannot love, or comply with measures they do not approve. All the happiness this world can afford is more within reach than is generally supposed. A wise and honest man lives to his own heart, without that silly splendour that makes him a prey to knaves, and which commonly ends in his becoming one of the fraternity." Works, vol. iii. p. 160.—E.

at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by a chaise and six containing a man with a blue riband and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever hear such a vulgarism! The person complimented is not half so German, and consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage. Adieu!

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.

SIR,

I THOUGHT myself very unlucky in being abroad when you was so good as to call here t'other day. I not only lost the pleasure of your company, but the opportunity of obtaining from you (what however I will not despair of) any remarks you may have made on the many errors which I fear you found in my book.[1] The hurry in which it was written, my natural carelessness and insufficiency, must have produced many faults and mistakes. As the curiosity of the world, raised I believe only by the smallness of the number printed, makes it necessary for me to provide another edition, I should be much obliged to whoever would be enough my friend to point out my wrong judgments and inaccuracies,—I know nobody, Sir, more capable of both offices than yourself, and yet I have no pretensions to ask so great a favour, unless your own zeal for the cause of literature should prompt you to undertake a little of this task. I shall be always ready to correct my faults, never to defend them.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.

YOU are the first person, I believe, that ever thought of a Swiss transcribing Welsh, unless, like some commentator on

[1] "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," of which Walpole had just printed three hundred copies, at the Strawberry Hill press.—E.

the Scriptures, you have discovered great affinity between those languages, and that both are dialects of the Phœnician. I have desired your brother to call here to-day, and to help us in adjusting the inscriptions. I can find no Lady Cutts in your pedigree, and till I do, cannot accommodate her with a coronet.

My book is marvellously in fashion, to my great astonishment. I did not expect so much truth and such notions of liberty would have made their fortune in this our day. I am preparing an edition for publication, and then I must expect to be a little less civilly treated. My Lord Chesterfield tells everybody that he subscribes to all my opinions; but this mortifies me about as much as the rest flatter me; I cannot, because it is my own case, forget how many foolish books he has diverted himself with commending. The most extraordinary thing I have heard about mine is, that it being talked of at Lord Arran's table, Doctor King, the Dr. King of Oxford, said of the passage on my father; "It is very modest, very genteel, and VERY TRUE." I asked my Lady Cardigan if she would forgive my making free with her grandmother;[1] she replied very sensibly, "I am sure she would not have hindered anybody from writing against me; why should I be angry at any writing against her?"

The history promised you of Dr. Brown is this. Sir Charles Williams had written an answer to his first silly volume of the Estimate,[2] chiefly before he came over, but finished while he was confined at Kensington. Brown had lately lodged in the same house, not mad now, though he has been so formerly. The landlady told Sir Charles, and offered to make affidavit that Dr. Brown was the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house. Before I proceed in my history, I will tell you another anecdote of this great performer: one of his antipathies is the Opera, yet the only time I ever saw him was in last *Passion-week* singing the Romish *Stabat mater* with the *Mingotti* behind a harpsichord at a great concert at my Lady Carlisle's. Well—in a great apprehension of Sir Charles

[1] Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.

[2] Estimate of the Manners of the Times. See *antè*, p. 90.—E.

divulging the story of his swearing, Brown went to Dodsley in a most scurrilous and hectoring manner, threatening Dodsley if he should publish anything personal against him; abusing Sir Charles for a coward and most abandoned man, and bidding Dodsley tell the latter that he had a cousin in the army who would call Sir Charles to account for any reflections on him, Brown. Stay; this Christian message from a divine, who by the way has a chapter in his book against duelling, is not all: Dodsley refused to carry any such message, unless in writing. The Doctor, enough in his senses to know the consequences of this, refused; and at last a short verbal message, more decently worded, was agreed on. To this Sir Charles made Dodsley write down this answer: "that he could not but be surprised at Brown's message, after that he, Sir Charles, had at Ranby's desire sent Brown a written assurance that he intended to say nothing personal of him — nay, nor should yet, unless Brown's impertinence made it necessary." This proper reply Dodsley sent: Brown wrote back, that he should send an answer to Sir Charles himself; but bid Dodsley take notice, that printing the works of a supposed lunatic might be imputed to the printer himself, and which he, the said Doctor, should *chastise*. Dodsley, after notifying this new and unprovoked insolence to me, Fox, and Garrick, the one, friend of Sir Charles, the other of Brown, returned a very proper, decent, yet firm answer, with assurances of *repaying chastisement* of any sort. Is it credible? this audacious man sent only a card back, saying, "Footman's language I never return, J. Brown." You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is; how little apt to forget or disguise his having been a footman! but there is no exaggerating this behaviour by reflections. On the same card he tells Dodsley that he cannot now accept, but returns his present of the two last volumes of his collection of poems, and assures him that they are not soiled by the reading. But the best picture of him is his own second volume, which beats all the Scaligers and Scioppius's for vanity and insolent impertinence. What is delightful; in the first volume he had deified Warburton, but the success of that trumpery has made Warburton jea-

lous, and occasioned a coolness — but enough of this jack-anapes.

Your brother has been here, and as he is to go to-morrow, and the pedigree is not quite finished, and as you will be impatient, and as it is impossible for us to transcribe Welsh, which we cannot read without your assistance, who don't understand it neither, we have determined that the Colonel should carry the pedigree to you; you will examine it and bring it with you to Strawberry, where it can be finished under your own eye, better than it is possible to do without. Adieu! I have not writ so long a letter this age.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 31, 1758.

This is rather a letter of thanks than of course, though I have received, I verily believe, three from you since my last. Well, then, this is to thank you for them too — chiefly for that of to-day, with the account of the medals you have purchased for me from Stosch, and those your own munificence bestows on me. I am ashamed to receive the latter; I must positively know what you paid for the former; and beg they may all be reserved till a very safe opportunity. The price for the Ganymede is so monstrous that I must not regret not having it — yet if ever he should lower, I should still have a hankering, as it is one of the finest medals I ever saw. Are any of the others in silver? old Stosch had them so. When any of the other things I mentioned descend to more mortal rates, I would be sorry to lose them.

Should not you, if you had not so much experienced the contrary, imagine that services begot gratitude? You know they don't — shall I tell you what they do beget? — at best, expectations of more services. This is my very case now — you have just been delivered of one trouble for me — I am going to get you with twins — two more troubles. In the first place, I shall beg you to send me a case of liqueurs;

in the next, all the medals in copper of my poor departed friend the Pope, for whom I am as much concerned as his subjects have reason to be. I don't know whether I don't want samples of his coins, and the little pieces struck during the *sede vacante*. I know what I shall want, any authentic anecdotes of the conclave. There! are there commissions enough? I did receive the Pope's letter on my inscription, and the translation of the epitaph on Theodore, and liked both much, and thought I had thanked you for them — but I perceive I am not half so grateful as troublesome.

Here is the state of our news and politics. We thought *our foreign King*[1] on the road to Vienna; he is now said to be prevented by Daun, and to be reduced to besiege Olmutz, which has received considerable supplies. Accounts make Louisbourgh reduced to wait for being taken by us as the easiest way of avoiding being starved — in short, we are to be those unnatural fowl, *ravens* that *carry* bread. But our biggest of all expectations is from our own invasion of France, which took post last Sunday; fourteen thousand landmen, eighteen ships of the line, frigates, sloops, bombs, and four volunteers, Lord Downe, Sir James Lowther, Sir John Armitage, and Mr. Delaval — the latter so ridiculous a character, that it has put a stop to the mode which was spreading. All this commanded by Lord Anson, who has beat the French; by the Duke of Marlborough, whose name has beaten them; and by Lord George Sackville, who is to beat them. Every port and town on the coast of Flanders and France have been guessed for the object. It is a vast armament, whether it succeeds or is lost.

At home there are seeds of quarrels. Pratt the attorney-general has fallen on a necessary extension of the Habeas corpus to private cases. The interpreting world ascribes his motive to a want of affection for my Lord Mansfield, who unexpectedly is supported by the late Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and that part of the ministry; and very expectedly by Mr. Fox, as this is likely to make a breach between the united powers. The bill passed almost unanimously through

[1] The King of Prussia.

our House. It will have a very different fate in the other, where Lord Temple is almost single in its defence, and where Mr. Pitt seems to have little influence. If this should produce a new revolution, you will not be surprised. I don't know that it will; but it has already shown how little cordiality subsists since the last.

I had given a letter for you to a young gentleman of Norfolk, an only son, a friend of Lord Orford, and of much merit, who was going to Italy with Admiral Broderick. He is lost in that dreadful catastrophe of the Prince George — it makes one regret him still more, as the survivors mention his last behaviour with great encomiums.

Adieu! my dear child! when I look back on my letter, I don't know whether there would not be more propriety in calling you *my factor*.

P.S. I cannot yet learn who goes to Turin: it was offered, upon his old request, to my Lord Orford, but he has declined it.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, June 4, 1758.

The Habeas corpus is finished, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which Lord Hardwicke took the party of proposing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a division; though Lord Temple, who protested alone t'other day, had a flaming protest ready, which was to have been signed by near thirty. They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except Lord Ravensworth and the Duke of Newcastle, whose meaning the first never knows himself, and the latter's nobody else, all who spoke, spoke well: they were Lord Temple, Lord Talbot, Lord Bruce, and Lord Stanhope, for; Lord Morton, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Mansfield,

against the bill.[1] T'other day in our House, we had Lady Ferrers' affair: her sister was heard, and Lord Westmoreland, who had a seat within the bar. Mr. Fox opposed the settlement; but it passed.

The Duke of Grafton has resigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition,[2] without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he sailed he had invited women to supper. Besides him, and those you know, is a Mr. Sylvester Smith. Everybody was asking, "But who is Sylvester Smith?" Harry Townshend replied, "Why, he is the son of Delaval, who was the son of Lowther, who was the son of Armitage, who was the son of Downe."[3]

The fleet sailed on Thursday morning. I don't know why, but the persuasion is that they will land on this side Ushant, and that we shall hear some events by Tuesday or Wednesday. Some believe that Lord Anson and Howe have different destinations. Rochfort, where there are twenty thousand men, is said positively not to be the place. The King says there are eighty thousand men and three marshals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn asked General Campbell, if the ministry had yet told the King the object?

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos is arrived,[4] to my supreme felicity — I cannot say very handsome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't say, like Harry VIII. of Anne of Cleves, that she is a Flanders mare, though to be sure she is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did who was married by

[1] Lord Bute thus bewails the fate of the bill, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the same day: "What a terrible proof was Friday, in the House of Lords, of the total loss of public spirit, and the most supreme indifference to those valuable rights, for the obtaining which our ancestors freely risked both life and fortune! These are dreadful clouds that hang over the future accession, and damp the hopes I should otherwise entertain of that important day." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 317.—E.

[2] The expedition against St. Maloes.

[3] All these gentlemen had been volunteers on successive expeditions to the coast of France.

[4] The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos.

proxy — and she does not find me *fricassé dans de la neige.*[1] Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The servant said it was a present, but he had orders not to say from whom.

TO DR. DUCAREL.

June, 1758.

SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for the remarks and hints you have sent me on my Catalogue. They will be of use to me; and any observations of my friends I shall be very thankful for, and disposed to employ, to make my book, what it is extremely far from being, more perfect.—I was very glad to hear, Sir, that the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has continued you in an employment for which nobody is so fit, and in which nobody would be so useful. I wish all manner of success to, as well as continuance of, your labours; and am, &c. &c.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sunday morning, June 11, 1758.

THIS will not depart till to-morrow, by which time probably there will be more news, but I am obliged to go into the country to-day, and would not let so much history set out, without my saying a word of it, as I know you trust to no gazette but mine. Last Thursday se'nnight our great expedition departed from Portsmouth — and soon separated; Lord Anson with the great ships to lie before Brest, and Commodore Howe,[2] our naval hero, with the transports and a million

[1] Madame de Sévigné, in her letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus expressed herself relative to her son, the Marquis de Sévigné, who was one of her lovers.

[2] Richard, after the death of his elder brother, Viscount Howe.

of small fry on the secret enterprise. At one o'clock on Thursday night, *alias* Friday morning, a cutter brought advice that on Sunday night the transports had made land in Concalle Bay, near St. Maloes, had disembarked with no opposition or loss, except of a boatswain and two sailors, killed from a little fort, to which Howe was near enough to advise them not to resist. However, some peasants in it fired and then ran away. Some prisoners have assured our troops that there is no force within twenty leagues. This may be *apocryphal*, a word which, as I am left at liberty, I always interpret *false*. It is plain, however, that we were not expected at St. Maloes at least. We are in violent impatience to hear the consequences—especially whether we have taken the town, in which there is but one battalion, many old houses of wood, and the water easily to be cut off.

If you grow wise and ask me with a political face, whether St. Maloes is an object worth risking fourteen thousand of our best troops, an expense of fifty thousand pounds, and half of the purplest blood of England, I shall toss up my head with an air of heroism and contempt, and only tell you—*There! there is a Duke of Marlborough in the heart of France;* (for in the heroic dictionary the heart and the coast signify the same thing;) *what would you have? Did Harry V. or Edward III. mind whether it was a rich town or a fishing town, provided they did but take a town in France? We are as great as ever we were in the most barbarous ages, and you are asking mercantile questions with all the littleness of soul that attends the improvements in modern politics!* Well! my dear child, I smile, but I tremble; and though it is pleasanter to tremble when one invades, than when one is invaded, I don't like to be at the eve even of an Azincourt. There are so many of my friends upon heroic ground, that I discern all their danger through all their laurels. Captain Smith, aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville, dated his letter to the Duke of Dorset, "from his Majesty's dominions in France." Seriously, what a change is here! *His Majesty*, since this time twelvemonth, has not only recovered his dominions in Germany, but is on the acquiring foot in France. What heads, what no heads

must they have in France! Where are their Cardinals, their Saxes, their Belleisles? Where are their fleets, their hosts, their arts, their subsidies? Subsidies, indeed! Where are ours? we pay none, or almost none, and are ten times greater than when we hired half Europe. In short, the difference of our situation is miraculous; and if we can but keep from divisions at home, and the King of Prussia does not prosper too fast for us, we may put France and ourselves into situations to prevent them from being formidable to us for a long season. Should the Prussian reduce too suddenly the Empress-Queen to beg and give him a secure peace, considering how deep a stake he still plays for, one could not well blame his accepting it — and then we should still be to struggle with France.

But while I am politicising, I forget to tell you half the purport of my letter — part indeed you will have heard; Prince Ferdinand's passage of the Rhine, the most material circumstance of which, in my opinion, is the discovery of the amazing weakness of the French in their army, discipline, councils, and conduct. Yesterday, as if to amuse us agreeably till we hear again from St. Maloes, an express arrived of great conquests and captures which three of our ships have made on the river Gambia, to the destruction of the French trade and settlements there. I don't tell you the particulars, because I don't know them, and because you will see them in the gazette. In one week we strike a medal with *Georgius, Germanicus, Gallicus, Africanus.*

Mr. M'Kinsy, brother of Lord Bute, has kissed hands for Turin; you remember him at Florence. He is very well-bred, and you will find him an agreeable neighbour enough.

I have seen the vases at Holland-house, and am perfectly content with them: the forms are charming. I assure you Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline do not like them less than I do. Good night! am not I a very humane conqueror to condescend to write so long a letter?

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

Well, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France![1] Even Dukes of Marlborough have been there without doing the business. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in spite of your understanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip cross the country to burn Rochefort, only to show how easy it was. We have waited with astonishment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the Mesdames had gone off in their shifts with only a provision of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my Lord Anson's continence, who, after being allotted Madame Pompadour as his share of the spoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in spite of the violence of his *temperament*, had restored her unsullied to the King of France.—Alack! we have restored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coast to the right owners. A messenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty small fry; that it was found impossible to bring up the cannon against the town; and that, the French army approaching the coast, Commodore Howe, with the expedition of Harlequin as well as the taciturnity, reimbarked our whole force in seven hours, volunteers and all, with the loss only of one man, and they are all gone to seek their fortune somewhere else. Well! in half a dozen more wars we shall know something of the coast of France. Last war we discovered a fine bay near Port l'Orient: we have now found out that we know nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular persons, I hope the city of London will send some more gold boxes to these discoverers. If they send a patch-box to Lord George Sackville, it will hold all his laurels. As our young

[1] Alluding to the expedition against Rochefort, the year before, in which Mr. Conway was second in command.

nobility cannot at present travel through France, I suppose this is a method for finishing their studies. George Selwyn says he supposes the French ladies will have scaffolds erected on the shore to see the English go by. — But I won't detain the messenger any longer; I am impatient to make the Duchess[1] happy, who I hope will soon see the Duke returned from his coasting voyage.

The Churchills will be with you next Wednesday, and I believe I too; but I can take my own word so little, that I will not give it you. I know I must be back at Strawberry on Friday night; for Lady Hervey and Lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from to-morrow se'nnight. Adieu!

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, June 16, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I STAYED to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had something worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken by storm. The governor leaped into the sea at the very name of the Duke of Marlborough. Sir James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the soldiers two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to drink the King's health on the top of the great church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the Bishop to go back with him and see his house in Gloucestershire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorse, for having killed four thousand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe does nothing but *talk* of what he has done. Lord Downe, who has killed the intendant, has sent for Dupré[2] to put in his place; and my Lord Anson has ravished three abbesses, the youngest of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might 'bate a little of it? How much will you

[1] Lady Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond, only child of the Countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage. She was at Park-place with her mother during the Duke of Richmond's absence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition.

[2] A French master.

give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for threescore men of war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could. What, if we should not have taken the town? Shall you be very much shocked, if, after burning two ships of fifty-four and thirty-six guns, and a bushel of privateers and small-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked last Monday in seven hours, (the dispatch of which implies at least as much precipitation as conduct,) and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing should be true but Downe's killing the intendant; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not surrendering, Downe, at the head of some grenadiers, shot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your lordship is obstinately bent on the conquest of France, you must wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it seems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes but in Admiral Forbes, who must sail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable succession of sun and rain as we have. I go to Park-place next week, where I fancy I shall find our little Duchess[1] quite content with the prospect of recovering her Duke, without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu! my dear lord. My best compliments to my lady and her whole menagerie.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1758.

I WRITE to you again so soon, only to laugh at my last letter. What a dupe was I! at my years to be dazzled with glory! to be charmed with the rattle of drums and trumpets, till I fancied myself at Cressy or Poictiers! In the middle of

[1] Of Richmond.

all this dream of conquest, just when I had settled in what room of my castle I would lodge the Duke of Alençon or Montpensier, or whatever illustrious captive should be committed to the custody of Seneschal *Me*, I was awakened with an account of our army having re-embarked, after burning some vessels at St. Maloes. This is the history, neither more nor less, of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up, stayed from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here were erected into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide and seek somewhere else. This campaign being rather naked, is coloured over with the great damage we have done, and with the fine disposition and dispatch made for getting away — the same colours that would serve to paint pirates or a flight. However, the city is pleased; and Mr. Pitt maintains that he never intended to take St. Maloes, which I believe, *because* when he did intend to have Rochfort taken last year, he sent no cannon; this year, when he never meant to take St. Maloes, he sent a vast train of artillery. Besides, one of the most important towns in France, lying some miles up in the country, was very liable to be stormed; a fishing town on the coast is naturally impracticable. The best side of the adventure is, that they were very near coming away without attempting the conflagration, and only thought of it by chance — then indeed

> Diripuere focos—
> Atqu; omnis facibus Pubes accingitur atris.—

Perhaps the metamorphosis in Virgil of the ships into mermaids is not more absurd than an army of twelve or thirteen thousand of the flower of our troops and nobility performing the office of link-boys, making a bonfire, and running away! The French have said, well, "Les Anglois viennent nous casser des vitres avec des guinées."[1] We have lost six men,

[1] "Mr. Pitt's friends exult on the destruction of three French ships of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ships, and

they five, and about a hundred vessels, from a fifty-gun ship to a mackerel-boat.

I don't only ask my own pardon for swelling out my imagination, but yours, for making you believe that you was to be representative of the Black Prince or Henry V. I hope you had sent no bullying letter to the conclave on the authority of my last letter, to threaten the cardinals, that if they did not elect the Archbishop of Canterbury Pope, you would send for part of the squadron from St. Maloes to burn Civita Vecchia. I had promised you the duchy of Bretagne, and we have lost Madras!

Our expedition is still afloat — whither bound, I know not; but pray don't bespeak any more laurels; wait patiently for what they shall send you from the Secretary's office.

I gave your brother James my new work to send you — I grieve that I must not, as usual, send a set for poor Dr. Cocchi. Good night!

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.[1]

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

SIR,

INACCURATE and careless, as I must own my book is,[2] I cannot quite repent having let it appear in that state, since it has procured me so agreeable and obliging a notice from a gentleman whose approbation makes me very vain. The trouble you have been so good as to give yourself, Sir, is by no

affirm that it stopped the march of threescore thousand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox and company call it breaking windows with guineas, and apply the fable of the mountain and the mouse." Lord Chesterfield.—E.

[1] Now first collected. This eminent lawyer, antiquary, and historian was born in 1726. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied civil law at Utrecht. In 1748, he was called to the Scotch bar, and in 1766 made a judge of session, when he assumed the name of Lord Hailes. Boswell states, that Dr. Johnson, in 1763, drank a bumper to him "as a man of worth, a scholar, and a wit." His "Annals of Scotland" the Doctor describes as "a work which has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation, that it must always sell." He wrote several papers in the World and Mirror. He died in 1792.—E.

[2] The Royal and Noble Authors.—E.

means lost upon me; I feel the greatest gratitude for it, and shall profit not only of your remarks, but with your permission of your very words, wherever they will fall in with my text. The former are so judicious and sensible, and the latter so well chosen, that if it were not too impertinent to propose myself as an example, I should wish, Sir, that you would do that justice to the writers of your own country, which my ignorance has made me execute so imperfectly and barrenly.

Give me leave to say a few words to one or two of your notes. I should be glad to mention more instances of Queen Elizabeth's fondness for praise,[1] but fear I have already been too diffuse on that head. Bufo[2] is certainly Lord Halifax: the person at whom you hint is more nearly described by the name of Bubo, and I think in one place is even called Bubb.[3] The number of volumes of Parthenissa I took from the list of Lord Orrery's[4] writings in the Biographia: it is probable, therefore, Sir, that there were different editions of that romance. You will excuse my repeating once more, Sir, my thanks for your partiality to a work so little worthy of your favour. I even flatter myself that whenever you take a journey this way, you will permit me to have the honour of being acquainted with a gentleman to whom I have so particular an obligation.

[1] Queen Elizabeth, who had turned Horace's Art of Poetry into English, having been offended with Sir Francis Bacon, the Earl of Essex, to recommend him again to favour, artfully told her, that his suit was not so much for the good of Bacon, as for her own honour, that those excellent translations of hers might be known to those who could best judge of them.—E.

[2] In Pope's Prologue to the Satires—

> "Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
> Sat full-blown Bufo puff'd by many a quill."—E.

[3] Bubb Dodington—

> "And then for mine obligingly mistakes
> The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes."—E.

[4] Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery. His Parthenissa, a romance in six books, appeared in folio in 1677.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

THE Tower-guns have sworn through thick and thin that Prince Ferdinand has entirely demolished the French, and the city-bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers suspend their belief. Our great fleet is stepped ashore again near Cherbourg; I suppose, to singe half a yard more of the coast. This is all I know; less, as you may perceive, than any thing but the Gazette.

What is become of Mr. Montagu? Has he stolen to Southampton, and slipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty shirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wish I could flatter myself that you would come with him.

My Lady Suffolk has at last entirely submitted her barn to our *ordination*. As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders;* but will very soon have our last imposition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 6, 1758.

YOU may believe I was thoroughly disappointed in not seeing you here, as I expected. I grieve for the reason, and wish you had told me that your brother was quite recovered. Must I give you over for the summer? sure you are in my debt.

That regiments are going to Germany is certain; which, except the Blues, I know not. Of all secrets I am not in any Irish ones. I hope for your sake, your Colonel[1] is not of the number; but how can you talk in the manner you do of Prince Ferdinand? Don't you know that, next to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Delaval, he is the most fashionable man in England?

[1] Mr. Montagu's brother.

Have not the Tower-guns, and all the parsons in London, been ordered to pray for him? You have lived in Northamptonshire till you are ignorant that Hanover is in Middlesex, as the Bishop's palace at Chelsea is in the diocese of Winchester. In hopes that you will grow better acquainted with your own country, I remain your affected

HORATIUS VALPOLHAUSEN.

TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

SIR,

As you have been so good as to favour me with your assistance, I flatter myself you will excuse my begging it once more. I am told that you mentioned to Dr. Jortin a Lord Mountjoy, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII, as an author. Will you be so good as to tell me anything you know of him, and what he wrote. I shall entreat the favour of this notice as soon as possibly you can; because my book is printing off, and I am afraid of being past the place where he must come in. I am just going out of town, but a line put into the post any night before nine o'clock will find me next morning at Strawberry Hill.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

YOU have made me laugh; do you think I found much difficulty to persist in thinking as well of you as I used to do, though you have neither been so great a Polioreetes as Almanzor, who could take a town alone, nor have executed the commands of another Almanzor, who thought he could command the walls of a city to tumble down as easily as those of Jericho did to the march of Joshua's first regiment of Guards? Am I so apt to be swayed by popular clamour. But I will

[1] Now first printed.

say no more on that head. As to the wording of the sentence, I approve your objection; and as I have at least so little of the author in me as to be very corrigible, I will, if you think proper, word the beginning thus:—

"In dedicating a few trifles[1] to you, I have nothing new to tell the world. My esteem still accompanies your merit, on which it was founded, and to which, with such abilities as mine, I can only bear testimony; I must not pretend to vindicate it. If your virtues," &c. It shall not be said that I allowed prejudice and clamour to be the voice of the world against you. I approve, too, the change of "proposed" for "would have undertaken:" but I cannot like putting in "prejudice and malice." When one accuses others of malice, one is a little apt to feel it; and could I flatter myself that such a thing as a Dedication would have weight, or that anything of mine would last, I would have it look as dispassionate as possible. When after some interval I assert coolly that you was most wrongfully blamed, I shall be believed. If I seem angry, it will look like a party quarrel still existing.

Instead of resenting your not being employed in the present follies, I think you might write a letter of thanks to my Lord Ligonier, or to Mr. Pitt, or even to the *person* who is *appointed* to *appoint* generals himself,[2] to thank them for not exposing you a second year. All the puffs in the newspapers cannot long stifle the ridicule which the French will of course propagate through all Europe on the foolish figure we have made. You shall judge by one sample: the Duc d'Aiguillon has literally sent a vessel with a flag of truce to the Duke of Marlborough, with some teaspoons which, in his hurry, he left behind him. I know the person who saw the packet before it was delivered to Blenheimeius. But what will you say to this wise commander himself? I am going to tell you no secret, but what he uttered publicly at the levee. The King asked him, if he had raised great contributions? "Contributions, Sir! we saw nothing but old women." What becomes

[1] The little volume of Fugitive Pieces, printed this year at the Strawberry Hill press.—E.

[2] The King.—E.

of the thirty thousand men that made them retire with such expedition to their transports? My Lord Downe, as decently as he can, makes the greatest joke of their enterprise, and has said at Arthur's, that five hundred men posted with a grain of common sense would have cut them all to pieces. I was not less pleased at what M. de Monbagon, the young prisoner, told Charles Townshend t'other day at Harley's: he was actually at Rochfort when you landed, where he says they had six thousand men, most impatient for your approach, and so posted that not one of you would ever have returned. This is not an evidence to be forgot.

Howe and Lord George Sackville are upon the worst terms, as the latter is with the military too. I can tell you some very curious anecdotes when I see you; but what I do not choose, for particular reasons, to write. What is still more curious, when Lord George kissed hands at Kensington, not a word was said to him.

How is your fever? tell me, when you have a mind to write, but don't think it necessary to answer my gazettes; indeed I don't expect it.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

If you will not take Prince Ferdinand's victory at Crevelt in full of all accounts, I don't know what you will do — *autrement*, we are insolvent. After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from St. Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel-ship with the prisoner-spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea-equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles! and how plain by this sarcastic compliment what they think of us! Yet we fancy that we detain forty thousand men on the coast from Prince Clermont's army! We are

sending nine thousand men to Prince Ferdinand; part, those of the expedition: the remainder are to make another attempt; perhaps to batter Calais with a pair of tea-tongs.

I am sorry for the Comte de la Marche, and much more sorry for the Duc de Gisors.[1] He was recommended to me when he was in England; I knew him much, and thought as well of him as all the world did. He was graver, and with much more application to improve himself, than any young Frenchman of quality I ever saw. How unfortunate Belleisle is, to have outlived his brother, his only son, and his hearing! You will be charmed with an answer of Prince Ferdinand to our Princess Gouvernante of Holland.[2] She wrote by direction of the States to complain of his passing over the territories of the Republic. He replied, "That he was sorry, though he had barely crossed over a very small corner of their dominions; and should not have trespassed even there, if he had had the same Dutch guides to conduct him that led the French army last year to Hanover."

I congratulate you on your regalo from the Northumberlands. How seldom people think of all the trouble and expense they put you to—I amongst the rest! *Apropos*, if they are not bespoken, I will not trouble you for the case of drams. Lord Hertford has given me some of his; the fashion is much on the decline, and never drinking any myself, these will last me long enough; and considering that I scarce ever give you a commission, but somehow or other ends at your expense, (witness the medals you gave me of your own,) it is time for me to check my pen that asks so flippantly. As I am not mercenary, I cannot bear to turn you to account; if I was, I should bear it very easily: but it is ridiculous to profit of one's friends, when one does not make friendships with that view.

Methinks you don't make a Pope very fast. The battle of Crevelt has restored him a little, or the head of our church

[1] Only son of Marshal Belleisle; he was killed at the battle of Crevelt: the Comte de la Marche was not.

[2] Anne, eldest daughter of George II, and Princess Dowager of Orange.

was very declining. He said the other day to Lady Coventry in the drawing-room, "Don't look at me, I am a dismal figure; I have entirely lost one eye." Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1758.

Your gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit, that we think we have a right to some demerit too; and those who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often disappointed. A common-foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful. Besides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purposes of news. You know, of course, that Lord George Sackville refused to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend* Lord Ancram, who loves a dram of anything, from glory to brandy, is *out of order;* that just as Lord Panmure was going to take the command, he missed an eye; and that at last they have routed out an old General Blighe from the horse armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that Prince Edward is bound 'prentice to Mr. Howe.[1] All this you have heard; yet, like my cousin the Chronicle, I repeat what has been printed in every newspaper of the week, and then finish with one paragraph of *spick and span.* Alack! my postscript is not very fortunate: a convoy of twelve thousand men, &c. was going to the King of Prussia, was attacked unexpectedly by five thousand Austrians, and cut entirely to pieces; provisions, ammunition, &c. all taken. The King instantly raised the siege, and retreated with so much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up sixty pieces of cannon. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he sets overnight in

[1] In the preceding month, Prince Edward had been appointed a midshipman, and in July embarked on board the Essex, commanded by Lord Howe, upon the expedition against Cherburg.—E.

a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph — at least, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, shall be extremely disappointed if he does not. Besides, he is three months debtor to Fame.

The only private history of any freshness is, my Lady Dalkeith's christening; the child had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the Duke of Newcastle, my Lord and George Townshend; but of two Townshends and his grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the King of Prussia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reason is a very good one against a thing that has no reason in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the last enterprise. Perhaps Don William Quixote[1] and Admiral Amadis[2] may determine to send them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their resolutions, and no impossibilities ever deter them, I don't see why the only thing worthy their consideration should not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did Bishop Wilkins try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but because it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed at: they prepossessed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whisper, that you do not go into Yorkshire this summer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley[3] on the 13th of next month; I trust you do so too. Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive-tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I suppose,—if not, be it known to you,—that

[1] William Pitt, secretary of state.
[2] Lord Anson, first lord of the admiralty.
[3] The seat of the Earl of Hertford.

Mr. Keppel, the canon of Windsor, espouses my niece Laura; yes, Laura.[1] I rejoice much; so I receive your compliments upon it, lest you should, as it sometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

July 22.

For the pleasure of my conscience I had written all the above last night, expecting Lord Lyttelton, the Dean, and other company, to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to answer.

I am pleased that you are pleased about my book:[2] *you* shall see it very soon; though there will scarce be a new page: nobody else shall see it till spring. In the first place, the prints will not be finished: in the next, I intend that two or three other things shall appear before it from my press, of other authors; for I will not surfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propose to find employment alone for a whole press—so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.

I will certainly try to see you during your waiting.[3] Adieu!

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.[4]

Strawberry Hill, August 3d, 1758.

SIR,

I HAVE received, with much pleasure and surprise, the favour of your remarks upon my Catalogue; and whenever

[1] Eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

[2] Anecdotes of Painting.

[3] As groom of the bed-chamber to the King.

[4] The Rev. Henry Zouch was the elder brother of Dr. Thomas Zouch, better known in the literary world. Henry principally dedicated himself to the performance of his duties as a clergyman, a country gentleman, and a magistrate; in all which characters he was highly exemplary. He published several works connected with these avocations, particularly on the management of prisons, and on other points of police. He had, also, in his earlier days, been a poet; and these letters show that he was well acquainted with the literary history and antiquities of his country. Having lived in close intimacy and friendship with Mr. Walpole's friend and correspondent, William Earl of Strafford, it is

I have the opportunity of being better known to you, I shall endeavour to express my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself in contributing to perfect a work,[1] which, notwithstanding your obliging expressions, I fear you found very little worthy the attention of so much good sense and knowledge, Sir, as you possess.

I am extremely thankful for all the information you have given me; I had already met with a few of the same lights as I have received, Sir, from you, as I shall mention in their place. The very curious accounts of Lord Fairfax were entirely new and most acceptable to me. If I decline making use of one or two of your hints, I believe I can explain my reasons to your satisfaction. I will, with your leave, go regularly through your letter.

As Caxton[2] laboured in the monastery of Westminster, it is not at all unlikely that he should wear the habit, nor, con-

probable that through him he became interested in Mr. Walpole's pursuits, and disposed to contribute that assistance towards the perfection of the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," which is so justly acknowledged by Mr. Walpole. Mr. Zouch died at the family seat of Sandall, in Yorkshire, of which parish he was also vicar, in June 1795; leaving his friend and kinsman, the Earl of Lonsdale, his executor, by whose favour these letters are now given to the public. The exact time of his birth is not ascertained; but as he was an A.B. of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1746, he probably was born about 1725.—C. [Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch first appeared in the year 1825, edited by the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker; to whose notes the initial C. is affixed.]

[1] The "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," originally published by Mr. Walpole in 1758. Mr. Zouch appears to have commenced the correspondence on the occasion of this publication. The author of the Catalogue received much of the same kind of assistance as was given to him by Mr. Zouch; but his editor, Mr. Park, says, "it would seem that Lord Orford was more thankful for communications tendered, than desirous to let the contents of them be seen."—C.

[2] It is probable that Mr. Zouch objected to Mr. Walpole's assertion, that the illumination prefixed to a manuscript in Lambeth library, of Earl Rivers's translation of "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers, by Jehan de Teonville," represented the Earl introducing Caxton to Edward IV. Mr. Zouch seems to have very properly doubted whether Caxton would wear the clerical habit, as the figure referred to in that illumination does; and Mr. Walpole replies to that doubt. Upon the same subject, Mr. Cole says, "qu. how Lord Orford came to know the kneeling figure in a clerical habit was Caxton the printer? He is certainly a priest, as is evident from his tonsure, but I do not think that Caxton was in orders. I should rather suppose that it was designed for Jehan de Teonville, provost of Paris."—C.

sidering how vague our knowledge of that age is, impossible but he might enter the order.

I have met with Henry's institution of a Christian, and shall give you an account of it in my next edition. In that, too, I shall mention, that Lord Cobham's[1] allegiance professed at his death to Richard II, probably means to Richard and his right heirs, whom he had abandoned for the house of Lancaster. As the article is printed off, it is too late to say anything more about his works.

In all the old books of genealogy you will find, Sir, that young Richard Duke of York[2] was solemnly married to a child of his own age, Anne Mowbray, the heiress of Norfolk, who died young as well as he.

The article of the Duke of Somerset is printed off too; besides, I should imagine the letter you mention not to be of his own composition, for, though not illiterate, he certainly could not write anything like classic Latin.[3] I may, too, possibly have inclusively mentioned the very letter; I have not Ascham's book, to see from what copy the letter was taken, but probably from one of those which I have said is in Bennet Library.

The Catalogue of Lord Brooke's works is taken from the volume of his works; such pieces of his as I found doubted, particularly the tragedy of Cicero, I have taken notice of as doubtful.

In my next edition you will see, Sir, a note on Lord Herbert, who, besides being with the King at York, had offended

[1] Mr. Walpole did make this promised statement in the following note: "King Richard had long been dead; I suppose it is only meant that Lord Cobham disclaimed obedience to the house of Lancaster, who had usurped the throne of King Richard and his right heirs."—C.

[2] He was married on the 15th of January 1477-8, in the fourth year of his age.—C.

[3] In a subsequent edition Mr. Walpole recites the title of this letter, "Epistola exhortatoria missa ad Nobilitatem ac Plebem universumque Populum Regni Scotiæ," printed in 4to. at London, 1548; and he adds, this might possibly be composed by some dependant. We do not exactly see the grounds of Walpole's assertion, that the Lord Protector Somerset "could not write anything like classic Latin;" although we admit that his having been chancellor of Cambridge is not conclusive evidence upon this subject, and that it is probable that the letter was written by his secretary.—C.

the peers by a speech in his Majesty's defence. Mr. Wolseley's preface I shall mention, from your information. Lord Rochester's letters to his son are letters to a child, bidding him mind his book and his grandmother. I had already been told, Sir, what you tell me of Marchmont Needham.

Matthew Clifford I have altered to *Martin*, as you prescribe; the blunder was my own, as well as a more considerable one, that of Lord Sandwich's death — which was occasioned by my supposing, at first, that the translation of Barba[1] was made by the second earl, whose death I had marked in the list, and forgot to alter, after I had writ the account of the father. I shall take care to set this right, as the second volume is not yet begun to be printed.

Lord Halifax's maxims I have already marked down, as I shall Lord Dorset's share in Pompey.

The account of the Duke of Wharton's death I had from a very good hand — Captain Willoughby; who, in the convent where the duke died, saw a picture of him in the habit. If it was a Bernardine convent, the gentleman might confound them; but, considering that there is no life of the duke but bookseller's trash, it is much more likely that they mistook.

I have no doubts about Lord Belhaven's speeches; but unless I could verify their being published by himself, it were contrary to my rule to insert them.

If you look, Sir, into Lord Clarendon's account of Montrose's death, you will perceive that there is no probability of the book of his actions being composed by himself.

I will consult Sir James Ware's book on Lord Totness's translation; and I will mention the Earl of Cork's Memoirs.

Lord Lessington is the Earl of Monmouth, in whose article I have taken notice of his Romulus and Tarquin.

Lord Berkeley's book I have actually got, and shall give him an article.

[1] "The Art of Metals, in which is declared the manner of their generation." Albara Alonzo Barba was curate of St. Bernard's, in Potosi. This work, which contains a great deal of practical information on mining, has also been translated into German and French. The English editions are very scarce, and a republication might be desirable in this age of mining adventure.—C.

There is one more passage, Sir, in your letter, which I cannot answer, without putting you to new trouble — a liberty which all your indulgence cannot justify me in taking; else I would beg to know on what authority you attribute to Laurence Earl of Rochester[1] the famous preface to his father's history, which I have always heard ascribed to Atterbury, Smallridge, and Aldridge. The knowledge of this would be an additional favour; it would be a much greater, Sir, if coming this way, you would ever let me have the honour of seeing a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged.

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

SIR,

It were a disrespect to your order, of which I hope you think me incapable, not to return an immedate answer to the favour of your last, the engaging modesty of which would raise my esteem if I had not felt it before for you. I certainly do not retract my desire of being better acquainted with you, Sir, from the knowledge you are pleased to give me of yourself. Your profession is an introduction anywhere; but, before I learned that, you will do me the justice to observe, that your good sense and learning were to me sufficient recommendation; and though, in the common intercourse of the world, rank and birth have their proper distinctions, there is certainly no occasion for them between men whose studies and inclinations are the same. Indeed, I know nothing that gives me any pretence to think any gentleman my inferior: I am a very private person myself, and if I have anything to boast from my birth, it is from the good understanding, not from the nobility of my father. I must beg,

[1] Second son of the great Lord Clarendon. Mr. Walpole makes no mention of this preface, but Mr. Park seems to have entertained the same idea as Mr. Zouch, as he says, "His lordship merits honourable notice in the present work, as the conceived author of a preface to the first edition of his noble father's history, which abounds with dignified sentiment and filial reverence."—C.

therefore, that, in the future correspondence, which I hope we shall have, you will neither show me, nor think I expect, a respect to which I have no manner of title, and which I wish not for, unless it would enable me to be of service to gentlemen of merit, like yourself. I will say no more on this head, but to repeat, that if any occasion should draw you to this part of England, (as I shall be sorry if it is ill health that has carried you from home,) I flatter myself you will let me have the satisfaction and, for the last time of using so formal a word, the honour of seeing you.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by letting me know how I can convey my Catalogue to you. I ought, I know, to stay till I can send you a more correct edition; but, though the first volume is far advanced, the second may profit by your remarks. If you could send me the passage and the page in Wardus, relating to the Earl of Totness, it would much oblige me; for I have only the English edition, and as I am going a little journey for a week, cannot just now get the Latin.

You mention, Sir, Mr. Thoresby's museum: is it still preserved entire?

I would fain ask you another question, very foreign to anything I have been saying, but from your searches into antiquity, you may possibly, Sir, be able to explain what nobody whom I have consulted hitherto can unravel. At the end of the second part of the Cabala, p. 105, in the folio edition, is a letter from Henry VIII. to the Cardinal Cibo, dated from our palace, Mindas, 10th July 1527. In no map, topographical account, or book of antiquity, can I possibly find such house or place as Mindas.[1]

[1] See this corrected as a typographical mistake, *post*, p. 400.—C.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

It is not a thousand years since I wrote to you, is it? — nay, if it is, blame the King of Prussia, who has been firing away his time at Olmutz; blame Admiral Howe, who never said a word of having taken Cherbourg till yesterday. — Taken Cherbourg! — yes, he has — he landed within six miles of it on the 6th, saw some force, who only stayed to run away; attacked a fort, a magazine blew up, the Guards marched against a body of French, who again made fools of them, pretending to stand, and then ran away — and then, and then, why then we took Cherbourg. We pretended to destroy the works, and a basin that has just cost two millions. We have not lost twenty men. The City of London, I suppose, is drinking brave Admiral Howe's and brave Cherbourg's health; but I miss all these festivities by going into Warwickshire to-morrow to Lord Hertford. In short, Cherbourg comes very opportunely: we had begun to grow peevish at Louisbourg not being arrived, and there are some[1] people at least as peevish that Prince de Soubize has again walked into Hanover, after having demolished the Hessians. Prince Ferdinand, who a fortnight ago was as great a hero as if he had been born in Thames Street, is kept in check by Monsieur de Contades, and there are some little apprehensions that our Blues, &c. will not be able to join him. Cherbourg will set all to rights; the King of Prussia may fumble as much as he pleases, and though the French should not be frightened out of their senses at the loss of this town, we shall be fully persuaded they are, and not a gallon less of punch will be drunk from Westminster to Wapping.

I have received your two letters of July 1st and 7th, with the prices of Stosch's medals, and the history of the new pontificate. I will not meddle with the former, content with and thanking you much for those you send me; and for the case

[1] The King.

of liqueurs, which I don't intend to present myself with, but to pay you for.

You must, I think, take up with this scrap of a letter; consider it contains a conquest. If I wrote any longer, before I could finish my letter, perhaps I should hear that our fleet was come back again, and, though I should be glad they were returned safely, it diminishes the lustre of a victory to have a tame conclusion to it — without that, you are left at liberty to indulge vision — Cherbourg is in France, Havre and St. Maloes may catch the panic, Calais may be surprised, that may be followed by a battle which we may gain; it is but a march of a few days to Paris, the King flies to his good allies the Dutch for safety, Prince Edward takes possession of the Bastile in his brother's name, to whom the King, content with England and Hanover — alas! I had forgot that he has just lost the latter. — Good night!

Sunday morning.

Mr. Conway, who is just come in to carry me away, brings an account of an important advantage gained by a detachment of six battalions of Hanoverians, who have demolished fourteen of the French, and thereby secured the magazines and a junction with the English.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1758.

After some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg[1] and Louisbourg[2] to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am willing to presume you do

[1] About the middle of this month General Blighe had landed with an army on the coast of France, near Cherbourg, destroyed the basin, harbour, and forts of that place, and reimbarked his troops without loss.

[2] Alluding to the surrender of Louisbourg and the whole island of Cape Breton on the coast of North America to General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen.

too; that is, myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you: first to the Vine, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is quite beautified and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange, that sweet house of my Lord Keeper's,[1] that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vandyke's sketch for part of that great work, that he was to have executed in the Banquetting-house. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a woman, who was evidently some princess of the White Rose.

I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne[2] has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house; where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute or Bentley touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the saloon with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the Eighths and Charles the Seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found and brought up to have repaired an incomparable picture of Van Helmont by Sir Peter Lely. —But now for recoveries — think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two Lords Conway,[3] secretaries of state. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the Second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full; all which, during the absence of the last and the minority of the present lord, were by the ignorance of a

[1] Lord Keeper Henley, in 1761 made lord chancellor, and in 1764 created Lord Northington.—E.

[2] Capability Browne. See vol. ii. p. 399.—E.

[3] Sir Edward Conway, secretary of state to James the First, created Baron Conway in 1624; and Edward Conway, his grandson, secretary of state in the reign of Charles the Second, in 1679, created Earl of Conway.—E.

steward consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber room, where, spread on the pavement, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking all together, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats; yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Gerrard, master of the Charter-house; all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are handwritings of everybody, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamations of Charles the First, signed by the privy council; a letter to King James from his son-in-law of Bohemia, with his seal; and many, very many letters of negociation from the Earl of Bristol in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton, Lord Chichester, and Sir Thomas Roe. — What say you? will not here be food for the *press*?

I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield. You see I continue to labour in my vocation, of which I can give you a comical instance:—I remembered a rose in painted glass in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago; told Mr. Conway on which hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester of Sir Fulke Greville's father and mother, and a wretched old house with a very handsome gateway of stone at Colton, belonging to Sir Robert Throckmorton. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass.—You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward,[1] a learned clergyman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw

[1] The Rev. Thomas Seward, canon residentiary of Lichfield, and father of Ann Seward the poetess.—E.

me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk into dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind. Adieu!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[1]

Arlington Street, August 22, 1758.

By my ramble into Warwickshire I am so behind hand in politics, that I don't know where to begin to tell you any news, and which by this time would not be news to you. My table is covered with gazettes, victories and defeats which have come in such a lump, that I am not quite sure whether it is Prince Ferdinand or Prince Boscawen that has taken Louisbourg, nor whether it is the late Lord Howe or the present that is killed at Cherbourg. I am returning to Strawberry, and shall make Mr. Müntz's German and military *sang-froid* set the map in my head to rights.

I saw my Lord Lyttelton and Miller at Ragley; the latter put me out of all patience. As he has heard me talked of lately, he thought it not below him to consult me on ornaments for my lord's house. I, who know nothing but what I have purloined from Mr. Bentley and you, and who have not forgot how little they tasted your real taste and charming plan, was rather lost.—To my comfort, I have seen the plan of

[1] Now first printed.

their hall; it is stolen from Houghton, and mangled frightfully: and *both* their eating-room and salon are to be stucco, with pictures.

I have not time or paper to give you a full account of a vast treasure that I have discovered at Lord Hertford's, and brought away with me. If I were but *so lucky* as to be thirty years older, I might have been much luckier. In short, I have got the remains of vast quantities of letters and state papers of the two Lords Conway, secretaries of state — forty times as many have been using for the oven and the house, by sentence of a steward during my lord's minority. Most of what I have got are gnawed by rats, rotten, or not worth a straw; and yet I shall save some volumes of what is very curious and valuable — three letters of Mr. Gerrard, of the Charter-house, some of Lord Strafford, and two of old Lennox, the Duchess, &c. &c. In short, if I can but continue to live thirty years extraordinary, in lieu of those I have missed, I shall be able to give to the world some treasures from the press at Strawberry. Do tell me a little of your motions, and good night.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24, 1758.

You must go into laurels, you must go into mourning. Our expedition has taken Cherbourg shamefully — I mean the French lost it shamefully, and then stood looking on while we destroyed all their works, particularly a basin that had cost vast sums. But, to balance their awkwardness with ours, it proved to be an open place, which we might have taken when we were before it a month ago. The fleet is now off Portland, expecting orders for landing or proceeding. Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball, and told them he was too young to know what was good-breeding in France, therefore he would behave as he should if meaning to please in England — and kissed them all. Our next and greatest triumph is the taking of Cape Breton, the account of which came on Friday. The French have not improved like their wines by

crossing the sea; but lost their spirit at Louisbourg as much as on their own coast. The success, especially in the destruction of their fleet, is very great: the triumphs not at all disproportioned to the conquest, of which you will see all the particulars in the Gazette. Now for the chapter of cypresses. The attempt on Crown-point has failed; Lord Howe[1] was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterwards by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at Ticonderoga. There is a Gazette, too, with all the history of this. My hope is that Cape Breton may buy us Minorca and a peace. I have great satisfaction in Captain Hervey's gallantry; not only he is my friend, but I have the greatest regard for and obligations to my Lady Hervey; he is her favourite son and she is particularly happy.

Mr. Wills is arrived and has sent me the medals, for which I give you a million of thanks; the scarce ones are not only valuable for the curiosity of them, but for their preservation. I laughed heartily at the Duke of Argyll, and am particularly pleased with the *Jesus Rex noster*.[2]

Chevert, the best and most sensible of the French officers, has been beat by a much smaller number under the command of Imhoff, who, I am told, would be very stupid, if a *German* could be so.—I think they hope a little still for Hanover, from this success. Of the King of Prussia — not a word.

My Lady Bath has had a paralytic stroke, which drew her mouth aside and took away her speech.— I never heard a greater instance of cool sense; she made signs for a pen and

[1] General George Augustus, third Viscount Howe. He was succeeded in the title by his brother Richard, the celebrated admiral. Mr. George Grenville, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 28th, pays the following tribute to his memory:—"I admired his virtuous, gallant character, and lament his loss accordingly: I cannot help thinking it peculiarly unfortunate for his country and his friends, that he should fall in the first action of this war, before his spirit and his example, and the success and glory which, in all human probability, would have attended them, had produced their full effect on our own troops, and those of the enemy." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 339.—E.

[2] Inscription on a silver coin of the republic of Florence, who declared Jesus Christ their King, to prevent the usurpation of Pope Clement VII.

ink, and wrote *Palsy*. They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered.

As I wrote to you but a minute ago, I boldly conclude this already. Adieu!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 2, 1758.

It is well I have got something to pay you for the best letter that ever was! A vast victory, I own, does not entertain me so much as a good letter; but you are bound to like anything military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Russians a better *bon-mot* than any you sent me. Should you think it clever if the King of Prussia has beaten them? How much cleverer if he has taken three lieutenant-generals and an hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer still, if he has left fifteen thousand Muscovites dead on the spot?[1] Does the loss of *only* three thousand of his own men take off from or sharpen the sting of this joke? In short, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion Hill this morning affirms. The city, I suppose, expect that his Majesty will now be at leisure to step to Ticonderoga and repair our mishap.[2] But I shall talk no more politics: if this finds you at Chatworth, as I suppose it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady Mary Coke arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning; how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the proposal you have made me? Am not I already in love with "the youngest, handsomest, and wittiest widow in England?" As *Herculean a labourer* as I am, as Tom Hervey says, I don't choose another. I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, which, either by the fault of their servants, or of the waggoner, is not yet arrived.

[1] The defeat of the Russians at Zorndorf.
[2] The repulse of General Abercrombie at Ticonderago.

I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it, that, when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate.* Good night!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1758.

Well! the King of Prussia is found again — where do you think? only in Poland, up to the chin in Russians! Was ever such a man! He was riding home from Olmutz; they ran and told him of an army of Muscovites,[1] as you would of a covey of partridges; he galloped thither, and shot them. But what news I am telling you! — I forgot that all ours comes by water-carriage, and that you must know everything a fortnight before us. It is incredible how popular he is here; except a few, who take him for the same person with Mr. Pitt, the lowest of the people are perfectly acquainted with him: as I was walking by the river the other night, a bargeman asked me for something to drink the King of Prussia's health. Yet Mr. Pitt specifies his own glory as much as he can: the standards taken at Louisbourg have been carried to St. Paul's with much parade; and this week, after bringing it by *land* from Portsmouth, they have dragged the cannon of Cherbourg into Hyde Park, on pretence of diverting a man,[2] at whom, in former days, I believe, Mr. Pitt has laughed for loving such rattles as drums and trumpets. Our expedition, since breaking a basin at Cherbourg, has done nothing, but are dodging about still. Prince Edward gave one hundred guineas to the poor of Cherbourg, and the General and Admiral twenty-five a-piece. I love charity, but sure this is excess of it, to lay out thousands, and venture so many lives, for the opportunity of giving a Christmas-box to your enemies! Instead of beacons, I suppose, the coast of France

[1] This was the battle of Zorndorf, fought on the 25th of August 1758, and gained by the King of Prussia over the Russians, commanded by Count Fermor.—D.

[2] The King.

will be hung with pewter-pots with a slit in them, as prisons are, to receive our alms.

Don't trouble yourself about the Pope: I am content to find that he will by no means eclipse my friend. You please me with telling me of a collection of medals bought for the Prince of Wales. I hope it is his own taste; if it is only thought right that he should have it, I am glad.

I am again got into the hands of builders, though this time to a very small extent; only the addition of a little cloister and bedchamber. A day may come that will produce a gallery, a round tower, a larger cloister, and a cabinet, in the manner of a little chapel: but I am too poor for these ambitious designs yet, and I have so many ways of dispersing my money, that I don't know when I shall be richer. However, I amuse myself infinitely; besides my printing-house, which is constantly at work, besides such a treasure of taste and drawing as my friend Mr. Bentley, I have a painter in the house, who is an engraver too, a mechanic, an everything. He was a Swiss engineer in the French service; but his regiment being broken at the peace, Mr. Bentley found him in the isle of Jersey and fixed him with me. He has an astonishing genius for landscape, and added to that, all the industry and patience of a German. We are just now practising, and have succeeded surprisingly in a new method of painting, discovered at Paris by Count Caylus, and intended to be the encaustic method of the ancients. My Swiss has painted, I am writing the account,[1] and my press is to notify our improvements. As you will know that way, I will not tell you here at large. In short, to finish all the works I have in hand, and all the schemes I have in my head, I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more. What pleasure it would give me to see you here for a moment! I should think I saw you and your dear brother at once! Can't you form some violent secret expedition against Corsica or Port-Mahon, which may make it necessary for you to come and settle here? Are we to correspond till we meet

[1] Müntz left Mr. Walpole, and published another account himself.

in some unknown world? Alas! I fear so; my dear Sir, you are as little likely to save money as I am — would you could afford to resign your crown and be a subject at Strawberry Hill! Adieu!

P. S. I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter[1] is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than beauty. It is the second, Maria,[2] who is beauty itself! Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is, that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty. I must tell you too of their brother:[3] he was on the expedition to St. Maloes; a party of fifty men appearing on a hill, he was dispatched to reconnoitre with only eight men. Being stopped by a brook, he prepared to leap it; an old serjeant dissuaded him, from the inequality of the numbers. "Oh!" said the boy, "I will tell you what; our profession is bred up to so much regularity that any novelty terrifies them — with our light English horses we will leap the stream; and I'll be d——d if they don't run." He did so — and they did so. However, he was not content; but insisted that each of his party should carry back a prisoner before them. They had got eight, when they overtook an elderly man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, "they were English, the enemies of his King and country; that he hated them, and had rather be killed." My nephew hesitated a minute, and then said, "I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death, but very likely you fear a beating — if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you

[1] Laura, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married to Dr. Frederick Keppel, afterwards dean of Windsor and bishop of Exeter.

[2] Maria, second daughter, married first to James second Earl of Waldegrave, and afterwards to William Henry Duke of Gloucester, brother to King George the Third.

[3] Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole. He died young.

as long as they can stand over you." The fellow directly flung down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough sent my brother word of this, adding, it was the only clever action in their whole exploit. Indeed I am pleased with it; for besides his spirit, I don't see, with this thought and presence of mind, why he should not make a general. I return to one little word of the King of Prussia — shall I tell you? I fear all this time he is only fattening himself with glory for Marshal Daun, who will demolish him at last, and then, for such service, be shut up in some fortress or in the inquisition — for it is impossible but the house of Austria must indemnify themselves for so many mortifications by some horrid ingratitude!

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 14, 1758.

SIR,

THOUGH the approaching edition of my Catalogue is so far advanced that little part is left now for any alteration, yet as a book of that kind is always likely to be reprinted from the new persons who grow entitled to a place in it, and as long as it is in my power I shall wish to correct and improve it, I must again thank you, Sir, for the additional trouble you have given yourself. The very first article strikes me much. May I ask where, and in what page of what book, I can find Sir R. Cotton's account of Richard II.[1] being an author: does not he mean Richard I.?

The Basilicon Doron is published in the folio of K. James's works, and contains instructions to his son, Prince Henry. In return, I will ask you where you find those verses of Herbert; and I would also ask you, how you have had time to find and know so much?

[1] Mr. Walpole takes no notice of Richard II. as an author; but Mr. Park inserts this prince as a writer of ballads. In a letter to Archbishop Usher, Sir Robert Cotton requests his grace to procure for him a poem by Richard II, which that prelate had pointed out.—C.

Lord Leicester, and much less the Duke of Monmouth, will scarce, I fear, come under the description I have laid down to myself of authors. I doubt the first did not compose his own Apology.

Did the Earl of Bath publish, or only design to publish, Dionysius?[1] Shall I find the account in Usher's Letters? Since you are so very kind, Sir, as to favour me with your assistance, shall I beg, Sir, to prevent my repeating trouble to you, just to mark at any time where you find the notices you impart to me; for, though the want of a citation is the effect of my ignorance, it has the same consequence to you.

I have not the Philosophical Transactions, but I will hereafter examine them on the hints you mention, particularly for Lord Brounker,[2] who I did not know had written, though I have often thought it probable he did. As I have considered Lord Berkeley's Love-Letters, I have no doubt but they are a fiction, though grounded on a real story.

That Lord Falkland was a writer of controversy appears by the list of his works, and that he is said to have assisted Chillingworth: that he wrote against Chillingworth, you see, Sir, depends upon very vague authority; that is, upon the assertion of an anonymous person, who wrote so above a hundred years ago.

James Earl of Marlborough is entirely a new author to me — at present, too late. Lord Raymond I had inserted, and he will appear in the next edition.

I have been as unlucky, for the present, about Lord Totness. In a collection published in Ireland, called Hibernica, I found, but too late, that he translated another very curious piece, relating to Richard II. However, Sir, with these, and the very valuable helps I have received from you, I shall be able, at a proper time, to enrich another edition much.

[1] Spelman's is the only English translation of the antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, known to be printed.—C.

[2] He wrote several papers in the Philosophical Transactions, and also translated Descartes' Musicæ Compendium.—C.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, Sept. 19, 1758.

I HAVE all my life laughed at ministers in my letters; but at least with the decency of obliging them to break open the seal. You have more noble frankness, and send your satires to the post with not so much as a wafer, as my Lord Bath did sometimes in my father's administration. I scarce laughed more at the inside of your letter than at the cover — not a single button to the waistband of its breeches, but all its nakedness fairly laid open! what was worse, all Lady Mary Coke's nakedness was laid open at the same time. Is this your way of treating a dainty widow? What will Mr. Pitt think of all this? will he begin to believe that you have some spirit, when, with no fear of Dr. Shebbeare's example[2] before your eyes, you speak your mind so freely, without any modification? As Mr. Pitt may be cooled a little to his senses, perhaps he may *now* find out, that a grain of prudence is no bad ingredient in a mass of courage; in short, he and the mob are at last undeceived, and have found, by sad experience, that all the cannon of France has not been brought into Hyde Park. An account, which you will see in the Gazette, (though a little better disguised than your letters,) is come, that after our troops had been set on shore, and left there, till my Lord Howe went somewhere else and cried Hoop! having nothing else to do for four days to amuse themselves, nor knowing whether there was a town within a hundred miles, went staring about the country to see whether there were any Frenchmen left in France; which Mr. Pitt, in very fine words, had assured them there was not, and which my Lord Howe, in very fine silence, had confirmed. However, somehow or other, (Mr. Deputy Hodges says they were not French, but Papists sent from Vienna to assist the King of

[1] Now first printed.

[2] Dr. Shebbeare had just before been sentenced to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory, for his Sixth Letter to the People of England. The under-sheriff, however, allowed him to stand *on*, instead of *in*, the pillory; for which lenity he was prosecuted.—E.

France,) twelve battalions fell upon our rear-guard, and, which General Blighe says is "very common," (I suppose he means that rashness and folly should run itself into a scrape,)—were all cut to pieces or taken. The town says, Prince Edward (Duke of York) ran hard to save himself; I don't mean too fast, but scarcely fast enough; and the General says, that Lord Frederick Cavendish, your friend, is safe; the thing he seems to have thought of most, except a little vain parade of his own self-denial on his nephew. I shall not be at all surprised if, to show he was not in the wrong, Mr. Pitt should get ready another expedition by the depth of winter, and send it in search of the cannon and colours of these twelve battalions. Pray Heaven your letter don't put it in his head to give you the command! It is *not* true, that he made the King ride upon one of the cannons to the Tower.

I was really touched with my Lady Howe's advertisement,[1] though I own at first it made me laugh; for seeing an address to the voters for Nottingham signed "Charlotte Howe," I concluded (they are so manly a family) that Mrs. Howe,[2] who rides a fox-chase, and dines at the *table d'hôte* at Grantham, intended to stand for member of Parliament.

Sir John Armitage died on board a ship before the landing; Lady Hardwicke's nephew, Mr. Cocks, scarce recovered of his Cherbourg wound, is killed. He had seven thousand pounds a year, and was a volunteer. I don't believe his uncle and aunt advised his venturing so much money.

My Lady Burlington is very ill, and the distemper shows itself oddly; she breaks out all over in — curses and blasphemies. Her maids are afraid of catching them, and will hardly venture into her room.

[1] On the news of the death of Lord Howe reaching the dowager Lady Howe, she addressed the gentry, clergy, and freeholders of Nottingham, whom the deceased had represented in Parliament, in favour of his next younger brother, Colonel Howe, to supply his place in the House of Commons. "Permit me," she says, "to implore the protection of every one of you, as the mother of him whose life has been lost in the service of his country." The appeal was responded to, and Colonel, afterwards General Sir William Howe, was returned.—E.

[2] The Hon. Caroline Howe, daughter of the above-mentioned lady, who married her namesake, John Howe, Esq. of Hemslop.—E.

On reading over your letter again, I begin to think that the connection between Mr. Pitt and my dainty widow is stronger than I imagined. One of them must have caught of the other that noble contempt which makes a thing's being impossible not signify. It sounds very well in sensible mouths; but how terrible to be the chambermaid or the army of such people! I really am in a panic, and having some mortal impossibilities about me which a dainty widow might not allow to signify, I will balance a little between her and my Lady Carlisle, who, I believe, knows that impossibilities do signify. These were some of my reflections on reading your letter again; another was, that I am now convinced you sent your letter open to the post on purpose; you knew it was so good a letter, that everybody ought to see it—and yet you would pass for a modest man!

I am glad I am not in favour enough to be consulted by *my Lord Duchess*[1] on the Gothic farm; she would have given me so many fine and unintelligible reasons why it should not be as it should be, that I should have lost a little of my patience. You don't tell me if the goose-board in hornbean is quite finished; and have you forgot that I actually was in t'other goose-board, the conjuring room?

I wish you joy on your preferment in the militia, though I do not think it quite so safe an employment as it used to be. If George Townshend's *disinterested* virtue should grow impatient for a regiment, he will persuade Mr. Pitt that the militia are the only troops in the world for taking Rochfort. Such a scheme would answer all his purposes; would advance his own interest, contradict the Duke's opinion, who holds militia cheap, and by the ridiculousness of the attempt would furnish very good subjects to his talent of buffoonery in black-lead.

The King of Prussia you may believe is in Petersburg, but he happens to be in Dresden. Good night! Mine and Sir Harry Hemlock's services to my Lady Ailesbury.

[1] The Duchess of Norfolk. She had planted a game of the goose in hornbean, at Worksop.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1758.

The confusion of the first accounts and the unwelcomeness of the subject, made me not impatient to dispatch another letter so quickly after my last. However, as I suppose the French relations will be magnified, it is proper to let you know the exact truth. Not being content with doing nothing at St. Maloes, and with being suffered to do all we could at Cherbourg, (no great matter,) our land and sea heroes, Mr. Pitt and Lord Howe, projected a third — I don't know what to call it. It seems they designed to take St. Maloes, but being disappointed by the weather, they — what do you think? landed fifteen miles from it, with no object nor near any — and lest that should not be absurd enough, the fleet sailed away for another bay, leaving the army with only two cannons, to scramble to them across the country as they could. *Nine* days they were staring about France; at last they had notice of twelve battalions approaching, on which they stayed a little before they hurried to the transports. The French followed them at a distance, firing from the upper grounds. When the greatest part were reimbarked, the French descended and fell on the rear, on which it was necessary to sacrifice the Guards to secure the rest. Those brave young men did wonders — that is, they were cut to pieces with great intrepidity. We lost General Dury and ten other officers; Lord Frederick Cavendish with twenty-three others were taken prisoners. In all we have lost seven hundred men, but more shamefully for the projectors and conductors than can be imagined, for no shadow of an excuse can be offered for leaving them so exposed with no purpose or possible advantage, in the heart of an enemy's country. What heightens the distress, the army sailed from Weymouth with a full persuasion that they were to be sacrificed to the vain-glorious whims of a man of words[1] and a man[2] of none!

[1] Mr. Pitt.—D.

[2] The two brothers, successively Lords Howe, were remarkably silent.

Three expeditions we have sent,
And if you bid me show where,
I know as well as those who went,
To St. Malo, Cherbourg, nowhere.

Those, whose trade or amusement is politics, may comfort themselves with their darling Prussian; he has strode back over 20 or 30,000 Russians,[1] and stepped into Dresden. They even say that Daun is retired. For my part, it is to inform *you*, that I dwell at all on these things. I am shocked with the iniquities I see and have seen. I abhor their dealings,

And from my soul sincerely hate
Both Kings and Ministers of State!

I don't know whether I can attain any goodness by shunning them, I am sure their society is contagious. Yet I will never advertise my detestation, for if I professed virtue, I should expect to be suspected of designing to be a minister. Adieu! you are good, and will keep yourself so.

Sept. 25th.

I had sealed my letter, but as it cannot go away till to-morrow, I open it again on receiving yours of Sept. 9th. I don't understand Marshal Botta's being so well satisfied with our taking Louisbourg. Are the Austrians disgusted with the French? Do they begin to repent their alliance? or has he so much sense as to know what improper allies they have got? It is very right in *you* who are a minister, to combat hostile ministers—had I been at Florence, I should not have so much contested the authority of the Abbé de Ville's performance: I have no more doubt of the convention of Closter-Severn having been scandalously broken, than it was shamelessly disavowed by those who *commanded* it.

In our loss are included some of our volunteers; a Sir John Armitage, a young man of fortune, just come much into the world, and engaged to the sister[2] of the hot-headed and

[1] The battle of Zorndorf.—D.

[2] Mary, their youngest sister, was afterwards married to General Pitt brother of George Lord Rivers.

cool-tongued Lords Howe; a Mr. Cocks, nephew of Lady Hardwicke, who could not content himself with seven thousand pounds a-year, without the addition of an ensign's commission: he was not quite recovered of a wound he had got at Cherbourg. The royal volunteer, Prince Edward, behaved with much spirit. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 3, 1758.

HAVING no news to send you, but the massacre of St. Cas,[1] not agreeable enough for a letter, I stayed till I had something to send you, and behold a book! I have delivered to portly old Richard, your ancient nurse, the new produce of the Strawberry press. You know that the wife of Bath is gone to maunder at St. Peter, and before he could hobble to the gate, my Lady Burlington, cursing and blaspheming, overtook t'other Countess, and both together made such an uproar, that the cock flew up into the tree of life for safety, and St. Peter himself turned the key and hid himself; and as nobody could get into t'other world, half the Guards are come back again, and appeared in the park to-day, but such dismal ghostly figures, that my Lady Townshend was really frightened, and is again likely to turn Methodist.

Do you design, or do you not, to look at Strawberry as you come to town? if you do, I will send a card to my neighbour, Mrs. Holman, to meet you any day five weeks that you please — or I can amuse you without cards; such fat bits of your *dear dad*, old Jemmy, as I have found among the Conway papers, such morsels of all sorts! but come and see. Adieu!

[1] The army, that took the town of Cherbourg, landed again on the coast of France near St. Maloes, but was forced to reimbark in the Bay of St. Cas with the loss of a thousand men.

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Strawberry Hill, October 5th, 1758.

SIR,

You make so many apologies for conferring great favours on me, that if you have not a care, I shall find it more convenient to believe that, instead of being grateful, I shall be very good if I am forgiving. If I am impertinent enough to take up this style, at least I promise you I will be very good, and I will certainly *pardon* as many obligations as you shall please to lay on me.

I have that Life of Richard II. It is a poor thing, and not even called in the title-page Lord Holles's; it is a still lower trick of booksellers to insert names of authors in a catalogue, which, with all their confidence, they do not venture to bestow on the books themselves; I have found several instances of this.

Lord Preston's Boetius I have. From Scotland, I have received a large account of Lord Cromerty, which will appear in my next edition: as my copy is in the press, I do not exactly remember if there is the Tract on Precedency: he wrote a great number of things, and was held in great contempt living and dead.[1]

I have long sought, and wished to find, some piece of Duke Humphrey:[2] he was a great patron of learning, built the

[1] We can hardly account for this expression, unless Mr. Walpole alludes to Lord Cromerty's political reputation. Macky states, that "his arbitrary proceedings had rendered him so obnoxious to the people, he could not be employed;" and, certainly, his character for consistency and integrity was not very exalted: but almost all cotemporary writers describe him as a man of great weight and of singular endowments; and Walpole himself, in his subsequent editions, calls him "a person eminent for his learning, and for his abilities as a statesman and general." —C.

[2] That Duke Humphrey had at least a relish for learning, may be inferred from the following passage. At the close of a fine manuscript in the Cotton collection (*Nero*. E. v.) is "Origo et processus gentis Scotorum, ac de superioritate Regum Angliæ super regnum illud." It once belonged to Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and has this sentence in his own handwriting at the end, "Cest livre est a moy Homfrey Duc de Gloucestre, lequel j'achetay des executeurs de maistre Thomas Polton, feu evesque de Wurcestre." Bishop Polton died in 1436.—C.

schools, I think, and gave a library to Oxford. Yet, I fear, I may not take the authority of Pits, who is a wretched liar; nor is it at all credible that in so blind an age a Prince, who, with all his love of learning, I fear, had very little of either learning or parts, should write on Astronomy; — had it been on Astrology, it might have staggered me.

My omission of Lord Halifax's maxims was a very careless one, and has been rectified. I did examine the Musæ Anglicanæ, and I think found a copy or two, and at first fancied I had found more, till I came to examine narrowly. In the Joys and Griefs of Oxford and Cambridge, are certainly many noble copies; but you judge very right, Sir — they are not to be mentioned, no more than exercises at school, where, somehow or other, every peer has been a poet. To my shame, you are still more in the right about the Duke of Buckingham: if you will give me leave, instead of thinking that he wrote, hoping to be mistaken for his predecessor, I will believe that he hoped so after he had written.

You are again in the right, Sir, about Lord Abercorn, as the present lord himself informed me. I don't know Lord Godolphin's verses: at most, by your account, he should be in the Appendix; but if they are only signed Sidney Godolphin, they may belong to his uncle, who, if I remember rightly, was one of the troop of verse-writers of that time.

You have quite persuaded me of the mistake in Mindas; till you mentioned it, I had forgot that they wrote Windsor "Windesore," and then by abbreviation the mistake was easy.

The account of Lord Clarendon is printed off; I do mention as printed his account of Ireland, though I knew nothing of Borlase. *Apropos*, Sir, are you not glad to see that the second part of his history is actually advertised to come out soon after Christmas?[1]

Lord Nottingham's letter I shall certainly mention.

I yesterday sent to Mr. Whiston a little piece that I have just mentioned here, and desired him to convey it to you; you must not expect a great deal from it: yet it belongs so much

[1] The second part of Lord Clarendon's history was printed in folio, in 1760, and also in three volumes octavo.—C.

to my Catalogue, that I thought it a duty to publish it. A better return to some of your civilities is to inform you of Dr. Jortin's Life of Erasmus, with which I am much entertained. There are numberless anecdotes of men thought great in their day, now so much forgotten, that it grows valuable again to hear about them. The book is written with great moderation and goodness of heart; the style is not very striking, and has some vulgarisms, and in a work of that bulk I should rather have taken more pains to digest and connect it into a flowing narrative, than dryly give it as a diary: yet I dare promise it will amuse you much.

With your curiosity, Sir, and love of information, I am sure you will be glad to hear of a most valuable treasure that I have discovered; it is the collection of state papers[1] amassed by the two Lords Conway, that were secretaries of state, and their family: vast numbers have been destroyed; yet I came time enough to retrieve vast numbers, many, indeed, in a deplorable condition. They were buried under lumber upon the pavement of an unfinished chapel, at Lord Hertford's in Warwickshire, and during his minority, and the absence of his father, an ignorant steward delivered them over to the oven and kitchen, and yet had not been able to destroy them all. It is a vast work to dry, range, and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds, and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and were all jumbled and matted together. I propose, by degrees, to print the most curious; of which, I think, I have already selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my Catalogue. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice.

[1] The increased and increasing taste of the public for the materials of history, such as these valuable papers supply, will, we have reason to hope, be gratified by the approaching appearance of this collection, publication of which was, we see, contemplated even as long since as 1758. —C.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.

Your ladyship, I hope, will not think that such a strange thing as my own picture seems of consequence enough to me to write a letter about it: but obeying your commands does seem so; and lest you should return and think I had neglected it, I must say that I have come to town three several times on purpose, but Mr. Ramsay (I will forgive him) has been constantly out of town.—So much for that.

I would have sent you word that the King of Portugal coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot slipped, and three balls went through his body; which, however, had no other consequence than giving him a stroke of a palsy, of which he is quite recovered, except being dead.[1] Some, indeed, are so malicious as to say, that the Jesuits, who are the most conscientious men in the world, murdered him, because he had an intrigue with another man's wife: but all these histories I supposed your ladyship knew better than me, as, till I came to town yesterday, I imagined you was returned. For my own part, about whom you are sometimes so good as to interest yourself, I am as well as can be expected after the murder of a king, and the death of a person of the next consequence to a king, the master of the ceremonies, poor Sir Clement,[2] who is supposed to have been suffocated by my Lady Macclesfield's[3] kissing hands.

This will be a melancholy letter, for I have nothing to tell

[1] Alluding to the incoherent stories told at the time of the assassination of the King of Portugal. [The following is the correct account:—As the King was taking the air in his coach on the 3d September, attended by only one domestic, he was attacked in a solitary lane near Belem by three men, one of whom discharged his carbine at the coachman, and wounded him dangerously; the other two fired their blunderbusses at the King, loaded with pieces of iron, and wounded him in the face and several parts of his body, but chiefly in the right arm, which disabled him for a long time.]

[2] Sir Clement Cotterel.

[3] She had been a common woman.

your ladyship but tragical stories. Poor Dr. Shawe[1] being sent for in great haste to Claremont — (it seems the Duchess had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whisker getting up her nose and making her sneeze) — the poor Doctor, I say, having eaten a few mushrooms before he set out, was taken so ill, that he was forced to stop at Kingston; and, being carried to the first apothecary's, prescribed a medicine for himself which immediately cured him. This catastrophe so alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, that he immediately ordered all the mushroom beds to be destroyed, and even the toadstools in the park did not escape scalping in this general massacre. What I tell you is literally true. Mr. Stanley, who dined there last Sunday, and is not partial against that court, heard the edict repeated, and confirmed it to me last night. And a voice of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, *Chloe*[2] weeping for *her* mushrooms, and they are not!

After all these important histories, I would try to make you smile, if I was not afraid you would resent a little freedom taken with a great name.—May I venture?

> Why Taylor the quack calls himself *Chevalier*,
> 'Tis not easy a reason to render;
> Unless blinding eyes, that he thinks to make clear,
> Demonstrates he 's but a *Pretender*.

A book has been left at your ladyship's house; it is Lord Whitworth's Account of Russia.[3] Monsieur Kniphausen has promised me some curious anecdotes of the Czarina Catherine — so my shop is likely to flourish. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

[1] Physician to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle.

[2] The Duke of Newcastle's cook.

[3] A small octavo printed at the Strawberry Hill press, to which Walpole prefixed a preface. Charles Whitworth, in 1720, created Baron Whitworth of Galway, was ambassador at the court of Petersburgh in the reign of Peter the Great. On his death, in 1725, the title became extinct.—E.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.

I HAVE read your letter, as you may believe, with the strictest attention, and will tell you my thoughts as sincerely as you do and have a right to expect them.

In the first place, I think you far from being under any obligation for this notice. If Mr. Pitt is sensible that he has used you very ill, is it the part of an honest man to require new submissions, new supplications from the person he has injured? If he thinks you proper to command, as one must suppose by this information, is it patriotism that forbids him to employ an able officer, unless that officer sues to be employed? Does patriotism bid him send out a man that has had a stroke of a palsy, preferable to a young man of vigour and capacity, only because the latter has made no application within these two months?—But as easily as I am inclined to believe that your merit makes its way even through the cloud of Mr. Pitt's proud prejudices, yet I own in the present case I question it. I can see two reasons why he should wish to entice you to this application: the first is, the clamour against his giving all commands to young or improper officers is extreme; Holmes, appointed admiral of the blue but six weeks ago, has writ a warm letter on the chapter of subaltern commanders: the second, and possibly connected in his mind with the former, may be this; he would like to refuse you, and then say, you had asked when it was too late; and at the same time would have to say, that he would have employed you if you had asked sooner. This leads me to the point of time: Hobson is not only appointed,[2] but Haldane, though going governor to Jamaica, is made a brigadier and joined to him, — Colonel Barrington set out to Portsmouth last night. All these reasons, I think, make it very improper for you to ask this command now. You have done more than enough to satisfy your honour, and will certainly have opportunities again

[1] Now first printed.

[2] To the command of an expedition against Martinique.—E.

of repeating offers of your service. But though it may be right to ask in general to serve, I question much if it is advisable to petition for particulars, any failure in which would be charged entirely on you. I should wish to have you vindicated by the rashness of Mr. Pitt and the miscarriages of others, as I think they hurry to make you be; but while he bestows only impracticable commands, knowing that, if there is blood enough shed, the city of London will be content even with disappointments, I hope you will not be sacrificed either to the mob or the minister. And this leads me to the article of the expedition itself. Martinico is the general notion; a place the strongest in the world, with a garrison of ten thousand men. Others now talk of Guadaloupe, almost as strong and of much less consequence. Of both, everybody that knows, despairs. It is almost impossible for *me* to find out the real destination. I avoid every one of the three factions — and though I might possibly learn the secret from the chief of one of them, if he knows it, yet I own I do not care to try; I don't think it fair to thrust myself into secrets with a man,[1] of whose ambition and views I do not think well, and whose purposes (in those lights) I have declined and will decline to serve. Besides, I have reason just now to think that he and his court are meditating some attempt which may throw us again into confusion; and I had rather not be told what I am sure I shall not approve: besides, I cannot ask secrets of this nature without hearing more with which I would not be trusted, and which, if divulged, would be imputed to me. I know you will excuse me for these reasons, especially as you know how much I would do to serve you, and would even in this case, if I was not convinced that it is too late for you to apply; and being too late, they would be glad to say you had asked too late. Besides, if any information could be got from the channel at which I have hinted, the Duke of Richmond could get it better than I; and the Duke of Devonshire could give it you without.

I can have no opinion of the expedition itself, which certainly started from the disappointment at St. Cas, if it can

[1] Mr. Fox.

be called a disappointment where there was no object. I have still more doubts on Lord Milton's authority; Clarke[1] was talked to by the Princess yesterday much more than anybody in the room. Cunningham is made quartermaster-general to this equipment; these things don't look as if *your interest* was increased. As Lord George has sent over his commands for Cunningham, might not his art at the same time have suggested some application to you — tell me, do you think he would ask this command for himself? I, who am not of so honest and sincere a nature as you are, suspect that this hint is sent to you with some bad view—I don't mean on Lord Milton's part, who I dare say is deceived by his readiness to serve you; and since you do me the honour of letting me at all judge for you, which in one only light I think I am fit to do, I mean, as your spirit naturally makes you overlook everything to get employed, I would wish you to answer to Lord Milton, "that you should desire of all things to have had this command, but that having been discouraged from asking what you could not flatter yourself would be granted, it would look, you think, a vain offer, to sue for what is now given away, and would not be consistent with your honour to ask when it is too late." I hint this, as such an answer would turn their arts on themselves, if, as I believe, they mean to refuse you, and to reproach you with asking too late.

If the time is come for Mr. Pitt to want you, you will not long be unemployed; if it is not, then you would get nothing by asking. Consider, too, how much more graceful a reparation of your honour it will be, to have them forced to recall you, than to force yourself on desperate service, as if you yourself, not they, had injured your reputation.

I can say nothing now on any other chapter, this has so much engrossed all my thoughts. I see no one reason upon earth for your asking *now*. If you ever should *ask* again, you

[1] Lord Bute says, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 8th of September, "With regard to Clarke, I know him well: he must be joined to a general in whom he has confidence, or not thought of. Never was man so cut out for bold and hardy enterprises; but the person who commands him must think in the same way of him, or the affair of Rochfort will return." Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 350.—E.

will not want opportunities; and the next time you ask, will have just the same merit that this could have, and by asking in time, would be liable to none of the objections of that sort which I have mentioned. Adieu! *Timeo* Lord George *et dona.*

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21st, 1758.

SIR,

EVERY letter I receive from you is a new obligation, bringing me new information; but, sure, my Catalogue was not worthy of giving you so much trouble. Lord Fortescue is quite new to me; I have sent him to the press. Lord Dorset's poem it will be unnecessary to mention separately, as I have already said that his works are to be found among those of the minor poets.

I don't wonder, Sir, that you prefer Lord Clarendon to Polybius; nor can two authors well be more unlike: the *former*[1] wrote a general history in a most obscure and almost unintelligible style; the *latter*, a portion of private history, in the noblest style in the world. Whoever made the comparison, I will do them the justice to believe that they understood bad Greek better than their own language in its elevation. For Dr. Jortin's Erasmus, which I have very nearly finished, it has given me a good opinion of the author, and he has given me a very bad one of his subject. By the Doctor's labour and impartiality, Erasmus appears a begging parasite, who had parts enough to discover truth, and not courage enough to profess it: whose vanity made him always writing; yet his writings ought to have cured his vanity, as they were the most abject things in the world. *Good Erasmus's honest mean* was alternate time-serving. I never had thought much about him, and now heartily despise him.

When I speak my opinion to you, Sir, about what I dare

[1] It is evident that Mr. Walpole has here transposed, contrary to his meaning, the references to Lord Clarendon and Polybius: the *latter* wrote the *general* history, the *former* the portion of history.—C.

say you care as little for as I do, (for what is the merit of a mere man of letters?) it is but fit I should answer you as sincerely on a question about which you are so good as to interest yourself. That my father's life is likely to be written, I have no grounds for believing. I mean I know nobody that thinks of it. For myself, I certainly shall not, for many reasons, which you must have the patience to hear. A reason to me myself is, that I think too highly of him, and too meanly of myself, to presume I am equal to the task. They who do not agree with me in the former part of my position, will undoubtedly allow the latter part. In the next place, the very truths that I should relate would be so much imputed to partiality, that he would lose of his due praise by the suspicion of my prejudice. In the next place, I was born too late in his life to be acquainted with him in the active part of it. Then I was at school, at the university, abroad, and returned not till the last moments of his administration. What I know of him I could only learn from his own mouth in the last three years of his life; when, to my shame, I was so idle, and young, and thoughtless, that I by no means profited of his leisure as I might have done; and, indeed, I have too much impartiality in my nature to care, if I could, to give the world a history, collected solely from the person himself of whom I should write. With the utmost veneration for his truth, I can easily conceive, that a man who had lived a life of party, and who had undergone such persecution from party, should have had greater bias than he himself could be sensible of. The last, and that a reason which must be admitted, if all the others are not — his papers are lost. Between the confusion of his affairs, and the indifference of my elder brother to things of that sort, they were either lost, burnt, or what we rather think, were stolen by a favourite servant of my brother, who proved a great rogue, and was dismissed in my brother's life; and the papers were not discovered to be missing till after my brother's death. Thus, Sir, I should want vouchers for many things I could say of much importance. I have another personal reason that discourages me from attempting this task, or any other,

besides the great reluctance that I have to being a voluminous author. Though I am by no means the learned man you are so good as to call me in compliment; though, on the contrary, nothing can be more superficial than my knowledge, or more trifling than my reading, — yet, I have so much strained my eyes, that it is often painful to me to read even a newspaper by daylight. In short, Sir, having led a very dissipated life, in all the hurry of the world of pleasure, I scarce ever read, but by candlelight, after I have come home late at nights. As my eyes have never had the least inflammation or humour, I am assured I may still recover them by care and repose. I own I prefer my eyes to anything I could ever read, much more to anything I could write. However, after all I have said, perhaps I may now and then, by degrees, throw together some short anecdotes of my father's private life and particular story, and leave his public history to more proper and more able hands, if such will undertake it. Before I finish on this chapter, I can assure you he did forgive my Lord Bolingbroke[1] — his nature was forgiving: after all was over, and he had nothing to fear or disguise, I can say with truth, that there were not *three* men of whom he ever dropped a word with rancour. What I meant of the clergy not forgiving Lord Bolingbroke, alluded not to his doctrines, but to the direct attack and war he made on the whole body. And now, Sir, I will confess my own weakness to you. I do not think so highly of that writer, as I seem to do in my book; but I thought it would be imputed to prejudice in me, if I appeared to undervalue an author of whom so many persons of sense still think highly. My being Sir Robert Walpole's son warped me to praise, instead of censuring, Lord Bolingbroke. With regard to the Duke of Leeds, I think you have misconstrued the decency of my expression. I said, *Burnet had treated him severely;* that is, I chose that Burnet should say so, rather than myself. I

[1] This alludes to an epigrammatic passage in the article "Bolingbroke" in the Noble Authors. "He wrote against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; and against the clergy, who never will forgive him."—C.

have never praised where my heart condemned. Little attentions, perhaps, to worthy descendants, were excusable in a work of so extensive a nature, and that approached so near to these times. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity at one day or other of showing you some passages suppressed on these motives, which yet I do not intend to destroy.

Crew, Bishop of Durham, was as abject a tool as possible. I would be very certain he is an author before I should think him worth mentioning. If ever you should touch on Lord Willoughby's sermon, I should be obliged for a hint of it. I actually have a printed copy of verses by his son, on the marriage of the Princess Royal; but they are so ridiculously unlike measure, and the man was so mad and so poor,[1] that I determined not to mention them.

If these details, Sir, which I should have thought interesting to no mortal but myself, should happen to amuse you, I shall be glad; if they do not, you will learn not to question a man who thinks it his duty to satisfy the curiosity of men of sense and honour, and who, being of too little consequence to have secrets, is not ambitious of the less consequence of appearing to have any.

P. S. I must ask you one question, but to be answered entirely at your leisure. I have a play in rhyme called Saul, said to be written by a peer. I guess Lord Orrery. If ever you happen to find out, be so good to tell me.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1758.

I AM a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the bears that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written anything that meets your approbation, but if Lord Whit-

[1] This seems a singular reason for excluding him from a list of authors.—C.

worth's work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading; for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom, for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough. The next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, Ηρωων παιδες λωβοι, which Mr. Bentley translated with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done that set him the task — I mean his father, *the sons of heroes are loobies.* My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences — it has dipped me in erudite correspondences — I receive letters every week that compliment my learning; now, as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for not being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger — pleasure, virtù, politics, and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them. Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a little goodness; for politics — a long adieu! With some of the Cardinal de Retz's experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don't mean to commend a violent part with a view, that is still worse); I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine, at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous, and false; by Louvois, rash and dark; by Colbert, the affecter of national interest, with designs not much better; and I leave the Abbé de la Rigbiere to sell the weak Duke of Orleans to whoever has money to

buy him, or would buy him to get money; at least these are my present reflections — if I should change them to-morrow, remember I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human creatures, and so sensible of my fickleness that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather. To-day you see it temperate, to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy; for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience; experience, what? Reflections; reflections, what? nothing that I ever could find — nor can I well agree with Waller, that

> "The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe. I look back through my chinks — I find errors, follies, faults; forward, old age and death, pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place — *il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu thinks so well of me as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1758.

It is a very melancholy present I send you here, my dear Sir; yet, considering the misfortune that has befallen us, perhaps the most agreeable I could send you. You will not think it the bitterest tear you have shed when you drop one over this plan of an urn inscribed with the name of your dear brother, and with the testimonial of my eternal affection to him! This little monument is at last placed over the pew

of your family at Linton, and I doubt whether any tomb was ever erected that spoke so much truth of the departed, and flowed from so much sincere friendship in the living. The thought was my own, adopted from the antique columbaria, and applied to Gothic. The execution of the design was Mr. Bentley's, who alone, of all mankind, could unite the grace of Grecian architecture and the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic. Kent and many of our builders sought this, but have never found it. Mr. Chute, who has as much taste as Mr. Bentley, thinks this little sketch a perfect model. The soffite is more beautiful than anything of either style separate. There is a little error in the inscription; it should be *Horatius Walpole posuit.* The urn is of marble, richly polished; the rest of stone. On the whole, I think there is simplicity and decency, with a degree of ornament that destroys neither.

What do you say in Italy on the assassination of the King of Portugal? Do you believe that Portuguese subjects lift their hand against a monarch for gallantry? Do you believe that when a slave murders an absolute prince, he goes a walking with his wife the next morning and murders her too? Do you believe the dead King is alive? and that the Jesuits are as *wrongfully* suspected of this assassination as they have been of many others they have committed? If you do believe this, and all this, you are not very near turning Protestants. It is scarce talked of here, and to save trouble, we admit just what the Portuguese minister is ordered to publish. The King of Portugal murdered, throws us two hundred years back — the King of Prussia *not* murdered, carries us two hundred years forward again.

Another King, I know, has had a little blow: the Prince de Soubise has beat some Isenbourgs and Obergs, and is going to be Elector of Hanover this winter. There has been a great sickness among our troops in the other German army; the Duke of Marlborough has been in great danger, and some officers are dead. Lord Frederick Cavendish is returned from France. He confirms and adds to the amiable accounts we had received of the Duc d'Aiguillon's behaviour to our

prisoners. You yourself, the pattern of attentions and tenderness, could not refine on what he has done both in good-nature and good-breeding: he even forbad any ringing of bells or rejoicings wherever they passed — but how your representative blood will curdle when you hear of the absurdity of one of your countrymen: the night after the massacre at St. Cas, the Duc d'Aiguillon gave a magnificent supper of eighty covers to our prisoners — a Colonel Lambert got up at the bottom of the table, and asking for a bumper, called out to the Duc, "My Lord Duke, here's the Roy de Franse!" You must put all the English you can crowd into the accent. *My Lord Duke* was so confounded at this preposterous compliment, which it was impossible for him to return, that he absolutely sank back into his chair and could not utter a syllable: our own people did not seem to feel more.

You will read and hear that we have another expedition sailing, somewhither in the West Indies. Hobson, the commander, has in his whole life had but one stroke of a palsy, so possibly may retain half of his understanding at least. There is great tranquillity at home, but I should think not promising duration. The disgust in the army on the late frantic measures will furnish some warmth probably to Parliament — and if the French should think of returning our visits, should you wonder? There are even rumours of some stirring among your little neighbours at Albano — keep your eye on them — if you could discover anything in time, it would do you great credit. *Apropos* to *them*, I will send you an epigram that I made the other day on Mr. Chute's asking why Taylor the oculist called himself Chevalier?

Why Taylor the quack calls himself *Chevalier*,
'Tis not easy a reason to render;
Unless he would own, what his practice makes clear,
That at best he is but a Pretender.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1758.

How can you make me formal excuses for sending me a few covers to frank? Have you so little right to any act of friendship from me, that you should apologize for making me do what is scarce any act at all? However, your man has not called for the covers, though they have been ready this fortnight.

I shall be very glad to see your brother in town, but I cannot quite take him in full of payment. I trust you will stay the longer for coming the later. There is not a syllable of news. The Parliament is met, but empty and totally oppositionless. Your great Cu moved in the Lords, but did not shine much. The great Cu of all Cues is out of order, not in danger, but certainly breaking.

My eyes are performing such a strict quarantine, that you must excuse my brevity. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1758.

It seems strange that at this time of the year, with armies still in the field and Parliaments in town, I should have had nothing to tell you for above a month—yet so it was. The King caught cold on coming to town, and was very ill,[1] but the gout, which had never been at court above twice in his reign, came, seized his foot a little, and has promised him at least five or six years more—that is, if he will take care of himself; but yesterday, the coldest day we have felt, he

[1] Lord Chesterfield, writing on the 21st to his son, says, "The King has been ill; but his illness has terminated in a good fit of the gout. It was generally thought he would have died, and for a very good reason; for the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *people*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!"—E.

would go into the drawing-room, as if he was fond of showing the new stick he is forced to walk with.

The Parliament is all harmony, and thinks of nothing but giving away twelve more millions. Mr. Pitt made the most artful speech he ever made: provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense, demanded never to be judged by events. Universal silence left him arbiter of his own terms. In short, at present he is absolute master, and if he can coin twenty millions, may command them. He *does* everything, the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything. As long as they can agree in this partition, they may do what they will.

We have been in great anxiety for twenty-four hours to learn the fate of Dresden, and of *the King of resources*, as Mr. Beckford called the King of Prussia the other day. We heard that while he was galloped to raise the siege of Neiss, Marshal Daun was advanced to Dresden; that Schmettau had sent to know if he meant to attack it, having orders to burn the Fauxbourgs and defend it street by street; that Daun not deigning a reply, the conflagration had been put in execution; that the King was posting back, and Dohna advancing to join him. We expected every minute to hear either of the demolition of the city, or of a bloody decision fought under the walls—an account is just arrived that Daun[1] is retired—thus probably the campaign is finished, and another year of massacre to come. One could not but be anxious at such a crisis—one felt for Dresden, and pitied the Prince Royal shut up in his own capital, a mere spectator of its destruction; one trembled for the decisive moment of the life of such a man as the King of Prussia. It is put off—yet perhaps he will scarce recover so favourable a moment. He had assembled his whole force, except a few thousands left to check the Swedes. Next year this force must be again parcelled out against Austrians, Russians, Swedes, and possibly

[1] The King of Prussia had just compelled Daun to raise the siege of Dresden, in spite of his (the King's) late most disastrous defeat by the same general at Hochkirchen, which had taken place on the 14th of October 1758.—D.

French. He must be more than a *King of resources* if he can for ever weather such tempests!

Knyphausen[1] diverted me yesterday with some anecdotes of the Empress's college of chastity—*not* the Russian Empress's. The King of Prussia asked some of his Austrian prisoners whether their mistress consulted her college of chastity on the letters she wrote (and he intercepted) to Madame Pompadour.

You have heard some time ago of the death of the Duke of Marlborough.[2] The estate is forty-five thousand pounds a-year—nine of which are jointured out. He paid *but* eighteen thousand pounds a-year in joint lives. This Duke and the estate save greatly by his death, as the present wants a year of being of age, and would certainly have accommodated his father in agreeing to sell and pay. Lord Edgcumbe[3] is dead too, one of the honestest and most steady men in the world.

I was much diverted with your histories of *our* Princess[4] and Madame de Woronzow. Such dignity as Madame de Craon's wants a little absolute power to support it! Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1758.

SIR,

I HAVE desired Mr. Whiston to convey to you the second edition of my Catalogue, not so complete as it might have been, if great part had not been printed before I received your remarks, but yet more correct than the first sketch with which I troubled you. Indeed, a thing of this slight and idle nature does not deserve to have much more pains employed upon it.

I am just undertaking an edition of Lucan, my friend Mr. Bentley having in his possession his father's notes and emen-

[1] The Prussian minister.

[2] Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough. He died, on the 28th of October, at Munster, in Westphalia.—E.

[3] Richard, first Lord Edgcumbe; an intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole.

[4] The Princess de Craon.

dations on the first seven books. Perhaps a partiality for the original author concurs a little with this circumstance of the notes, to make me fond of printing, at Strawberry Hill, the works of a man who, alone of all the classics, was thought to breathe too brave and honest a spirit for the perusal of the Dauphin and the French. I don't think that a good or bad taste in poetry is of so serious a nature, that I should be afraid of owning too, that, with that great judge Corneille, and with that, perhaps, *no* judge Heinsius, I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistics in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart;—for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the Æneid are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can anything be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had, to force himself upon another woman and another kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.

Have you seen, Sir, a book which has made some noise—Helvetius de l'Esprit? The author is so good and moral a man, that I grieve he should have published a system of as relaxed morality as can well be imagined: 'tis a large quarto, and in general a very superficial one. His philosophy may be new in France, but is greatly exhausted here. He tries to imitate Montesquieu, and has heaped common-places upon common-places, which supply or overwhelm his reasoning; yet he has often wit, happy allusions, and sometimes writes finely: there is merit enough to give an obscure man fame; flimsiness enough to depreciate a great man. After his book was licensed, they forced him to retract it by a most abject recantation. Then why print this work? If zeal for his system pushed him to propagate it, did not he consider that a

recantation would hurt his cause more than his arguments could support it?

We are promised Lord Clarendon in February from Oxford, but I hear shall have the surreptitious edition from Holland much sooner.

You see, Sir, I am a sceptic as well as Helvetius, but of a more moderate complexion. There is no harm in telling mankind that there is not so much divinity in the Æneid as they imagine; but, even if I thought so, I would not preach that virtue and friendship are mere names, and resolvable into self-interest; because there are numbers that would remember the grounds of the principle, and forget what was to be engrafted on it. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Christmas-day 1758.

Adieu! my dear Sir — that is, adieu to our correspondence, for I am neither dying nor quarrelling with you; but as we, Great-Britons, are quarrelling with all Europe, I think very soon I shall not be able to convey a letter to you, but by the way of Africa, and there I am afraid the post-offices are not very well regulated. In short, we are on the brink of a Dutch war too. Their merchants are so enraged that we will not only not suffer them to enrich themselves by carrying all the French trade and all kinds of military stores to the French settlements, but that they lose their own ships into the bargain, that they are ready to dispatch the Princess Royal[1] into the other world even before her time; if her death arrives soon, and she is thought in great danger, it will be difficult for anybody else to keep the peace. Spain and Denmark are in little better humour — well, if we have not as many lives as a cat or the King of Prussia! However, our spirits do not droop; we are raising thirteen millions, we look upon France as totally undone, and that they have not above five

[1] The Princess Dowager of Orange, eldest daughter of George II.

loaves and a few small fishes left; we intend to take all America from them next summer, and then if Spain and Holland are not terrified, we shall be at leisure to deal with them. Indeed, we are rather in a hurry to do all this, because people may be weary of paying thirteen millions; and besides it may grow decent for Mr. Pitt to visit his gout, which this year he has been forced to send to the Bath without him. I laugh, but seriously we are in a critical situation; and it is as true, that if Mr. Pitt had not exerted the spirit and activity that he has, we should ere now have been past a critical situation. Such a war as ours carried on by my Lord Hardwicke, with the dull dilatoriness of a Chancery suit, would long ago have reduced us to what suits in Chancery reduce most people! At present our unanimity is prodigious — you would as soon hear *No* from an old maid as from the House of Commons — but I don't promise you that this tranquillity will last.[1] One has known more ministries overturned of late years by their own squabbles than by any assistance from Parliaments.

Sir George Lee, formerly an heir-apparent[2] to the ministry, is dead; it was almost sudden, but he died with great composure. Lord Arran[3] went off with equal philosophy. Of the great house of Ormond there now remains only his sister, Lady Emily Butler, a young heiress of ninety-nine.

It is with great pleasure I tell you that Mr. Conway is going to Sluys to settle a cartel with the French. The com-

[1] Lord Chesterfield, in a letter of the 15th, says, "The estimates for the expenses of the year 1759 are made up. I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds: a most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."—E.

[2] Frederick Prince of Wales had designed, if he outlived the King, to make Sir George Lee chancellor of the exchequer.

[3] He was Charles Butler, the second and last surviving son of Thomas Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first Duke of Ormond. He had been created in 1693 Baron Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullough, and Earl of Arran in Ireland; and at the same time Baron Butler of Weston in the Peerage of England. Dying without issue, his titles became extinct. —D.

mission itself is honourable, but more pleasing as it re-establishes him — I should say his merit re-establishes him. All the world now acknowledges it — and the insufficience of his brother-generals makes it vain to oppress him any longer.

I am happy that you are pleased with the monument, and vain that you like the Catalogue[1] — if it would not look too vain, I would tell you that it was absolutely undertaken and finished within five months. Indeed, the faults in the first edition and the deficiencies show it was; I have just printed another more correct.

Of the Pretender's family one never hears a word: unless our Protestant brethren the Dutch meddle in their affairs, they will be totally forgotten; we have too numerous a breed of our own, to want Princes from Italy. The old Chevalier by your account is likely to precede his rival, who with care may still last a few years, though I think will scarce appear again out of his own house.

I want to ask you if it is possible to get the royal edition of the Antiquities of Herculaneum? and I do not indeed want you to get it for me unless I am to pay for it. Prince San Severino has told the foreign ministers here that there are to be *twelve hundred* volumes of it — and they believe it. I imagine the fact is, that there are to be but twelve hundred copies printed. Could Cardinal Albani get it for me? I would send him my Strawberry-editions, and the Birmingham-editions[2] in exchange — things here much in fashion.

The night before I came from town, we heard of the fall of the Cardinal de Bernis,[3] but not the cause of it[4] — if we have a Dutch war, how many cardinals will fall in France and in England, before you hear of these, or I of the former!

[1] The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

[2] Editions printed with the Baskerville types.—D.

[3] The Cardinal de Bernis was a frivolous and incapable minister, who was equally raised and overthrown by the influence of the King of France's mistress, Madame de Pompadour.—D.

[4] "Cardinal Bernis's disgrace," says Lord Chesterfield, "is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I have seen his poems printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare say; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his excellency is a puppy. I will say nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him and unmade him in the same month, except *O King, live for ever!*"—E.

I have always written to you with the greatest freedom, because I care more that *you* should be informed of the state of your own country, than what secretaries of state or their clerks think of *me* — but one must be more circumspect if the Dey of Algiers is to open one's letters. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1758.

It is so little extraordinary to find you doing what is friendly and obliging, that one don't take half notice enough of it. Can't you let Mr. Conway go to Sluys without taking notice of it? How would you be hurt, if he continued to be oppressed? what is it to you whether I am glad or sorry? Can't you enjoy yourself whether I am happy or not? I suppose if I were to have a misfortune, you would immediately be concerned at it! How troublesome it is to have you sincere and good-natured! Do be a little more like the rest of the world.

I have been at Strawberry these three days, and don't know a tittle. The last thing I heard before I went was that Colonel Yorke is going to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyns, nieces of the rich grocer that died three years ago. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pounds a-piece. A marchioness — or a grocer — nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family.[1] If the rest of the trunk was filled with money, I believe they would really marry Carafattatouadaht — what was the lump of deformity called in the Persian Tales, that was sent to the lady in a coffer? And as to marrying both the girls, it would cost my Lord Hardwicke but a new marriage-bill: I suppose it is all one to his conscience, whether he prohibits matrimony or licenses bigamy.

[1] Colonel Yorke, afterwards Lord Dover, married in 1783 the Dowager Baroness de Boetzalaer, widow of the first noble of the province of Holland.—E.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is relapsed, and strictly confined. As you come so late, I trust you will stay with us the longer. Adieu!

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 12th, 1759.

SIR,

I SHALL certainly be obliged to you for an account of that piece of Lord Lonsdale:[1] besides my own curiosity after anything that relates to a work in which I have engaged so far, I think it a duty to the public to perfect, as far as one can, whatever one gives to it; and yet I do not think of another edition; two thousand have been printed, and though nine hundred went off at once, it would be presumption in me to expect that the rest will be sold in any short time. I only mean to add occasionally to my private copy whatever more I can collect and correct; and shall, perhaps, but leave behind me materials for a future edition, in which should be included what I have hitherto omitted. Yet it is very vain in me to expect that anybody should care for such a trifle after the novelty is worn off; I ought to be content with the favourable reception I have found; so much beyond my first expectations, that, except in two Magazines, not a word of censure has passed on me in print. You may easily believe, Sir, that having escaped a *trial*, I am not mortified at having dirt thrown at me by children in the kennel. With regard to the story of Lord Suffolk, I wish I had been lucky enough to have mentioned it to you in time, it should not have appeared: yet it was told me by Mr. Mallet, who did not seem to have any objection that I should even mention his name as the very person to whom it happened. I must suppose

[1] Mr. Walpole did not insert any notice of Lord Lonsdale in his subsequent editions, though the omission has been remedied by Mr. Park. The piece to which Mr. Zouch probably alluded, the knowledge of which he may have derived from the noble family of Lowther, was "a Treatise on Œconomies" addressed to his son, by Sir John Lowther, created Baron Lonsdale in 1696. This treatise was never published.—C.

that Lord Suffolk acted that foolish scene in imitation of Lord Rochester.[1]

I am happy, Sir, that I have both your approbation to my opinion of Lucan, and to my edition of him; but I assure you there will not be one word from me. I am sensible that it demands great attention to write even one's own language well: how can one pretend to purity in a foreign language? to any merit in a dead one? I would not *alone* undertake to correct the press; but I am so lucky as to live in the strictest friendship with Dr. Bentley's only son, who, to all the ornament of learning, has the amiable turn of mind, disposition, and easy wit. Perhaps you may have heard that his drawings and architecture are admirable, — perhaps you have not: he is modest — he is poor — he is consequently little known, less valued.

I am entirely ignorant of Dr. Burton and his Monasticon,[2] and after the little merit you tell me it has, I must explain to you that I have a collection of books of that sort, before I own that I wish to have it; at the same time, I must do so much justice to myself as to protest that I don't know so contemptible a class of writers as topographers, not from the study itself, but from their wretched execution. Often and often I have had an inclination to show how topography should be writ, by pointing out the curious particulars of

[1] The story here alluded to is told, in the Noble Authors, of Edward Howard, eighth Earl of Suffolk. But Mr. Zouch had probably apprized Mr. Walpole, that a similar story had been told of Lord Rochester. The Earl is represented as having sent for "a gentleman well known in the literary world," (Mallet,) upon whom he inflicted the hearing of some of his verses; but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "Sir, I am not like most poets; I do not draw from ideal mistresses; I always have my subject before me;" and ringing the bell, he said to a footman, "Call up Fine Eyes." A woman of the town appeared—"Fine Eyes," said the Earl, "look full on this gentleman." She did, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed their respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pencil.—C.

[2] Dr. John Burton was a physician and antiquary of Yorkshire, who died in 1771. His principal work, here alluded to, is entitled "Monasticon Eboracense." This work was never completed, the first volume only having appeared in folio. Some imputations on the Doctor's loyalty in 1745, diminished, it is said, his means and materials for continuing the work.—C.

places, with descriptions of principal houses, the pictures, portraits, and curiosities they contain.

I scarce ever yet found anything one wanted to know in one of those books; all they contain, except encomiums on the Stuarts and the monks, are lists of institutions and inductions, and inquiries how names of places were spelt before there was any spelling. If the Monasticon Eboracense is only to be had at York, I know Mr. Cæsar Ward, and can get him to send it to me.

I will add but one short word: from every letter I receive from you, Sir, my opinion of you increases, and I much wish that so much good sense and knowledge were not thrown away only on me. I flatter myself that you are engaged, or will engage, in some work or pursuit that will make you better known. In the mean time, I hope that some opportunity will bring us personally acquainted, for I am, Sir, already most sincerely yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. You love to be troubled, and therefore I will make no apology for troubling you. Last summer, I bought of Vertue's widow forty volumes of his MS. collections relating to English painters, sculptors, gravers, and architects. He had actually begun their lives: unluckily he had not gone far, and could not write grammar. I propose to digest and complete this work (I mean after the Conway Papers).[1] In the mean time, Sir, shall I beg the favour of you just to mark down memorandums of the pages where you happen to meet with anything relative to these subjects, especially of our antienter buildings, paintings, and artists. I would not trouble you for more reference, if even that is not too much.

[1] The two first volumes appeared from the press at Strawberry Hill in 1762.—C.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Jan. 19, 1759.

I HOPE the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly.[1] Considering that your own court is as new to you as Monsieur de Bareil and his, you cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fishing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compose a very agreeable history. In the mean time you do not lose much: though the Parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may describe the House of Commons like the price of stocks; Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand; neither the Duchess of Hamilton nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too. I should not dislike about as much laurel as I could stick in my window at Christmas.

We are next week to have a serenata at the Opera-house for the King of Prussia's birthday: it is to begin, "Viva Georgio, e Frederigo viva!" It will, I own, divert me to see my Lord Temple whispering *for* this alliance, on the same bench on which I have so often seen him whisper *against* all Germany. The new opera pleases universally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneschi is cunning enough to make us sing *the roast beef of old Germany*, I am persuaded it will revive: politics are the only hotbed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.

You are so thoughtless about your dress, that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, everybody that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you

[1] Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French. M. de Bareil was the person appointed by the French court for the same business.

should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, Offley will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor hasten our rupture with Holland. Lest it should, I send it to Lord Holderness's office; concluding, like Lady Betty Waldegrave, that the government never suspect what they send under their own covers.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1759.

You and M. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell[1] and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle — I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

[1] Afterwards Duke of Argyle.

We had a scrap of a debate on Friday, on the Prussian and Hessian treaties. Old Vyner opposed the first, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the Empress-Queen.[1] Lord Strange objected to the gratuity of sixty thousand pounds to the Landgrave, unless words were inserted to express his receiving that sum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty, Mr. Pitt could scarce have treated him with more haughtiness; and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could scarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and M. de Bareil are on such amicable terms, you will take care to soften to him a new conquest we have made. Keppel has taken the island of Gorée. You great ministers know enough of its importance: I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the Princess Royal:[2] you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumberland and the great ladies put off their assemblies: diversions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive London cannot furnish half so long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at least I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I should not have writ this unless Lady Ailesbury had bid me; but she does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuses you for a moment. Good night!

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the King has granted my Lord Marischall's pardon, at the request of M. de Knyphausen.[3] I believe the Pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the King of Prussia.

[1] "There never was so quiet or so silent a session of Parliament as the present: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it, *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Vyner only excepted." Lord Chesterfield.—E.

[2] The Princess of Orange died on the 12th of January.—E.

[3] By a letter from Sir Andrew Mitchell, of the 8th of January, in the Chatham Correspondence, it will be seen that the Lord Marischal's pardon was granted at the earnest request of the King of Prussia, who said he "should consider it as a personal favour done to himself." The Earl Marischal was attainted for his share in the rebellion of 1715.—E.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[1]

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1759.

WELL! my dear Sir, I am now convinced that both Mr. Keate's panic and mine were ill-founded; but pray, another time, don't let him be afraid of being afraid for fear of frightening me: on the contrary, if you will dip your gout in lemonade, I hope I shall be told of it. If you have not had it in your stomach, it is not your fault: drink brandy, and be thankful. I would desire you to come to town, but I must rather desire you not to have a house to come to. Mrs. H. Grenville is passionately enamoured of yours, and begged I would ask you what will be the lowest price, with all the particulars, which I assured her you had stated very ill for yourself. I don't quite like this commission; if you part with your house in town, you will never come hither; at least, stow your cellars with drams and gunpowder as full as Guy Fawkes's — you will be drowned if you don't blow yourself up. I don't believe that the Vine is within the verge of the rainbow: seriously, it is too damp for you.

Colonel Campbell marries the Duchess of Hamilton forthwith. The house of Argyle is content, and think that the head of the Hamiltons had purified the blood of Gunning; but I should be afraid that his grace was more likely to corrupt blood than to mend it.

Never was anything so crowded as the House last night for the Prussian cantata; the King was hoarse, and could not go to sing his own praises. The dancers seemed transplanted from Sadler's Wells; there were milkmaids riding on dolphins; Britain and Prussia kicked the King of France off the stage, and there was a *petit-maître* with his handkerchief full of holes; but this vulgarism happily was hissed.

I am deeper than ever in Gothic antiquities: I have bought a monk of Glastonbury's chair, full of scraps of the Psalms; and some seals of most reverend illegibility. I pass all my

[1] Now first printed.

mornings in the thirteenth century, and my evenings with the century that is coming on. Adieu!

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[1]

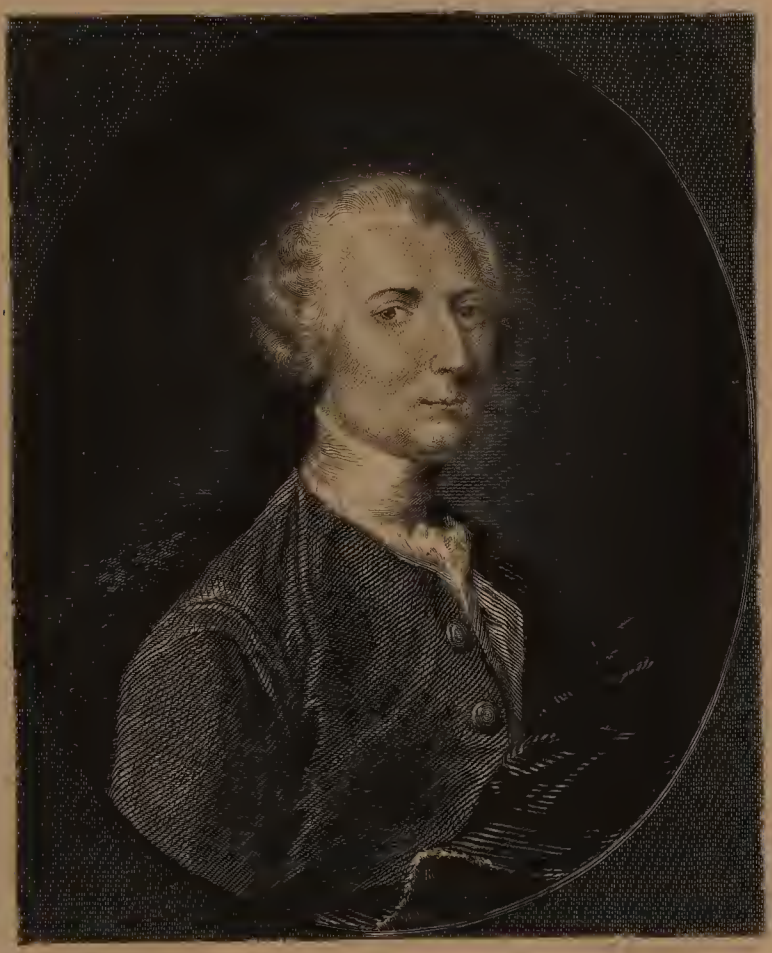
Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1759.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM glad to see your writing again, and can now laugh very cordially at my own fright, which you take a great deal too kindly. I was not quite sure you would like my proceedings, but just then I could not help it, and perhaps my natural earnestness had more merit than my friendship; and yet it is worth my while to save a friend, if I think I can — I have not so many! you yourself are in a manner lost to me! I must not, cannot repine at your having a fortune that delivers you from uneasy connections with a world that is sure to use ill those that have any dependence on it; but undoubtedly some of the satisfaction that you have acquired is taken out of my scale; I will not, however, moralize, though I am in a very proper humour for it, being just come home from an outrageous crowd at Northumberland-house, where there were five hundred people, that would have been equally content or discontent with any other five hundred. This is pleasure! You invite so many people to your house, that you are forced to have constables at your door to keep the peace; just as the royal family, when they hunted, used to be attended by surgeons. I allow honour and danger to keep company with one another, but diversion and breaking one's neck are strangely ill-matched. Mr. Spence's Magliabechi[2] is published to-day from Strawberry; I believe you saw it, and shall have it; but 'tis not worth sending you on purpose. However, it is full good enough for the generality of readers. At least there is a proper dignity in *my* saying so, who have been so much abused in all the magazines lately for my Catalogue. The chief points in dispute lie in a very narrow com-

[1] Now first printed.

[2] Mr. Spence's Parallel of Magliabechi and Hill.—E.



pass; they think I don't understand English, and I am sure they don't: yet they will not be convinced, for I shall certainly not take the pains to set them right. Who *them* are I don't know; the highest, I believe, are Dr. Smollet, or some chaplain of my uncle.

Adieu! I was very silly to alarm you so; but the wisest of us, from Solomon to old Carr's cousin, are poor souls! Maybe you don't know anything of Carr's cousin. Why then, Carr's cousin was — I don't know who; but Carr was very ill, and had a cousin, as I may be, to sit up with her. Carr had not slept for many nights — at last she dozed — her cousin jogged her: "Cousin, cousin!"—"Well!" said Carr, "what would you have?"—"Only, cousin, if you die, where will you be buried?" This resemblance mortifies me ten times more than a thousand reviews could do: there is nothing in being abused by Carr's cousin, but it is horrid to be like Carr's cousin! Good night!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1759.

The Dutch have not declared war and interrupted our correspondence, and yet it seems ceased as if we had declared war with one another. I have not heard from you this age — how happens it? I have not seized any ships of yours — you carry on no counterband trade — oh! perhaps you are gone *incognito* to Turin, are determined to have a King of Prussia of your own! I expect to hear that the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, suddenly appeared before Parma at the head of an hundred thousand men, that had been *privately* landed at Leghorn. I beg, as Harlequin did when he had a house to sell, that you will send me a brick, as a sample of the first town you take — the Strawberry-press shall be preparing a congratulatory ode.

The Princess Royal has been dead some time; and yet the Dutch and we continue in amity, and put on our weepers

together. In the mean time our warlike eggs have been some time under the hen, and one has hatched and produced Gorée. The expedition, called to Quebec, departs on Tuesday next, under Wolfe, and George Townshend, who has thrust himself again into the service, and as far as wrong-headedness will go, very proper for a hero. Wolfe, who was no friend of Mr. Conway last year, and for whom I consequently have no affection, has great merit, spirit, and alacrity, and shone extremely at Louisbourg. I am not such a Juno but I will forgive him after eleven more labours.[1] Prince Edward asked to go with them, but was refused. It is clever in him to wish to distinguish himself; I, who have no partiality to royal blood, like his good-nature and good-breeding.

Except the horrid Portuguese histories, that between Jesuits[2] and executions make one's blood run hot and cold, we have no news. The Parliament has taken a quieting-draught. Of private story, the Duchess of Hamilton is going to marry Colonel Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty has made sufficient noise, and in some people's eyes is even improved — he has a most pleasing countenance, person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair Kings and Queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell — and all this is brought about by a Gunning! I talked of *our sultry* weather, and this is no air. While Italy, I suppose, is buried in snow, we are extinguish-

[1] Speaking of Wolfe in his Memoires, Walpole says, "Ambition, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moments in qualifying himself to compass that object. Presumption on himself was necessary for his object, and he had it. He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt."—E.

[2] The strange and mysterious conspiracy against the life of the King of Portugal, which was attempted as he was going one night through the streets of Lisbon in his coach. Many Jesuits were put to death for it, and also several of the noble families of the Dukes d'Aveiro, and Marquises of Tavora.—D. [See *antè*, p. 402.]

ing fires, and panting for breath. In short, we have had a wonderful winter — beyond an earthquake winter — we shall soon be astonished at frost, like an Indian. Shrubs and flowers and blossoms are all in their pride; I am not sure that in some counties the corn is not cut.

I long to hear from you; I think I never was so long without a letter. I hope it is from no bad reason. Adieu!

TO MR. GRAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1759.

The enclosed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to say to you — yet I have a question or two more.

Who and what sort of man is a Mr. Sharp of Benet? I have received a most obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI. which you was so good as to send me. I have answered his, but should like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the Dean of Lincoln too for me: I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnship* than his *Cambridgehood*.[1] In the library of the former are some original letters of Tiptoft, as you will find in my Catalogue. When Dr. Greene is there, I shall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in some provincial history of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil, King of Ulster. When did he live? I have got a most curious seal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw King of the Pawwaws.

I wanted to ask you, whether you, or anybody that you believe in, believe in the Queen of Scots' letter to Queen Elizabeth.[2] If it is genuine, I don't wonder she cut her head off — but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of.

Now to my distress. You must have seen an advertise-

[1] He was master of Benet College, Cambridge.
[2] See Murden's State Papers, p. 558, for this curious letter.

ment, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me against the Critical Review.[1] I have been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it; but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who would not discover the author — nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many— and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer anybody to speak of me in that style. For God's sake, do all you can for me, and publish my abhorrence. To-day I am told that it is that puppy Doctor Hill, who has chosen to make war with the magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu!

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Feb. 20, 1759.

I MET with this little book t'other day by chance, and it pleased me so much, that I cannot help lending it to your ladyship, as I know it will amuse you from the same causes. It contains many of those important truths which history is too proud to tell, and too dull from not telling.

> Here Grignon's soul the living canvas warms:
> Here fair Fontange assumes unfading charms:
> Here Mignard's pencil bows to female wit;
> Louis rewards, but ratifies Fayette:
> The philosophic duke, and painter too,
> Thought from her thoughts — from her ideas drew.

[1] It was called "Observations on the account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c. &c. in article vi. of the Critical Review, No. XXV, for December 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed."

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.[1]

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1759.

I THINK, Sir, I have perceived enough of the amiable benignity of your mind, to be sure that you will like to hear the praises of your friend. Indeed, there is but one opinion about Mr. Robertson's History.[2] I don't remember any other work that ever met universal approbation. Since the Romans and the Greeks, who have *now* an exclusive charter for being the best writers in every kind, he is the historian that pleases me best; and though what he has been so indulgent as to say of me ought to shut my mouth, I own I have been unmeasured in my commendations. I have forfeited my own modesty rather than not do justice to him. I did send him my opinion some time ago, and hope he received it. I can add, with the strictest truth, that he is regarded here as one of the greatest men that this island has produced. I say *island*, but you know, Sir, that I am disposed to say *Scotland*. I have discovered another very agreeable writer among your countrymen, and in a profession where I did not look for an author; it is Mr. Ramsay,[3] the painter, whose pieces being anonymous, have been overlooked. He has a great deal of genuine wit, and a very just manner of reasoning. In his own walk, he has great merit. He and Mr. Reynolds are our favourite painters, and two of the very best we ever had. Indeed, the number of good has been very small, considering the numbers there are. A very few years ago there were computed two thousand portrait-painters in London; I do

[1] Now first collected.

[2] Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James the Sixth," was published in the beginning of this month.—E.

[3] Allan Ramsay, the eminent portrait-painter, and eldest son of the poet; on whose death, in 1757, in somewhat embarrassed circumstances, he paid his debts. He was an excellent classical scholar, understood French and Italian, and had all the polish and liberal feeling of a highly instructed man. In Bouquet's pamphlet on "The Present State of the Fine Arts in England," published in 1755, he is described as "an able painter, who, acknowledging no other guide than nature, brought a rational taste of resemblance with him from Italy." He died in 1784. —E.

not exaggerate the computation, but diminish it; though I think it must have been exaggerated. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ramsay can scarce be rivals; their manners are so different. The former is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; the latter is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them.

I fear I neglected, Sir, to thank you for your present of the history of the conspiracy of the Gowries; but I shall never forget all the obligations I have to you. I don't doubt but in Scotland you approve what is liked here almost as much as Mr. Robertson's history; I mean the marriage of Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton. If her fortune is singular, so is her merit. Such uncommon noise as her beauty made has not at all impaired the modesty of her behaviour. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1759.

I KNOW you are *ministerial* enough or *patriot* enough (two words that it is as much the fashion to couple now as it was formerly to part them) to rejoice over the least bit of a conquest, and therefore I hurry to send you a morsel of Martinico, which you may lay under your head, and dream of having taken the whole island. As dreams often go by contraries, you must not be surprised if you wake and find we have been beaten back; but at this present moment we are all dreaming of victory. A frigate has been taken going to France with an account that our troops landed on the island on the 16th of January, without opposition. A seventy-gun ship was dismissed at the same time, which is thought a symptom of their not intending to resist. It certainly is not Mr. Pitt's fault if we have not great success; and if we have, it is certainly owing to him. The French talk of invading us; I hope they will not come quite so near either to victory or de-

feat, as to land on our Martinico! But you are going to have a war of your own. Práy send me all your Gazettes extraordinary. I wish the King of Sardinia's heroism may not be grown a little rusty. Time was when he was the only King in Europe that had fought in his waistcoat; but now the King of Prussia has almost made it part of their coronation oath. *Apropos,* pray remember that the Emperor's pavil*i*on is not the Emperor's *pavillon;* though you are so far in the right, that he may have a pavilion, but I don't conceive how he comes by a pavillon. What Tuscan colours has he, unless a streamer upon the belfrey at Leghorn? You was so deep in politics when you wrote your last letter, that it was almost in cipher, and as I don't happen to have a key to bad writing, I could not read a word that interests my vanity extremely—I unravelled enough to learn that a new governor[1] of Milan is a great admirer of me, but I could not guess at one syllable of his name, and it is very uncomfortable in a dialogue between one's pride and oneself, to be forced to talk of Governor What-d'ye-call-em, who has so good a taste. I think you never can have a more important occasion for dispatching a courier than to tell me Governor ——'s name. In the mean time, don't give him any more Strawberry editions; of some I print very few, they are all begged immediately, and then you will not have a complete set, as I wish you to have, notwithstanding all my partiality for the governor of Milan. Perhaps, upon the peace I may send him a set richly bound! I am a little more serious in what I am going to say; you will oblige me if at your leisure you will pick up for me all or any little historical tracts that relate to the house of Medici. I have some distant thoughts of writing their history, and at the peace may probably execute what you know I have long retained in my wish, another journey to Florence. Stosch, I think, had great collections relating to them; would they sell a separate part of his library? Could I get at any state-let-

[1] Count Firmian, who understood English, and was fond of English authors. Sir Horace Mann had given him the Royal and Noble Authors.

ters and papers there? Do think of this; I assure you I do. Thank you for the trouble you have taken about the Neapolitan books, and for the medals that are coming.

Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister,[1] who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards of a fifth boy: she has had two girls too, and I believe left it entirely to this child to choose what it would be. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.[2]

Arlington Street, March 13, 1759.

I AM puzzled to know how to deal with you: I hate to be officious, it has a horrid look; and to let you alone till you die at the Vine of mildew, goes against my conscience. Don't it go against yours to keep all your family there till they are mouldy? Instead of sending you a physician, I will send you a dozen brasiers; I am persuaded that you want to be dried and aired more than physicked. For God's sake don't stay there any longer:—

> "Mater Cyrene, mater quæ gurgitis hujus
> Ima tenes—"

send him away! — Nymphs and Jew doctors! I don't know what I shall pray to next against your obstinacy.

No more news yet from Guadaloupe! A persecution seems to be raising against General Hobson — I don't wonder! Wherever Commodore Moore is, one may expect treachery and blood. Good night!

[1] Lady Mary Churchill, only daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by his second wife

[2] Now first printed.

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Arlington Street, March 15, 1759.

SIR,

You judge very rightly, Sir, that I do not intend to meddle with accounts of *religious* houses; I should not think of them at all, unless I could learn the names of any of the architects, not of the founders. It is the history of our architecture that I should search after, especially the beautiful Gothic. I have by no means digested the plan of my intended work. The materials I have ready in great quantities in Vertue's MSS.; but he has collected little with regard to our architects, except Inigo Jones. As our painters have been very indifferent, I must, to make the work interesting, make it historical; I would mix it with anecdotes of patrons of the arts, and with dresses and customs from old pictures, something in the manner of Montfaucon's Antiquities of France. I think it capable of being made a very amusing work, but I don't know whether I shall ever bestow the necessary time on it. At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.

In what edition, Sir, of Beaumont and Fletcher, is the copy of verses you mention, signed "Grandison?"[1] They are not in mine. In my Catalogue I mention the Countess of Montgomery's *Eusebia;* I shall be glad to know what her Urania is. I fear you will find little satisfaction in a library of *noble works.* I have got several, some duplicates, that shall be at your service if you continue your collection; but in general they are mere curiosities.

Mr. Hume has published his History of the House of Tudor. I have not advanced far in it, but it appears an in-

[1] There must have been some mistake here. Amidst the vast number of complimentary verses to Beaumont and Fletcher, none are found with this signature. There is one copy signed Gardiner.—C.

accurate and careless, as it certainly has been a very hasty, performance. Adieu! Sir.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.[1]

Strawberry Hill, March 25, 1759.

I SHOULD not trouble you, Sir, so soon again with a letter, but some questions and some passages in yours seem to make it necessary. I know nothing of the Life of Gustavus, nor heard of it, before it was advertised. Mr. Harte[2] was a favoured disciple of Mr. Pope, whose obscurity he imitated more than his lustre. Of the History of the Revival of Learning I have not heard a word. Mr. Gray a few years ago began a poem on that subject; but dropped it, thinking it would cross too much upon some parts of the Dunciad. It would make a signal part of a History of Learning which I lately proposed to Mr. Robertson. Since I wrote to him, another subject has started to me, which would make as agreeable a work, both to the writer and to the reader, as any I could think of; and would be a very tractable one, because capable of being extended or contracted, as the author should please. It is the History of the House of Medici.[3] There is an almost unknown republic, factions, banishment, murders,

[1] Now first collected.

[2] Walter Harte was tutor to Mr. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's natural son, and through his lordship's interest made canon of Windsor. Dr. Johnson describes him as "a scholar, and a man of the most companionable talents he had ever known." "Poor man!" he adds, "he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive; and he was ashamed to return, when he found how ill his book had succeeded. It was unlucky in coming out on the same day with Robertson's History of Scotland." See Boswell, vol. viii. p. 53. Lord Chesterfield writes to his son, on the 30th of March, "Harte's work will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man." —E.

[3] It was afterwards written in five volumes in quarto, from authentic documents furnished by the Great-Duke himself. It was published in Florence in 1781, and was entitled "Istoria del Gran Ducato di Toscana sotto il Governo della Casa Medici, per Riguccio Galuzzi.—E.

commerce, conquests, heroes, cardinals, all of a new stamp, and very different from what appear in any other country. There is a scene of little polite Italian courts, where gallantry and literature were uncommonly blended, particularly in that of Urbino, which without any violence might make an episode. The Popes on the greater plan enter of course. What a morsel Leo the Tenth! the revival of letters![1] the torrent of Greeks that imported them! Extend still farther, there are Catherine and Mary, Queens of France. In short, I know nothing one could wish in a subject that would not fall into this — and then it is a complete subject, the family is extinct: even the state is so, as a separate dominion.

I could not help smiling, Sir, at being taxed with insincerity for my encomiums on Scotland. They were given in a manner a little too serious to admit of irony, and (as partialities cannot be supposed entirely ceased) with too much risk of disapprobation in this part of the world, not to flow from my heart. My friends have long known my opinion on this point, and it is too much formed on fact for me to retract it, if I were so disposed. With regard to the magazines and reviews, I can say with equal and great truth, that I have been much more hurt at a gross defence of me than by all that railing.

Mallet still defers his Life of the Duke of Marlborough;[2] I don't know why: sometimes he says he will stay till the peace; sometimes that he is translating it, or having it translated, into French, that he may not lose that advantage.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 11, 1759.

I HAVE waited and waited, in hopes of sending you the rest of Martinico or Guadaloupe; nothing else, as you guessed, has happened, or I should have told you. But at present I can stay no longer, for I, who am a little more expeditious

[1] Mr. Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici appeared in 1796, and his Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth in 1805.—E.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 2.

than a squadron, have made a great conquest myself, and in less than a month since the first thought started. I hurry to tell you, lest you should go and consult the map of Middlesex, to see whether I have any dispute about boundaries with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or am likely to have fitted out a secret expedition upon Hounslow Heath — in short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria,[1] my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave.[2] What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her — does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England — for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in this match; he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole — if his father had lived, he had married my sister;[3] and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel[4] comes from Charles, Lord Waldegrave from James II. My brother has luckily been tractable, and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them — a knight of the garter for my niece; 150,000*l.* for my Lord Orford if he would have taken her;[5] these are not trifling establishments.

It were miserable after this to tell you that Prince Ferdinand has cut to pieces two or three squadrons of Austrians. I frame to myself that if I was a commander-in-chief, I should on a sudden appear in the middle of Vienna, and oblige the Empress to give an Archduchess with half a dozen provinces to some infant prince or other, and make a peace before the

[1] Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, afterwards married to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III.

[2] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, knight of the garter, and governor of George Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.

[3] Lady Maria Churchill, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.

[4] Frederick Keppel, fourth son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, by Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

[5] Miss Nichols, afterwards Marchioness of Carnarvon.

bread waggons were come up. Difficulties are nothing; all depends on the sphere in which one is placed.

You must excuse my altitúdes; I feel myself very impertinent just now, but as I know it, I trust I shall not be more so than is becoming.

The Dutch cloud is a little dispersed; the privy council have squeezed out some rays of sunshine by restoring one of their ships, and by adjudging that we captors should prove the affirmative of contraband goods, instead of the goods proving themselves so: just as if one was ordered to believe that if a blackamoor is christened Thomas, he is a white. These distinctions are not quite adapted to the meridian of a flippant English privateer's comprehension: however, the murmur is not great yet. I don't know what may betide if the *minister* should order the mob to be angry with the *ministry*, nor whether Mr. Pitt or the mob will speak first. He is laid up with the gout, and it is as much as the rest of the administration can do to prevent his flying out. I am sorry, after you have been laying in such bales of Grotius and Puffendorf, that you must be forced to correct the text by a Dutch comment. You shall have the pamphlet you desire, and Lord Mansfield's famous answer to the Prussian manifesto, (I don't know whether it is in French,) but you must now read *Hardwickius in usum Batavorum*.[1]

We think we have lost Fort St. David, but have some scanty hopes of a victorious codicil, as our fleet there seems to have had the superiority. The King of Spain is certainly not dead, and the Italian war in appearance is blown over. This summer, I think, must finish all war, for who will have men, who will have money to furnish another campaign? Adieu!

P. S. Mr. Conway has got the first regiment of dragoons on Hawley's death.

[1] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 26, 1759.

Your brother, your Wetenhalls, and the ancient Baron and Baroness Dacre of the South, are to dine with me at Strawberry Hill next Sunday. Divers have been the negotiations about it: your sister, you know, is often impeded by a prescription or a prayer; and I, on the other hand, who never rise in the morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time. Well, it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets. Our great match approaches; I dine at Lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my Lady Townshend to the match (saving her abusing us all), by desiring her to choose my wedding clothes; but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit; she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented that, however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else: so be it. T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the Duchess of Bedford: we had played late at loo at Lady John Scot's; I came down stairs with their two graces of Bedford and Grafton: there was no chair for me: I said, I will walk till I meet one. "Oh!" said the Duchess of Grafton, "the Duchess of Bedford will set you down:" there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it; in a minute she spied a hackney chair—"Oh! there is a chair,—but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't; only I am afraid the Duke will want his supper." You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait. The ball at Bedford-house, on Monday, was very numerous and magnificent. The two Princes were

there, deep hazard, and the Dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dulness: they have brought with them a young Dutchman, who is the richest man of Amsterdam. I am amazed Mr. Yorke has not married him! But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The Duchess[1] was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connection, that Newcastle had nobody to attend him but Sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard-room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Bedford, and Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him; but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure,—nobody went near him: he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him; in short, he was quite disconcerted; his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance; but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I, went and stood near him, and in half whispers, that he might hear, said, "Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!" then I said, "This room feels very cold: I believe there never is a fire in it." Presently afterwards I said, "Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day." In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder when he went home. Next night Brand and I communicated this interview to Lord Temple, who was in agonies; and yesterday his chariot was seen in forty different parts of the town. I take for granted that Fox will not resist these overtures, and then we shall see the paymastership, the secretaryship of Ireland, and all Calcraft's regiments once more afloat.

May 1. I did not finish this letter last week, for the picture could not set out till next Thursday. Your kin brought Lord Mandeville with them to Strawberry; he was very civil

[1] Gertrude Duchess of Bedford, daughter of Earl Gower.

and good-humoured, and I trust I was so too. My nuptialities dined here yesterday. The wedding is fixed for the 15th. The town, who saw Maria set out in the Earl's coach, concluded it was yesterday. He notified his marriage to the Monarch last Saturday, and it was received civilly. Mrs. Thornhill is dead, and I am impatient to hear the fate of Miss Mildmay. The Princes Ferdinand and Henry have been skirmishing, have been beaten, and have beat, but with no decision.

The ball at Mr. Conolly's[1] was by no means delightful. The house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the *Guardian* — most unfortunately the Prince asked her if she should like *Mr. Clackit* — "No, indeed, Sir," said the Duchess. Lord Tavistock[2] burst out into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenances. Adieu! This letter is gossiping enough for any Mrs. Clackit, but I know you love these details.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 10, 1759.

The laurels we began to plant in Guadaloupe do not thrive — we have taken half the island, and despair of the other half which we are gone to take. General Hobson is dead, and many of our men — it seems all climates are not equally good for conquest — Alexander and Cæsar would have looked wretchedly after a yellow fever! A hero that would

[1] Thomas Conolly, Esq., son of Lady Anne Conolly, sister of Thomas Earl of Strafford, and who inherited great part of her brother's property. Mr. Conolly was married to Lady Louisa Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and of Lady Holland. They died without issue.—E.

[2] Francis Marquis of Tavistock, only son of John Duke of Bedford. He died before his father, in 1767, in consequence of a fall from his horse when hunting.—E.

have leaped a rampart, would perhaps have shuddered at the thought of being scalped. Glory will be taken in its own way, and cannot reconcile itself to the untoward barbarism of America. In short, if we don't renounce expeditions, our history will be a journal of miscarriages. What luck must a general have that escapes a flux, or being shot abroad — or at home! How fatal a war has this been! From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality? The King of Prussia does not appear to have tapped his campaign yet — he was slow last year; it is well if he concludes this as thunderingly as he did the last.

Our winter-politics are drawn to the dregs. The King is gone to Kensington, and the Parliament is going out of town. The ministers who don't agree, will, I believe, let the war decide their squabbles too. Mr. Pitt will take Canada and the cabinet-council together, or miscarry in both. There are Dutch deputies here, who are likely to be here some time: their negotiations are not of an epigrammatic nature, and we are in no hurry to decide on points which we cannot well give up, nor maintain without inconvenience. But it is idle to describe what describes itself by not being concluded.

I have received yours of the 7th of last month, and fear you are quite in the right about a history of the house of Medici — yet it is pity it should not be written![1] You don't, I know, want any spur to incite you to remember me and any commission with which I trouble you; and therefore you must not take it in that light, but as the consequence of my having just seen the Neapolitan book of Herculaneum, that I mention it to you again. Though it is far from being finely engraved, yet there are bits in it that make me wish much to have it, and if you could procure it for me, I own I should be pleased. Adieu! my dear Sir.

[1] See *antè*, p. 441.

TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCH.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1759.

SIR,

You accuse me with so much delicacy and with so much seeming justice, that I must tell you the truth, cost me what it will. It is in fact, I own, that I have been silent, not knowing what to say to you, or how not to say something about your desire that I would attend the affair of the navigation of Calder in Parliament. In truth, I scarce ever do attend private business on solicitation. If I attend, I cannot help forming an opinion, and when formed I do not care *not* to be guided by it, and at the same time it is very unpleasant to vote against a person whom one went to serve. I knew nothing of the merits of the navigation in question, and it would have given me great pain to have opposed, as it might have happened, a side espoused by one for whom I had conceived such an esteem as I have for you, Sir. I did not tell you my scruples, because you might have thought them affected, and because, to say the truth, I choose to disguise them. I have seen too much of the parade of conscience to expect that an ostentation of it in me should be treated with uncommon lenity. I cannot help having scruples; I can help displaying them; and now, Sir, that I have made you my confessor, I trust you will keep my secret for my sake, and give me absolution for what I have committed against you.

I certainly do propose to digest the materials that Vertue had collected[1] relating to English artists; but doubting of the merit of the subject, as you do, Sir, and not proposing to give myself much trouble about it, I think, at present, that I shall still call the work *his*. However, at your leisure, I shall be much obliged to you for any hints. For *nobler* or any other game, I don't think of it; I am sick of the character of author;

[1] Mr. Walpole, in his dedication of the "Anecdotes of Painting," says, he is rather an *Editor* than an *Author*; but much as he certainly derived from Vertue, his own share in this interesting work entitles him to the thanks of every lover of the fine arts, and of British antiquities.—C.

I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called "Remarks" on my Catalogue, asperses the Revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor. Of me he knows so little, that he thinks to punish me by abusing King William! Had that Prince been an author, perhaps I might have been a little ungentle to him too. I am not dupe enough to think that anybody wins a crown for the sake of the people. Indeed, I am Whig enough to be glad to be abused; that is, that anybody may write what they please; and though the Jacobites are the only men who abuse outrageously that liberty of the press which all their labours tend to demolish, I would not have the nation lose such a blessing for *their* impertinences. That their spirit and projects revive is certain. All the histories of England, Hume's, as you observe, and Smollett's more avowedly, are calculated to whiten the house of Stuart. All the magazines are erected to depress writers of the other side, and as it has been learnt within these few days, France is preparing an army of commentators[1] to illustrate the works of those professors. But to come to what ought to be a particular part of this letter. I am very sensible, Sir, to the confidence you place in me, and shall assuredly do nothing to forfeit it; at the same time, I must take the liberty you allow me, of making some objections to your plan. As your friend, I must object to the subject. It is heroic to sacrifice one's own interest to do good, but I would be sure of doing some before I offered myself up. You will make enemies; are you sure you shall make proselytes? I am ready to believe you have no ambition now—but may you not have hereafter? Are bishops corrigible or placable? Few men are capable of forgiving being told of their faults in

[1] The French were at this time attempting to play the farce of invasion. Flat-bottomed boats were building in all the ports of Normandy and Brittany, calculated to transport an army of a hundred thousand men.—C.

private; who can bear being told of them publicly? — Then, you propose to write in Latin: that is, you propose to be read by those only whom you intend to censure, and whose interest it will be to find faults in your work. If I proposed to attack the clergy, I would at least call in the laity to hear my arguments, and I fear the laity do not much listen to Latin. In short, Sir, I wish much to see something of your writing, and consequently I wish to see it in a shape in which it would give me most pleasure.

You will say, that your concealing your name is an answer to all I have said. A bad author may be concealed, but then what good does he do? I am persuaded you would write well—ask your heart, Sir, if you then would like to conceal yourself. Forgive my frankness; I am not old, but I have lived long enough to be sure that I give you good advice.

There is lately published a voluminous history of Gustavus Adolphus, sadly written, yet very amusing, from the matter.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1759.

I PACKED up a long letter to you in the case with the Earl of Manchester, which I suppose did not arrive at Great-worth before you left it. Don't send for it, for there are private histories in it, that should not travel post, and which will be full as new to you a month hence.

Well! Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off: lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall-Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel, and Charlotte, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the Earl and new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on

Sunday she is to be presented, and to make my Lady Coventry distracted, who, t'other day, told Lady Anne Connolly how she dreaded Lady Louisa's arrival; "But," said she, "now I have seen her, I am easy."

Maria was in a white silver gown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. I had liked to have demolished the solemnity of the ceremony by laughing, when Mr. Keppel read the words, "Bless thy servant and thy handmaid;" it struck me how ridiculous it would have been, had Miss Drax been the handmaid, as she was once to have been.

Did I ever tell you what happened at my Lord Hertford's wedding? You remember that my father's style was not purity itself. As the bride was so young and so exceedingly bashful, and as my Lord Hertford is a little of the prude himself, great means were used to keep Sir Robert within bounds. He yawned, and behaved decently. When the *dessert* was removed, the Bishop, who married them, said, "Sir Robert, what health shall we drink?" It was just after Vernon's conquest of Porto Bello. "I don't know," replied my father: "why, drink the admiral in the streights of Bocca Cieca."

We have had a sort of debate in the House of Commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges: Charles Townshend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*.

Lord Weymouth[1] is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be turned off. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been turned off before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming.

Well! are you ready to be invaded? for it seems invasions from France are coming into fashion again. A descent on Ireland at least is expected. There has been a great quarrel between Mr. Pitt and Lord Anson, on the negligence of the latter. I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to

[1] Afterwards created Marquis of Bath. He married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, daughter of William third Duke of Portland.—E.

hang some admiral, who will come too late to save Ireland, after it is impossible to save it.

Dr. Young has published a new book,[1] on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die — unluckily he died of brandy — nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are. Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to tell you two good stories of the little Prince Frederick. He was describing to Lady Charlotte Edwin the eunuchs of the Opera; but not easily finding proper words, he said, "I can't tell you, but I will show you how they make them," and began to unbutton. T'other day as he was with the Prince of Wales, Kitty Fisher passed by, and the child named her; the Prince, to try him, asked who that was? "Why, a Miss." "A Miss," said the Prince of Wales; "why, are not all girls Misses?" "Oh! but a particular sort of Miss — a Miss that sells oranges." "Is there any harm in selling oranges?" "Oh! but they are not such oranges as you buy; I believe they are a sort that my brother Edward buys."

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 1, 1759.

I HAVE not announced to you in form the invasion from France, of which all our newspapers have been so full, nor do I tell you every time the clock strikes. An invasion frightens one but once. I am grown to fear no invasions but those we make. Yet I believe there are people really afraid of this — I mean the new militia, who have received orders to march. The war in general seems very languish-

[1] "Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the author of Sir Charles Grandison." The article on this work in the Critical Review was written by Oliver Goldsmith. See the recent edition of his Miscellaneous Works, vol. iv. p. 462.—E.

ing: Prince Henry of Prussia is the only one who keeps it up with any spirit. The Parliament goes into the country to-morrow.

One of your last friends, Lord Northampton,[1] is going to marry Lady Anne Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort's sister. She is rather handsome. He seems to have too much of the coldness and dignity of the Comptons.

Have you had the comet in Italy? It has made more noise here than it deserved, because Sir Isaac Newton foretold it, and it was very near disappointing him. Indeed, I have a notion that it is not the right, but a little one that they put up as they were hunting for the true — in short, I suppose, like pine-apples and gold pheasants, comets will grow so common as to be sold at Covent-garden market.

I am glad you approve the marriage of my charming niece — she is now Lady Waldegrave in all the forms.

I envy you who can make out whole letters to me — I find it grow every day more difficult; we are so far and have been so long removed from little events in common that serve to fill up a correspondence, that though my heart is willing, my hand is slow. Europe is a dull magnificent subject to one who cares little and thinks still less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post-days, don't occupy a quarter of an inch in my memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes that do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a vast while to their contemporaries — and how it would humble a vast Prince who expects to occupy the whole attention of an age, to hear an idle man in his easy chair cry, "Well! why don't the King of Prussia do something?" If one means to make a lasting bustle, one should contrive to be the hero of a village; I have known a country rake talked of for a riot, whole years after the battle of Blenheim has grown obsolete. Fame, like an essence, the farther

[1] Charles Compton, seventh Earl of Northampton, married Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of Charles fourth Duke of Beaufort; by whom he had an only child, Lady Elizabeth Compton, married to Lord George Henry Cavendish, now Earl of Burlington. Lord Northampton died in 1763.—D.

it is diffused, the sooner it vanishes. The million in London devour an event and demand another to-morrow. Three or four families in a hamlet twist and turn it, examine, discuss, mistake, repeat their mistake, remember their mistake, and teach it to their children. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

June 2, 1759.

Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos; it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond, and Lady Ailesbury dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much handsomer the women of my time were than they will be then: I shall say, "Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings." Yesterday t'other more famous Gunning[1] dined there. She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new Countess's beauty: there were they two, their lords, Lord Buckingham, and Charlotte. You will think that I did not choose men for my parties so well as women. I don't include Lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls *Pamela*. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the

[1] Lady Coventry.

man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening. I find poor Charles Montagu is dead:[1] is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into Parliament? The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo, and the King demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of Parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; *from fear that comes from pusillanimity, up to fear from magnanimity.* It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my Lady Londonderry, who, when her sister, Lady Donnegal, was dying, pronounced, that if it were a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it were a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called Caractacus; there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, "will cry and roar all night"[2] without the least provocation.

Adieu! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 8, 1759.

This is merely a letter about your commission, and I hope it will get to you with wondrous haste. I have not lost a minute in trying to execute what you desire, but it is impossible to perform all that is required. A watch, perfect by Ellicot or Gray, with all the accompaniments, cannot possibly be had for near seventy-five pounds. Though the directions do not expressly limit me to seventy-five, yet I know Italians enough to be sure that when they name seventy-five, they would not bear a codicil of fifty-five more. Ellicot (and

[1] Only son of the Hon. James Montagu, son of Henry Earl of Manchester.—E.

[2] An expression of Mr. Montagu's.

Gray is rather dearer) would have for watch and chain a hundred and thirty-four guineas; the seals will cost sixteen more. Two hundred and sixty-eight sequins are more than I dare lay out. But I will tell you what I have done: Deard, one of the first jewellers and toymen here, has undertaken to make a watch and chain, enamelled according to a pattern I have chosen of the newest kind, for a hundred guineas, with two seals for sixteen more; and he has engaged that, if this is not approved, he will keep it himself; but to this I must have an immediate answer. He will put his own name to it, as a warrant to the goodness of the work; and then, except the name of Ellicot or Gray, your friend will have as good a watch as he can desire. I take for granted, at farthest, that I can have an answer by the 15th of July; and then there will be time, I trust, to convey it to you; I suppose by sea, for unless a fortunate messenger should be going *à point nommé*, you may imagine that a traveller would not arrive there in any time. My dear Sir, you know how happy I am to do anything you desire; and I shall pique myself on your credit in this, but your friend has expected what, altogether, it is almost impossible to perform — what can be done, shall be.

There is not a syllable of news — if there was, I should not confine myself solely to the commission. Some of our captains in the East Indies have behaved very ill; if there is an invasion, which I don't believe there will, I am glad they were not here. Adieu!

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

After so kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you settled in Yorkshire. At least I am not ungrateful, if I deserve your goodness by no other title. I was willing to stay till I could amuse you, but

I have not a battle big enough even to send in a letter. A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half so long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. The King of Prussia's campaign is still in its *papillotes;* Prince Ferdinand is laid up like the rest of the pensioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a sleeping-draught, and our heroes in America seem to be planting suckers of laurels that will not make any figure these three years. All the war that is in fashion lies between those two ridiculous things, an invasion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to sea, to inquire after the invasion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's administration, whether the Jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propose to bestow their freedom on the first corps of French that shall land.

Adieu, my lord and my lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 22, 1759.

Well! they tell us in good earnest that we are to be invaded; Mr. Pitt is as positive of it as of his own invasions. As the French affect an air of grandeur in all they do, "Mr. Pitt sent ten thousands, but they send fifty thousands." You will be inquisitive after our force — I can't tell you the particulars; I am only in town for to-day, but I hear of mighty preparations. Of one thing I am sure; they missed the moment when eight thousand men might have carried off England and set it down in the gardens of Versailles. In the last war, when we could not rake together four thousand men, and were all divided, not a flat-bottomed boat lifted up its leg against us! There is great spirit in motion; my Lord Orford is gone with his Norfolk militia to Portsmouth: everybody is

raising regiments or themselves — my Lord Shaftsbury,[1] one of the new colonels of militia, is to be a brigadier-general. I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is run away, my footboy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman, and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to *surprise us;* and this makes us still more angry. In the mean time, we have got Guadaloupe to play with. I did not send you any particulars, for this time the Gazette piqued itself upon telling its own story from beginning to end; I never knew it so full of chat. It is very comfortable, that if we lose our own island, we shall at least have all America to settle in. Quebec is to be conquered by the 15th of July, and two more expeditions, I don't know whither, are to be crowned with all imaginable success, I don't know when; so you see our affairs, upon the whole, are in a very prosperous train. Your friend, Colonel Clavering, is the real hero of Guadaloupe; he is come home, covered with more laurels than a boar's head: indeed he has done exceedingly well. A much older friend of yours is just dead, my Lady Murray;[2] she caught her death by too strict attendance on her sister, Lady Binning, who has been ill. They were a family of love, and break their hearts for her. She had a thousand good qualities; but no mortal was ever so surprised as I when I was first told that she was the nymph Arthur Gray would have ravished. She had taken care to guard against any more such danger by more wrinkles than ever twisted round a human face. Adieu! If you have a mind to be fashionable, you must raise a regiment of Florentine militia.

[1] Anthony Ashley Cooper, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. He died in 1771.—D.

[2] Daughter of George Baillie, Esq. See an epistle from Arthur Gray, her footman, to her, in the poems of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. [Lady Murray of Stanhope. She was a woman of merit and ability, and of excellent conduct. She was an intimate friend of Lady Hervey, who, in her letters, thus speaks of her:—"I have lost the first friend I had—the kindest, best, and most valuable one I ever had, with whom I have lived at her grandfather's, Lord Marchmont."—E.]

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1759.

As you bid me fix a day about six weeks from the date of your last, it will suit me extremely to see you here the 1st of August. I don't mean to treat you with a rowing for a badge, but it will fall in very commodely between my parties. You tell me nothing of the old house you were to see near Blenheim: I have some suspicion that Greatworth is coming into play again. I made your speeches to Mr. Chute, and to Mr. Müntz, and to myself; your snuff-box is bespoke, your pictures not done, the print of Lady Waldegrave not begun.

News there are none, unless you have a mind for a panic about the invasion. I was in town yesterday, and saw a thousand people from Kensington, with faces as loyally long as if it was the last accession of this family that they were ever to see. The French are coming with fifty thousand men, and we shall meet them with fifty addresses. Pray, if you know how, frighten your neighbours, and give them courage at the same time.

My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park. I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women.

You will be diverted with what happened to Mr. Meynell lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but stayed so late hunting that he had not time to dress, but went as he was, with forty apologies. The matron very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, "Oh! Sir, I assure you I can see the gentleman through a pair of buck-skin breeches as well as if he was in silk or satin."

I am sure I can't tell you anything better, so good night! Yours ever.

P. S. I hope you have as gorgeous weather as we have; it is even hot enough for Mr. Bentley. I live upon the water.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1759.

This will be the most indecisive of all letters: I don't write to tell you that the French are *not* landed at Deal, as was believed yesterday. An officer arrived post in the middle of the night, who saw them disembark. The King was called up; my Lord Ligonier buckled on his armour. Nothing else was talked of in the streets; yet there was no panic.[1] Before noon, it was known that the invasion was a few Dutch hoys. The day before, it was triumph. Rodney was known to be before Havre de Grace; with two bomb-ketches he set the town on fire in different places, and had brought up four more to act, notwithstanding a very smart fire from the forts, which, however, will probably force him to retire without burning the flat-bottomed boats, which are believed out of his reach. The express came from him on Wednesday morning. This is Sunday noon, and I don't know that farther intelligence is arrived. I am sorry for this sort of war, not only for the sufferers, but I don't like the precedent, in case the French should land. I think they will scarce venture; for besides the force on land, we have a mighty chain of fleet and frigates along the coast. There is great animosity to them, and few can expect to return.

Our part of the war in Germany seems at an end: Prince Ferdinand is retiring, and has all the advantage of that part of great generalship, a retreat. From America we expect the greatest things; our force there by land and sea is vast. I hope we shall not be to buy England back by restoring the *North* Indies! I will gladly give them all the hundred thousand acres that may fall to my share on the Ohio for my twenty acres here. Truly I don't like having them endangered for the limits of Virginia!

[1] "Everybody," says Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, of the 21st, "continues as quiet about the invasion as if a Frenchman, as soon as he set his foot on our coast, would die, like a toad in Ireland. Yet the King's tents and equipage are ordered to be ready at an hour's warning." Works, vol. iii. p. 218.—E.

I wait impatiently for your last orders for the watch; if the worst comes to the worst, I can convey it to you by some French officer.

The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be much disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabinet, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel—bar consecration. Adieu! I will tell you more soon, or I hope no more.

TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.[1]

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1759.

You will repent, Sir, I fear, having drawn such a correspondent upon yourself. An author flattered and encouraged is not easily shaken off again; but if the interests of my book did not engage me to trouble you, while you are so good as to write me the most entertaining letters in the world, it is very natural for me to lay snares to inveigle more of them. However, Sir, excuse me this once, and I will be more modest for the future in trespassing on your kindness. Yet, before I break out on my new wants, it will be but decent, Sir, to answer some particulars of your letter.

I have lately read Mr. Goodall's[2] book. There is certainly ingenuity in parts of his defence; but I believe one seldom thinks a defence *ingenious* without meaning that it is unsatisfactory. His work left me fully convinced of what he endeavoured to disprove; and showed me, that the piece you mention is not the only one that he has written against moderation.

I have lately got Lord Cromerty's Vindication of the legi-

[1] Now first collected.

[2] Walter Goodall, librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. He was warmly devoted to Mary Queen of Scots, and in 1754 published an Examination of the Letters said to be written by Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, in which he endeavoured to prove them to be forgeries.—E.

timacy of King Robert,[1] and his Synopsis Apocalyptica, and thank you much, Sir, for the notice of any of his pieces. But if you expect that his works should lessen my esteem for the writers of Scotland, you will please to recollect, that the letter which paints Lord Cromerty's pieces in so ridiculous a light, is more than a counterbalance in favour of the writers of your country; and of all men living, Sir, you are the last who will destroy my partiality for Scotland.

There is another point, Sir, on which, with all your address, you will persuade me as little. Can I think that we want writers of history while Mr. Hume and Mr. Robertson are living? It is a truth, and not a compliment, that I never heard objections made to Mr. Hume's History without endeavouring to convince the persons who found fault with it, of its great merit and beauty; and for what I saw of Mr. Robertson's work, it is one of the purest styles, and of the greatest impartiality, that I ever read. It is impossible for me to recommend a subject to him; because I cannot judge of what materials he can obtain. His present performance will undoubtedly make him so well known and esteemed, that he will have credit to obtain many new lights for a future history; but surely those relating to his own country will always lie most open to him. This is much my way of thinking with regard to myself. Though the Life of Christina is a pleasing and a most uncommon subject, yet, totally unacquainted as I am with Sweden and its language, how could I flatter myself with saying anything new of her? And when original letters and authentic papers shall hereafter appear, may not they contradict half one should relate on the authority of what is already published? for though memoirs *written* nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, those *published* nearest to it are generally the falsest.

But, indeed, Sir, I am now making you only civil excuses; the real one is, I have no kind of intention of continuing to write. I could not expect to succeed again with so much

[1] Robert, the third King of Scotland, from the imputation of bastardy.—E.

luck,—indeed, I think it so,—as I have done; it would mortify me more now, after a little success, to be despised, than it would have done before; and if I could please as much as I should wish to do, I think one should dread being a voluminous author. My own idleness, too, bids me desist. If I continued, I should certainly take more pains than I did in my Catalogue; the trouble would not only be more than I care to encounter, but would probably destroy what I believe the only merit of my last work, the ease. If I could incite you to tread in steps which I perceive you don't condemn, and for which it is evident you are so well qualified, from your knowledge, the grace, facility, and humour of your expression and manner, I shall have done a real service, where I expected at best to amuse.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 19, 1759.

Well, I begin to expect you; you must not forget the first of August. If we do but look as well as we do at present, you will own Strawberry is still in its bloom. With English verdure, we have had an Italian summer, and

> Whatever sweets Sabæan springs disclose,
> Our Indian jasmin, and the Persian rose.

I am forced to talk of Strawberry, lest I should weary you with what everybody wearies me, the French and the militia. They, I mean the latter only, not the former, passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde Park, when the King reviewed them, were inimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear, looked gloriously martial and genteel, and I believe it;[1] his person and air have a noble

[1] Mr. Pitt, in a letter of this day, to Lady Hester, says, "Nothing could make a better appearance than the two Norfolk battalions. Lord Orford, with the port of Mars himself, and really the genteelest figure under arms I ever saw, was the theme of every tongue." Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 4.—E.

wildness in them; the regiments, too, are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoats, and gold buttons. How knights of shires, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them; everywhere they are treated and regaled. The Prince of Wales followed them to Kingston, and gave fifty guineas among the private men.

I expect some anecdotes from you of the coronation at Oxford; I hear my Lord Westmoreland's own retinue was all be-James'd with true-blue ribands; and that because Sir William Calvert, who was a fellow of a college, and happened to be Lord Mayor, attended the Duke of Newcastle at his inthronisation, they dragged down the present Lord Mayor to Oxford, who is only a dry-salter.

I have your Butler's posthumous works.[1] The poetry is most uncouth and incorrect, but with infinite wit; especially one thing on plagiaries is equal to anything in Hudibras. Have you read my Lord Clarendon's? I am enchanted with it; 't is very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his History. It makes me quite out of humour with other memoirs. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1759.

I AM dying in a hot street, with my eyes full of dust, and my table full of letters to be answered — yet I must write you a line. I am sorry your first of Augustness is disordered; I 'll tell you why: I go to Ragley on the twelfth. There is to be a great party at loo for the Duchess of Grafton, and thence they adjourn to the Warwick races. I have been engaged so long to this, that I cannot put it off; and besides, I am under appointments at George Selwyn's, &c. afterwards.

[1] "The Genuine Remains, in prose and verse, of Samuel Butler; with notes by R. Thyer." A very pleasant review of this work, by Oliver Goldsmith, will be found in the fourth volume of Mr. Murray's enlarged edition of his Miscellaneous Works.—E.

If you cannot come before all this to let me have enough of your company, I should wish you to postpone it to the first of September, when I shall be at leisure for ten or twelve days, and could go with you from Strawberry to the Vine; but I could like to know certainly, for as I never make any of my visits while Strawberry is in bloom, I am a little crowded with them at the end of the season.

I came this morning in all this torrent of heat from Lord Waldegrave's at Navestock. It is a dull place, though it does not want prospect backwards. The garden is small, consisting of two French *allées* of old limes, that are comfortable, two groves that are not so, and a green canal; there is besides a paddock. The house was built by his father, and ill finished, but an air seigneurial in the furniture; French glasses in quantities, handsome commodes, tables, screens, &c. goodish pictures in rich frames, and a deal of noblesse *à la St. Germain* — James the Second, Charles the Second, the Duke of Berwick, her Grace of Buckingham, the Queen Dowager in the dress she visited Madame Maintenon, her daughter the Princess Louisa, a Lady Gerard that died at Joppa returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and above all *La Godfrey*, and not at all ugly, though she does not show her thighs. All this is leavened with the late King, the present King, and Queen Caroline. I shall take care to sprinkle a little *unholy* water from our *well*.

I am very sorry you have been so ill; take care of yourself; there are wicked sore-throats in vogue; poor Lady Essex and Mrs. Charles Yorke died of them in an instant.

Do let me have a line, and do fix a day; for instead of keeping me at home one by fixing it, you will keep me there five or six days by not fixing it. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 1, 1759.

I HAVE received your two letters about the watch, the first came with surprising celerity. I wish, when the watch is

finished, I may be able to convey it to you with equal expedition.

Nothing is talked of here, as you may imagine, but the invasion — yet I don't grow more credulous. Their ridiculous lists of fifty thousand men don't contribute to frighten me — nay, though they specify the numbers of apothecaries and chaplains that are to attend. Fifty thousand men cannot easily steal a march over the sea. Sir Edward Hawke will take care of them till winter, and by that time we shall have a great force at land. The very militia is considerable: the spirit, or at least the fashion of it, catches every day. We are growing such ancient Britons, that I don't know whether I must not mount some pop-guns upon the battlements of my castle, lest I should not be thought hero enough in these west-Saxon times. Lord Pulteney has done handsomely, and what is more surprising, so has his father. The former has offered to raise a regiment, and to be only lieutenant-colonel, provided the command is given to a Colonel Crawford, an old soldier, long postponed — Lord Bath is at the expense, which will be five thousand pounds. All the country squires are in regimentals — a pedestal is making for little Lord Mountford, that he may be placed at the head of the Cambridgeshire militia. In short, we have two sorts of armies, and I hope neither will be necessary — what the consequences of this militia may be hereafter, I don't know. Indifferent I think it cannot be. A great force upon an old plan, exploded since modern improvements, must make some confusion. If they do not become ridiculous, which the real officers are disposed to make them, the crown or the disaffected will draw considerable consequences, I think, from an establishment popular by being constitutional, and of great weight from the property it will contain.

If the French pursue their vivacity in Germany, they will send us more defenders; our eight thousand men there seem of very little use. Both sides seem in all parts weary of the war; at least are grown so cautious, that a battle will be as great a curiosity in a campaign as in the midst of peace. For the Russians, they quite make one smile; they hover every

summer over the north of Germany, get cut to pieces by September, disappear, have a general disgraced, and in winter out comes a memorial of the Czarina's steadiness to her engagements, and of the mighty things she will do in spring. The Swedes follow them like Sancho Panza, and are rejoiced at not being bound by the laws of chivalry to be thrashed too.

We have an evil that threatens us more nearly than the French. The heat of the weather has produced a contagious sore-throat in London. Mr. Yorke, the solicitor-general, has lost his wife, his daughter, and a servant. The young Lady Essex[1] died of it in two days. Two servants are dead in Newcastle-house, and the Duke has left it; anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are sure of being a joke.[2] My niece, Lady Waldegrave, has done her part for repairing this calamity, and is breeding.

Your Lord Northampton has not acted a much more gallant part by his new mistress than by his fair one at Florence. When it was all agreed, he refused to marry unless she had eighteen thousand pounds. Eight were wanting. It looked as if he was more attached to his old flame than to his new one; but her uncle, Norborne Berkeley,[3] has nobly made up the deficiency.

I told Mr. Fox of the wine that is coming, and he told me what I had totally forgot, that he has left off Florence, and chooses to have no more. He will take this parcel, but you need not trouble yourself again. Adieu! my dear Sir, don't let Marshal Botta terrify you: when the French dare not stir out of any port they have, it will be extraordinary if they venture to come into the heart of us.

[1] Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. See *antè*, p. 67.—E.

[2] "I have heard the Duke of Newcastle is much broke ever since his sister Castlecomer died; not that he cared for her, or saw her above once a year: but she was the last of the brood that was left; and he now goes regularly to church, which he never did before." Gray, Works, vol. iii. p. 218.—E.

[3] Brother of the Duchess of Beaufort, mother of Lady Anne Somerset, whom Lord Northampton did marry. (Norborne Berkeley afterwards established his claim to the ancient barony of Botetourt.—D.)

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 8, 1759.

If anybody admires expedition, they should address themselves to you and me, who order watches, negotiate about them by couriers, and have them finished, with as little trouble as if we had nothing to do, but, like the men of business in the Arabian tales, rub a dark lantern, a genie appears, one bespeaks a bauble worth two or three Indies, and finds it upon one's table the next morning at breakfast. The watch was actually finished, and delivered to your brother yesterday. I trust to our good luck for finding quick conveyance. I did send to the White-horse cellar here in Piccadilly, whence all the stage-coaches set out, but there was never a genie booted and spurred, and going to Florence on a sun-beam. If you are not charmed with the watch, never deal with us devils any more. If anything a quarter so pretty was found in Herculaneum, one should admire Roman enamellers more than their Scipios and Cæsars. The device of the second seal I stole; it is old, but uncommon; a cupid standing on two joined hands over the sea; *si la foy manque, l'amour perira* — I hope for the honour of the device, it will arrive before half the honey-moon is over!—But, alack! I forget the material point; Mr. Deard, who has forty times more virtue than if he had been taken from the plough to be colonel of the militia, instead of one hundred and sixteen *pounds* to which I pinned him down, to avoid *guineas*, will positively take but one hundred and ten pounds. I did all I could to corrupt him with six more, but he is immaculate — and when our posterity is abominably bad, as all posterity always is till it grows one's ancestors, I hope Mr. Deard's integrity will be quoted to them as an instance of the virtues that adorned the simple and barbarous age of George the Second. Oh! I can tell you the age of George the Second is likely to be celebrated for more primitivity than the disinterestedness of Mr. Deard — here is such a victory come over that — it can't get over. Mr. Yorke has sent word that a Captain Ligonier is coming from

Prince Ferdinand to tell us that his Serene Highness has beaten Monsieur Contades to such a degree, that every house in London is illuminated, every street has two bonfires, every bonfire has two hundred squibs, and the poor charming moon yonder, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town.[1] We don't know a single particular, but we conclude that Prince Ferdinand received all his directions from my Lord Granby, who is the mob's hero. We are a little afraid, if we could fear anything to-night, that the defeat of the Russians by General Weidel was a mistake for this victory of Prince Ferdinand. Pray Heaven! neither of these glories be turned sour, by staying so long at sea! You said in your last, what slaughter must be committed by the end of August! Alas! my dear Sir, so there is by the beginning of it; and we, wretched creatures, are forced to be glad of it, because the greatest part falls on our enemies.

Fifteen hundred men have stolen from Dunkirk, and are said to be sailed northward — some think to Embden — too poor a pittance surely where they thought themselves so superior, unless they meaned to hinder our receiving our own troops from thence — as paltry, too, if this is their invasion — but if to Scotland, not quite a joke. However, Prince Ferdinand seems to have found employment for the rest of their troops, and Monsieur de Botta will not talk to you in quite so high a style.

D'Aubreu, the pert Spanish minister, said the other day at court to poor Alt, the Hessian, "Monsieur, je vous félicite; Munster est pris." Mr. Pitt, who overheard this cruel apostrophe, called out, "Et moi, Monsieur Alt, je vous félicite; les Russes sont battus."

[1] "I have the joy to tell you," writes Mr. Pitt, on the 6th, to Lady Hester, "that our happy victory *ne fait que croître et embellir:* by letters come this day, the hereditary Prince, with his troops, had passed the Weser, and attacked, with part of them, a body of six thousand French, defeated it, took many prisoners, some trophies and cannon: M. de Contades's baggage, coaches, mules, letters, and correspondences have fallen into our hands. Words in letters say, 'qu'on se lasse de prendre des prisonniers.'" Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 8.—E.

I am here in town almost every day; Mrs. Leneve, who has so long lived with my father, and with me, is at the point of death; she is seventy-three, and has passed twenty-four of them in continual ill health; so I can but wish her released. Her long friendship with our family makes this attention a duty; otherwise I should certainly not be in town this most gorgeous of all summers! I should like to know in how many letters this wonderful summer has been talked of.

It is above two years, I think, since you sent home any of my letters — will you by any convenient opportunity?

Adieu! There is great impatience, as you may believe, to learn the welfare of our young lords and heroes — there are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Granby, Lord George Sackville, Lord Downe, Fitzroy, General Waldegrave, and others of rank.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1759.

Unless your Colonel Johnson is a man of no note, he is safe and well, for we have not lost one officer of any note — now will you conclude that we are beaten, and will be crying and roaring all night for Hanover. Lord! where do you live? If you had any ears, as I have none left with the noise, you would have heard the racket that was made from morning till night yesterday on the news of the total victory[1] gained by Prince Ferdinand over the French. He has not left so many alive as there are at any periwig-maker's in London. This is all we know, the particulars are to come at their leisure, and with all the gravity due to their importance. If the King's heart were not *entirely English*, I believe he would be complimented with the title of Germanicus from the name of the country where this great event happened; for we don't at all know the precise spot, nor has the battle yet been christened — all that is certain is, that the poor Duke[2] is neither father nor godfather.

[1] At the battle of Minden.

[2] Duke of Cumberland.

I was sent for to town yesterday, as Mrs. Leneve was at the point of death; but she has had a surprising change, and may linger on still. I found the town distracted, and at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news. Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning. Two of our regiments are said to have suffered much, of which Napier's most. Adieu! If you should be over-English with this, there is a party of one thousand five hundred men stolen out of Dunkirk, that some weeks hence may bring you to your senses again, provided they are properly planted and watered in Scotland.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 3 o'clock, August 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

Lord Granby has entirely defeated the French!—The foreign gazettes, I suppose, will give this victory to Prince Ferdinand; but the mob of London, whom I have this minute left, and who must know best, assure me that it is all their own Marquis's doing. Mr. Yorke[1] was the first to send this news, "to be laid with himself and all humility at his Majesty's feet,"[2] about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At five this morning came Captain Ligonier, who was dispatched in such a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: those we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Englishman is killed, nor one Frenchman left alive. If you should chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be sure that it is the part of the spoils that came to Downe's

[1] Afterwards Lord Dover, then minister at the Hague.
[2] The words of his dispatch.

share, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick.[1]

We have a vast deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His Majesty is *in high spirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tuesday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Worksop on this occasion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Russians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has somehow or other been mislaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for lost.

Adieu, my dear lord! As I have been so circumstantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with anything else. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie. I see your new offices rise[2] every day in a very respectable manner.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[3]

Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1759.

I AM here in the most unpleasant way in the world, attending poor Mrs. Leneve's death-bed, a spectator of all the horrors of tedious suffering and clear sense, and with no one soul to speak to—but I will not tire you with a description of what has quite worn me out.

Probably by this time you have seen the Duke of Richmond or Fitzroy—but lest you should not, I will tell you all I can learn, and a wonderful history it is. Admiral Byng was not more unpopular than Lord George Sackville. I should scruple repeating his story, if Betty[4] and the waiters at Arthur's did not talk of it publicly, and thrust Prince Ferdinand's orders into one's hand.

You have heard, I suppose, of the violent animosities that

[1] Lord Downe's seat in Yorkshire.
[2] At Lord Strafford's house at Twickenham.
[3] Now first printed.
[4] A celebrated fruit-shop in St. James's Street.

have reigned for the whole campaign between him and Lord Granby—in which some other warm persons have been very warm too. In the heat of the battle, the Prince, finding thirty-six squadrons of French coming down upon our army, sent Ligonier to order our thirty-two squadrons, under Lord George, to advance. During that transaction, the French appeared to waver; and Prince Ferdinand, willing, as it is supposed, to give the honour to the British horse of terminating the day, sent Fitzroy to bid Lord George bring up only the British cavalry. Ligonier had but just delivered his message, when Fitzroy came with his.—Lord George said, "This can't be so—would he have me break the line? here is some mistake." Fitzroy replied, he had not argued upon the orders, but those were the orders. "Well!" said Lord George, "but I want a guide." Fitzroy said, he would be his guide. Lord George, "Where is the Prince?" Fitzroy, "I left him at the head of the left wing, I don't know where he is now." Lord George said he would go seek him, and have this explained. Smith then asked Fitzroy to repeat the orders to him; which being done, Smith went and whispered Lord George, who says he then bid Smith carry up the cavalry. Smith is come, and says he is ready to answer anybody any question. Lord George says, Prince Ferdinand's behaviour to him has been most infamous, has asked leave to resign his command, and to come over, which is granted.[1] Prince Ferdinand's behaviour is summed up in the enclosed extraordinary paper; which you will doubt as I did, but which is certainly genuine. I doubted, because, in the military, I thought direct disobedience of orders was punished with an immediate arrest, and because the last paragraph seemed to me very foolish. The going out of the way to compliment Lord Granby with what he would have done, seems to take off a little from the compliments paid to those that have done something; but, in short, Prince Ferdinand or Lord George, one of them, is most outrageously in the wrong, and the latter has much the least chance of being thought in the right.

[1] Mr. Pitt, in a letter of the 15th to Lord Bute, says, "The King has *given leave* to Lord George Sackville to return to England; his lordship

The particulars I tell you, I collected from the most *accurate* authorities.—I make no comments on Lord George, it would look like a little dirty court to you; and the best compliment I can make you, is to think, as I do, that you will be the last man to enjoy this revenge.

You will be sorry for poor M'Kinsey and Lady Betty, who have lost their only child at Turin. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.

Truly I don't know whether one is to be rejoicing or lamenting! Every good heart is a bonfire for Prince Ferdinand's success, and a funeral pile for the King of Prussia's defeat.[1] Mr. Yorke, who every week "lays himself most humbly at the King's feet" with some false piece of news, has almost ruined us in illuminations for defeated victories—we were singing Te Deums for the King of Prussia, when he was actually reduced to be King of Custrin, for he has not only lost his neighbour's capital, but his own too. Mr. Bentley has long said, that we should see him at Somerset House next winter; and really I begin to be afraid that he will not live to write the history of the war himself—I shall be content, if he is forced to do it even by subscription. Oh, *that* Daun! how he sits silent on his drum, and shoves the King a little and a little farther out of the world! The most provoking part of all is, (for I am mighty soon comforted when a hero tumbles from the top of Fame's steeple and breaks his neck,) that that

having, in a letter to Lord Holdernesse, requested to be recalled from his command. This mode of returning, your lordship will perceive, is a very considerable softening of his misfortune. The current in all parts bears hard upon him. As I have already, so I shall continue to give him, as a most unhappy man, all the offices of humanity which our first, sacred duty, the public good, will allow." Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 417.—E.

[1] Prince Ferdinand's victory was the celebrated battle of Minden, won from the French on the 1st of August; the King of Prussia's defeat was that of Kunersdorf, lost to the Russians on the 12th of August.—D.

tawdry toad, Bruhl,[1] will make a triumphant entry into the ruins of Dresden, and rebuild all his palaces with what little money remains in the country!

The mob, to comfort themselves under these mishaps, and for the disappointment of a complete victory, that might have been *more compleater*, are new grinding their teeth and nails, to tear Lord George[2] to pieces the instant he lands. If he finds more powerful friends than poor Admiral Byng, assure yourself he has ten thousand times the number of *personal* enemies; I was going to say *real*, but Mr. Byng's were real enough, with no reason to be personal. I don't talk of the event itself, for I suppose all Europe knows just as much as we know here. I suspend my opinion till Lord George speaks himself—but I pity his father, who has been so unhappy in his sons, who loved this so much, and who had such fair prospects for him. Lord George's fall is prodigious; nobody stood higher, nobody has more ambition or more sense.

You, I suppose, are taking leave of your new King of Spain[3]—what a bloody war is saved by this death, by its happening in the midst of one that cannot be more bloody! I detest a correspondence now; it lives like a vampire upon dead bodies! Adieu! I long to have nothing to write about.

P. S. I forgot to ask you if you are not shocked with Bellisle's letter to Contades? The French ought to behave with more spirit than they do, before they give out such sanguinary orders—and if they did, I should think they would not give such orders. And did not you laugh at the enormous folly of Bellisle's conclusion? It is so foolish, that I think he might fairly disavow it. It puts me in mind of a ridiculous passage in Racine's Bajazet,

> ——— "et s'il faut que je meure,
> Mourons, moi, cher Osmin, comme un Visir; et toi
> Comme le favori d'un homme tel que moi."

[1] Count Bruhl, favourite and prime minister of Augustus the Third, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony.

[2] Lord George Sackville, disgraced at the battle of Minden.

[3] Charles the Third, King of Naples, who had just become King of Spain, by the death of his elder brother.—D.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

With your unathletic constitution I think you will have a greater weight of glory to represent than you can bear. You will be as *épuisé* as Princess Craon with all the triumphs over Niagara, Ticonderoga, Crown-point, and such a parcel of long names. You will ruin yourself in French horns, to exceed those of Marshal Botta, who has certainly found out a pleasant way of announcing victories. Besides, *all* the West Indies, which we have taken by a panic, there is Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron, and has made *you* Viceroy of the Mediterranean. I really believe the French will come hither now, for they can be safe nowhere else. If the King of Prussia should be totally undone in Germany, we can afford to give him an appanage, as a younger son of England, of some hundred thousand miles on the Ohio. Sure universal monarchy was never so put to shame as that of France! What a figure do they make! They seem to have no ministers, no generals, no soldiers! If anything could be more ridiculous than their behaviour in the field, it would be in the cabinet! Their invasion appears not to have been designed against us, but against their own people, who, they fear, will mutiny, and to quiet whom they disperse expresses, with accounts of the progress of their arms in England. They actually have established posts, to whom people are directed to send their letters for their friends *in England.* If, therefore, you hear that the French have established themselves at Exeter or Norwich, don't be alarmed, nor undeceive the poor women who are writing to their husbands for English baubles.

We have lost another Princess, Lady Elizabeth.[1] She died of an inflammation in her bowels in two days. Her figure was so very unfortunate, that it would have been difficult for her to be happy, but her parts and application were extraordinary. I saw her act in "Cato" at eight years old, (when she could

[1] Second daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales.

not stand alone, but was forced to lean against the side-scene,) better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy, that at that age she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and mother, and begged she might act. They put her off as gently as they could — she desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did, it was with so much sense, that there was no denying her.

I receive yours of August 25. To all your alarms for the King of Prussia I subscribe. With little Brandenburgh he could not exhaust all the forces of Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Muscovy, Siberia, Tartary, Sweden, &c. &c. &c.—but not to politicize too much, I believe the world will come to be fought for somewhere between the North of Germany and the back of Canada, between Count Daun and Sir William Johnson.[1]

You guessed right about the King of Spain; he is dead, and the Queen Dowager may once more have an opportunity of embroiling the little of Europe that remains unembroiled.

Thank you, my dear Sir, for the Herculaneum and Caserta that you are sending me. I wish the watch may arrive safe, to show you that I am not insensible to all your attentions for me, but endeavour, at a great distance, to imitate you in the execution of commissions.

I would keep this letter back for a post, that I might have but one trouble of sending you Quebec too; but when one has taken so many places, it is not worth while to wait for one more.

Lord George Sackville, the hero of all conversation, if one can be so for not being a hero, is arrived. He immediately applied for a court-martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holderness — but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab — "If he wanted a court-martial, he might go seek it in Germany." All that could be taken

[1] The American general.

from him, is, his regiment, above two thousand pounds a year: commander in Germany at ten pounds a day, between three and four thousand pounds: lieutenant-general of the ordnance, one thousand five hundred pounds: a fort, three hundred pounds. He remains with a patent place in Ireland of one thousand two hundred pounds, and about two thousand pounds a year of his own and wife's. With his parts and ambition it cannot end here; he calls himself ruined, but when the Parliament meets, he will probably attempt some sort of revenge.

They attribute, I don't know with what grounds, a sensible kind of plan to the French; that De la Clue was to have pushed for Ireland, Thurot for Scotland, and the Brest fleet for England — but before they lay such great plans, they should take care of proper persons to execute them.

I cannot help smiling at the great objects of our letters. We never converse on a less topic than a kingdom. We are a kind of citizens of the world, and battles and revolutions are the common incidents of our neighbourhood. But that is and must be the case of distant correspondences: Kings and Empresses that we never saw, are the only persons we can be acquainted with in common. We can have no more familiarity than the Daily Advertiser would have if it wrote to the Florentine Gazette. Adieu! My compliments to any monarch that lives within five hundred miles of you.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Arlington Street, September 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

You are very good to say you would accept of my letters, though I should have no particular news to tell you; but at present, it would be treating heroes and conquerors with great superciliousness, if I made use of your indulgence and said nothing of them. We have taken more places and ships in a week than would have set up such pedant nations as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call Sir

William Johnson "Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus," and Amherst "Galfridus Amhersta Ticonderogicus," we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then Admiral Boscawen has, in a very Roman style, made free with the coast of Portugal, and used it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, "It is very true, but they are burned." —In short, we want but a little more insolence and a worse cause to make us a very classic nation.

My Lady Townshend, who has not learning enough to copy a Spartan mother, has lost her youngest son.[1] I saw her this morning — her affectation is on t'other side; she affects grief — but not so much for the son she has lost, as for t'other that she may lose.

Lord George is come, has asked for a court-martial, was put off, and is turned out of everything. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and Lord Granby the ordnance — for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married[2] to-night in full *Comptonhood.* I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell[3] is a general; but how will his father like being the *dowager-general* Campbell?

You are very kind, my lord (but that is not new), in interesting yourself about Strawberry Hill. I have just finished a Holbein-chamber, that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing-house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble summer is not yet over with us — it seems to have cut a colt's *week.* I never write without talking of it, and should be glad to know in how many letters *this summer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton, and was astonished at the

[1] The Hon. Roger Townshend, third son of Viscount Townshend, killed at Ticonderago on the 25th of July.—E.

[2] To Lady Anne Somerset. [3] Afterwards Duke of Argyle.

heaps of rubbish. The house is grand, and the place glorious; but I should shovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my lord and lady!

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

I INTENDED to send you the brief chronicle of Lord George Sackville, but your brother says he has writ to you this morning. If you want to know minute particulars, which neither he nor I should care to detail in a letter, I will tell you them if you will call for a minute at Strawberry on Sunday or Monday, as you go to your camp. I ask this boldly, though I have not been with you; but it was impossible; George Montagu and his brother returned to Strawberry with me from the Vine, and I am expecting Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who sent me word they would come to me as soon as I came back, and I think you will find them with me.

Lady Mary Coke is stripping off all the plumes that she has been wearing for Niagara, &c., and is composing herself into religious melancholy against to-morrow night, when she goes to Princess Elizabeth's burial. I passed this whole morning most deliciously at my Lady Townshend's. Poor Roger, for whom she is not concerned, has given her a hint that her hero George may be mortal too; she scarce spoke, unless to improve on some bitter thing that Charles said, who was admirable. He made me all the speeches that Mr. Pitt will certainly make next winter, in every one of which Charles says, and I believe, he will talk of *this great campaign*, "memorable to all posterity with all its imperfections — a campaign which, though obstructed, cramped, maimed — but I will say no more."

The campaign in Ireland, I hear, will be very warm; the

[1] Now first printed.

Primate is again to be the object; Ponsonby, commander against him. Lord George's situation will not help the Primate's. Adieu!

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, October 11, 1759.

I DON'T desire any such conviction of your being ill as seeing you ill, nor can you wonder that I wish to persuade myself that what I should be very sorry for, never happens. Poor Fred. Montagu's gout seems more serious: I am concerned that he has so much of a judge in him already.

You are very good in thinking of me about the sofas; but you know the Holbein chamber is complete, and old matters are not flung away upon you yourself. Had not you rather have your sofa than Lord Northampton's running footman? Two hundred years hence one might be amused with reading of so fantastic a dress, but they are horrid in one's own time. Mr. Bentley and I go to-morrow to Chaffont for two or three days. Mr. Chute is at the Vine already, but, I believe, will be in town this week.

I don't know whether it proceeds from the menaced invasion or the last comet, but we are all dying of heat. Everybody has put out their fires, and, if it lasts, I suppose will next week make summer clothes. The mornings are too hot for walking: last night I heard of strawberries. I impute it to the hot weather that my head has been turned enough to contend with the bards of the newspapers. You have seen the French epigram on Madame Pompadour, and fifty vile translations of it. Here is mine—

> O yes! here are flat-bottom boats to be sold,
> And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold:
> Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
> And commanders whose recompense should be a string.
> O France! still your fate you may lay at Pitt's door;
> You were saved by a Maid, and undone by a * * * * *.

People again believe the invasion; and I don't wonder, con-

sidering how great a militia we have, with such a boy as you mention. I own, before I begin to be afraid, I have a little curiosity to see the militia tried. I think one shall at least laugh before one cries. Adieu! what time have you fixed for looking southwards?

P.S. Your pictures you may have when you please; I think you had better stay and take them with you, than risk the rubbing them by the waggon. Mr. Müntz has not been lately in town — that is, Hannah has drawn no bill on him lately — so he knows nothing of your snuff-box. This it is to trust to my vivacity, when it is past its bloom. Lord! I am a mere antiquarian, a mere pains-taking mortal. Mr. Bentley says, that if all antiquarians were like me, there would be no such thing as an antiquarian, for I set down everything so circumstantially that I leave them nothing to find out.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.[1]

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14th, 1759.

If Strawberry Hill was not as barren of events as Chatham, I would have writ to you again; nay, if it did not produce the very same events. Your own Light Horse are here, and commit the only vivacities of the place — two or three of them are in the cage every day for some mischief or other. Indeed, they seem to have been taken from school too soon, and, as Rigby said of some others of these new troops, the moment their exercise is over, they all go a bird's-nesting. If the French load their flat-bottom boats with rods instead of muskets, I fear all our young heroes will run away. The invasion seems again come into fashion: I wish it would come, that one might hear no more of it — nay, I wish it for two or three reasons. If they don't come, we shall still be fatigued with the militia, who will never go to plough again till they see an enemy: if there is a peace before the militia runs away, one shall be robbed every day by a constitutional force.

[1] Now first printed.

I want the French, too, to have come, that you may be released; but that will not be soon enough for me, who am going to Park-place. I came from Chaffont to-day, and I cannot let the winter appear without making my Lady Ailesbury a visit. Hitherto my impediments may have looked like excuses, though they were nothing less. Lady Lyttelton goes on Wednesday: I propose to follow her on Monday; but I won't announce myself, that I may not be disappointed, and be a little more welcome by the surprise; though I should be very ungrateful, if I affected to think that I wanted that.

I cannot say I have read the second letter on Lord George; but I have done what will satisfy the booksellers more; I have bought nine or ten pamphlets: my library shall be *au fait* about him, but I have an aversion to paper wars, and I must be a little more interested than I am about him, before I can attend to them: my head is to be filled with more sacred trash.

The Speaker was here t'other day, and told me of the intimacy between his son and you and the militia. He says the lawyers are examining whether Lord George can be tried or not. I am sorry Lord Stormont is marriediski;[1] he will pass his life under the north pole, and whip over to Scotland by way of Greenland without coming to London.

I dined t'other day at Sion with the Holdernesses; Lady Mary Coke was there, and in this great dearth of candidates she permits Haslang to die for her. They were talking in the bow-window, when a sudden alarm being given that dinner was on table, he expressed great joy and appetite. You can't imagine how she was offended. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1759.

I LOVE to prepare your countenance for every event that may happen, for an ambassador, who is nothing but an actor,

[1] Lord Stormont had recently married Henrietta Frederica, daughter of Count Bunau, of Saxony.—E.

should be that greatest of actors, a philosopher; and with the leave of wise men (that is, hypocrites), philosophy I hold to be little more than presence of mind: now undoubtedly preparation is a prodigious help to presence of mind. In short, you must not be surprised that we have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall. You may say, if you please, in the style of modern politics, that your court never supposed it could be taken; the attempt was only made to draw off the Russians from the King of Prussia, and leave him at liberty to attack Daun. Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair. The town is well victualled, Amherst is not arrived, and fifteen thousand men encamped defend it. We have lost many men by the enemy, and some by our friends — that is, we now call our nine thousand only seven thousand. How this little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season in that country, I don't guess —yes, I do.

You may be making up a little philosophy too against the invasion, which is again come into fashion, and with a few trifling incidents in its favour, such as our fleet dispersed and driven from their coasts by a great storm. Before that, they were actually embarking, but with so ill a grace that an entire regiment mutinied, and they say is broke. We now expect them in Ireland, unless this dispersion of our fleet tempts them hither. If they do not come in a day or two, I shall give them over.

You will see in our gazettes that we make a great figure in the East Indies. In short, Mr. Pitt and this little island appear of some consequence even in the map of the world. He is a new sort of Fabius,

————Qui verbis restituit rem.

Have you yet received the watch? I see your poor Neapolitan Prince[1] is at last set aside — I should honour Dr. Serrao's integrity, if I did not think it was more humane to subscribe to the poor boy's folly, than hazard his being poisoned by making it doubtful.

[1] The King's second son, Don Philip, set aside for being in a state of incurable idiotcy.—E.

My charming niece is breeding — you see I did not make my Lord Waldegrave an useless present. Adieu! my dear Sir.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 18, 1759.

I INTENDED my visit to Park-place to show my Lady Ailesbury that when I come thither it is not solely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I should find you there; but seriously I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, just now. My first thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the most yourself, yet you know I have twenty scruples, which even you sometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can best. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is dispersed, at least driven back to Plymouth: the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying against embarking, were actually embarked at that instant. The most sensible people I know, always thought they would postpone their invasion, if ever they intended it, till our great ships could not keep the sea, or were eaten up by the scurvy. Their ports are now free; their situation is desperate: the new account of our taking Quebec leaves them in the most deplorable condition; they will be less able than ever to raise money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they must try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In short, if they cannot strike some desperate blow in this island or Ireland, they are undone: the loss of twenty thousand men to do us some mischief, would be cheap. I should even think Madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to picces, if they did not make some attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half so unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingness to trust her niece Mademoiselle Aumale on the road, for fear of some

such accident. You will smile perhaps at all this reasoning and pedantry; but it tends to this — if desperation should send the French somewhere, and the wind should force them to your coast, which I do not suppose their object, and you should be out of the way, you know what your enemies would say; and, strange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear Sir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a sacrifice to his rash blame of you. If I understand anything in the world, his letter that came on Sunday said this: "Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the situation of Conway at Rochefort; but having blamed him, I must do what I now see he was in the right to see was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing."[1] Poor man! his life has paid the price of his injustice; and as his death has purchased such benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am sure you, who

[1] General Wolfe's letter, written four days before his death, which will be found in the Chatham Correspondence, does not contain a single sentence which can be tortured into the construction here given to it. "The extreme heat of the weather in August," he says, "and a good deal of fatigue, threw me into a fever; but that the business might go on, I begged the generals to consider amongst themselves what was fittest to be done. Their sentiments were unanimous, that (as the easterly winds begin to blow, and ships can pass the town in the night with provisions, artillery, &c.) we should endeavour, by conveying a considerable corps into the upper river, to draw them from their inaccessible situation and bring them to an action. I agreed to the proposal; and we are now here, with about three thousand six hundred men, waiting an opportunity to attack them, when and wherever they can best be got at. The weather has been extremely unfavourable for a day or two, so that we have been inactive. I am so far recovered as to do business; but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it." Walpole, however, in his animated description of the capture of Quebec, in his Memoires, does ample justice to the character of Wolfe. "His fall," he says, "was noble indeed. He received a wound in the head, but covered it from his soldiers with his handkerchief. A second ball struck him in the belly: that too he dissembled. A third hitting him on the breast, he sunk under the anguish, and was carried behind the ranks. Yet, fast as life ebbed out, his whole anxiety centred on the fortune of the day. He begged to be borne nearer to the action; but his sight being dimmed by the approach of death, he entreated to be told what they who supported him saw; he was answered, that the enemy gave ground. He eagerly repeated the question; heard the enemy was totally routed; cried, 'I am satisfied!' and expired."—E.

have twenty times more courage and good-nature than I have, do too. In short, I, who never did anything right or prudent myself, (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing what was so,) am content with *your* being perfect, and with suggesting anything to you that may tend to keeping you so:—and (what is not much to the present purpose) if such a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter shall know that you was so. In short, I have pulled down my Lord Falkland, and I desire you will take care that I may speak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confess my own faults, and I will not palliate yours. —But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I say, I shall gladly meet you at Park-place, whither I shall go on Monday, and stay as long as I can, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If you should think I have hinted anything to you of consequence, would not it be handsome, if, after receiving leave, you should write to my Lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole summer, yet as there might be occasion for your presence in the camp, you should decline the permission he had given you?—See what it is to have a wise relation, who preaches a thousand fine things to you which he would be the last man in the world to practise himself. Adieu!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1759.

I HAD no occasion to be in such a hurry to prepare your ambassadorial countenance; if I had stayed but one day more, I might have left its muscles to behave as they pleased. The notification of a probable disappointment at Quebec came only to heighten the pleasure of the conquest. You may now give yourself what airs you please, you are master of East and West Indies. An ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes: I beg your pardon, but you are spies, if you are not bragadochios. All precedents are on your side: Persians, Greeks, Romans, always insulted

their neighbours when they conquered Quebec. Think how pert the French would have been on such an occasion, and remember that they are Austrians to whom you are to be saucy. You see, I write as if my name was Belleisle and yours Contades.

It was a very singular affair, the generals on both sides slain, and on both sides the second in command wounded; in short, very near what battles should be, in which only the principals ought to suffer. If their army has not ammunition and spirit enough to fall again upon ours before Amherst comes up, all North America is ours!

Poetic justice could not have been executed with more rigour than it has been on the perjury, treachery, and usurpations of the French. I hope Mr. Pitt will not leave them at the next treaty an opportunity of committing so many national crimes again. How they or we can make a peace, I don't see; can we give all back, or they give all up? No, they must come hither; they have nothing left for it but to conquer us.

Don't think it is from forgetting to tell you particulars, that I tell you none; I am here, and don't know one but what you will see in the Gazette, and by which it appears that the victory was owing to the impracticability, as the French thought, and to desperate resolution on our side. What a scene! an army in the night dragging itself up a precipice by stumps of trees to assault a town and attack an army strongly entrenched and double in numbers!

Adieu! I think I shall not write to you again this twelvemonth; for, like Alexander, we have no more worlds left to conquer.

P. S. Monsieur Thurot is said to be sailed with his tiny squadron — but can the lords of America be afraid of half a dozen canoes? Mr. Chute is sitting by me, and says, nobody is more obliged to Mr. Pitt than you are: he has raised you from a very uncomfortable situation to hold your head above the Capitol.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1759.

Your pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the Parliament meets. Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe it is the Duke of Newcastle that has done this, and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing — all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America. Adieu! yours ever.

P. S. You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2d P. S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of Lord and Lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

It would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to see one whose friendship does me so much honour as your lordship's, and who always expresses so much kindness to me. I have an additional reason for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the design of the Strawberry committee. It will look, I fear, very selfish if I pay it a

visit next year; and yet it answers so many selfish purposes that I certainly shall.

My ignorance of all the circumstances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myself with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to bask in them. I have not even seen the conqueror's mother,[1] though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel-leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriously it is very great; and as I am too inconsiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deserves.

I passed all the last week at Park-place, where one of the bravest men in the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell-goodness no more wears out than Campbell-beauty — all their good qualities are *huckaback*.[2] You see the Duchess[3] has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis,[4] that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr. Nugent and Lady Berkeley this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their menage, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion, that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my Lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my Lady Stanhope having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words,[5] till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein-chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the

[1] Lady Townshend. On the death of General Wolfe, Colonel Townshend received the surrender.

[2] Lady Ailesbury and Lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out.

[3] The Duchess of Argyle, widow of John Campbell, Duke of Argyle, and mother to Lady Strafford.

[4] His daughter.

[5] She was very silent.

tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet. I hear your lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences* are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others. Indeed, I don't know what the Countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and Pyrrhus may take a bottle together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

Saturday, Nov. 3d. 1759. Thick fogs, and some wet. Go not out of town. Gouts and rheumatisms are abroad. Warm clothes, good fires, and a room full of pictures, glasses, and scarlet damask, are the best physic.

In short, for fear your ladyship should think of Strawberry on Saturday, I can't help telling you that I am to breakfast at Petersham that day with Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, Lord and Lady Waldegrave. How did you like the farce? George Selwyn says he wants to see High Life below Stairs,[1] as he is weary of low life above stairs.

[1] This popular farce was written by the Rev. James Townley, high master of Merchant Tailors' School. Dr. Johnson said of it, "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted, and yet one may read it and not know that one has been reading anything at all;" and of the actors, Goldsmith tells us, that "Mr. Palmer and Mr. King were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs. Clive (but what need I talk of her, since without exaggeration she has more true humour than any actor or actress, upon the English or any other stage, I have seen), she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of." In England it was very successful; but in Edinburgh the gentlemen of the party-coloured livery raised violent riots in the theatre whenever it was performed.—E.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 8, 1759.

Your pictures will set out on Saturday; I give you notice, that you may inquire for them. I did not intend to be here these three days, but my Lord Bath taking the trouble to send a man and horse to ask me to dinner yesterday, I did not know how to refuse; and besides, as Mr. Bentley said to me, "you know he was an old friend of your father."

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My Lady Coventry showed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver, of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost — my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied, "Why, you will be change for a guinea."

I find nothing talked of but the French bankruptcy;[1] Sir Robert Brown, I hear — and am glad to hear — will be a great sufferer. They put gravely into the article of bankrupts in the newspaper, "Louis le Petit, of the city of Paris, peace-breaker, dealer, and chapman;" it would have been still better if they had said, "Louis Bourbon of petty France." We don't know what is become of their Monsieur Thurot,[2] of whom we had still a little mind to be afraid. I should think he would do like Sir Thomas Hanmer, make a faint effort, beg pardon of the Scotch for their disappointment, and retire. Here are some pretty verses just arrived.

Pourquoi le baton à Soubise,
Puisque Chevert est le vainqueur?
C'est de la cour une méprise,
Ou bien le but de la faveur.

[1] The public credit in France had, at this time, suffered a very severe blow, the court having stopped the payment of several of the public bills and funds, to a vast amount.—E.

[2] The captain of a privateer, who had commanded the French squadron off Dunkirk, destined for an attack on Scotland.—E.

Je ne vois rien là qui m'étonne,
Repond aussitot un railleur;
C'est à l'aveugle qu'on le donne,
Et non pas au conducteur.

Lady Meadows has left nine thousand pounds in reversion after her husband to Lord Sandwich's daughter. *Apropos* to my Lady Meadows's maiden name,[1] a name I believe you have sometimes heard; I was diverted t'other day with a story of a lady of that name,[2] and a lord, whose initial is no farther from hers than he himself is sometimes supposed to be. Her postilion, a lad of sixteen, said, "I am not such a child but I can guess something: whenever my Lord Lyttelton comes to my lady, she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for a pen and ink, and say they are going to write history." Is not this *finesse* so like him? Do you know that I am persuaded, now he is parted, that he will forget he is married, and propose himself in form to some woman or other.

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms, that used to live there, had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

I was still more surprised t'other day, than at seeing Piccadilly, by receiving a letter from the north of Ireland from a clergyman, with violent encomiums on my Catalogue of Noble Authors — and this when I thought it quite forgot. It put

[1] Montagu.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq., of the Rokeby family, widow of Edward Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and founder of the Blue-stocking Club. She wrote "Three Dialogues of the Dead," printed with those of Lord Lyttelton; and in 1769 published her "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare." She died in 1800.—E.

me in mind of the queen that sunk at Charing-cross and rose at Queenhithe.

Mr. Chute has got his commission to inquire about your Cutts, but he thinks the lady is not your grandmother. You are very ungenerous to hoard tales from me of your ancestry: what relation have I spared? If your grandfathers were knaves, will your bottling up their bad blood mend it? Do you only take a cup of it now and then by yourself, and then come down to your parson, and boast of it, as if it was pure old metheglin? I sat last night with the Mater Gracchorum —oh! 'tis a Mater Jagorum; if her descendants taste any of her black blood, they surely will make as wry faces at it as the servant in Don John does when the ghost decants a corpse. Good night! I am just returning to Strawberry, to husband my two last days and to avoid all the pomp of the birthday. Oh! I had forgot, there is a Miss Wynne coming forth, that is to be handsomer than my Lady Coventry; but I have known one threatened with such every summer for these seven years, and they are always addled by winter!

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1759.

Now the Parliament is met, you will expect some new news; you will be disappointed: no battles are fought in Parliament now — the House of Commons is a mere war-office, and only sits for the dispatch of military business. As I am one of the few men in England who am neither in the army nor militia, I never go thither. By the King's speech, and Mr. Pitt's *t'other* speech, it looks as if we intended to finish the conquest of the world next campaign. The King did not go to the House; his last eye is so bad that he could scarce read his answer to the address, though the letters were as long and as black as Ned Finch. He complains that everybody's face seems to have a crape over it. A person much more expected and much more missed, was not at the House neither; Lord George Sackville. He came to town the night before the

opening, but did not appear — it looks as if he gave everything up. Did you hear that M. de Contades saluted Prince Ferdinand on his installation with twenty-one cannons? The French could distinguish the outside of the ceremony, and the Prince sent word to the Marshal, that if he observed any bustle that day, he must not expect to be attacked — it would only be a chapter of the Garter.

A very extraordinary event happened the day after the meeting: Lord Temple resigned the privy-seal. The account he gives himself is, that he continued to be so ill used by the King, that it was notorious to all the world: that in hopes of taking off that reproach, he had asked for the garter.[1] Being refused, he had determined to resign, at the same time beseeching Mr. Pitt not to resent anything for him, and insisting with his two brothers that they should keep their places, and act as warmly as ever with the administration. That in an audience of twenty-five minutes he hoped he had removed his Majesty's prejudices, and should now go out of town, as well satisfied as any man in England. The town says, that it was concerted that he should not quit till Mr. Pitt made his speech on the first day, declaring that nothing should make him break union with the rest of the ministers, no, not for the nearest friend he had. All this is mighty fine; but the affair is, nevertheless, very impertinent. If Lord Temple hoped to involve Mr. Pitt in his quarrel, it was very wicked at such a crisis as this — and if he could, I am apt to believe he would

[1] By the following passage of a letter from Lord Temple himself to Mr. Pitt, of the 13th of October, in the Chatham Correspondence, it will be seen that it was not his lordship who solicited the garter, but Mr. Pitt: —"You have been so good as to ask of his Majesty the garter for me, as a reward to yourself, and the only one you desire for all the great and eminent services you have done to the King, to the nation, and to the electorate; to which request you have, it seems, hitherto met with a refusal. At the same time that I thank you, and am proud to receive any testimony of your kind regard, permit me to add, that I am not so mean-spirited as to condescend to receive, in my own person, the reward of another man's services, however dear to me, — as you so deservedly are on every account. Let the King continue to enjoy in peace the pleasure and honour of this refusal; for if he should happen to be disposed, for other reasons than those of gratitude to you, which will have no weight with him, to give me that mark of distinction, I will not accept it on such terms." Vol. i. p. 438.—E.

— if he could not, it was very silly. To the garter nobody can have slenderer pretensions; his family is scarce older than his earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward; and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt and tournament. Here ends the history of King George the Second, and Earl Temple the First.

We are still advised to believe in the invasion, though it seems as slow in coming as the millennium. M. Thurot and his pigmy navy have scrambled to Gottenburg, where it is thought they will freight themselves with half a dozen pounds of Swedes. We continue to *militiate*, and to raise light troops, and when we have armed every apprentice in England, I suppose we shall translate our fears to Germany. In the mean time the King is overwhelmed with addresses on our victories; he will have enough to paper his palace. He told the City of London, that all was owing to *unanimity*, but I think he should have said, to *unmanimity*, for it were shameful to ascribe our brilliancy to anything but Mr. Pitt.

The new King of Spain seems to think that our fleet is the best judge of the incapacity of his eldest son, and of the fitness of his disposition of Naples, for he has expressed the highest confidence of Wall, and the strongest assurances of neutrality. I am a little sorry that Richcourt is not in Florence; it would be pleasant to dress yourself up in mural crowns and American plumes in his face. Adieu!

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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